

MIDWINTER NUMBER.

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

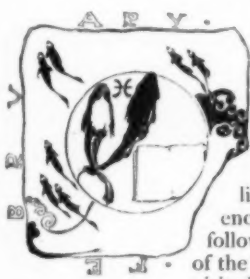
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No. 4.

## A MIDWINTER RESORT.

WITH ENGRAVINGS OF WINSLOW HOMER'S WATER-COLOR STUDIES IN NASSAU.



IT was the boast of Attila, "the Scourge of God," that wherever his steed planted his hoof, the grass thenceforth ceased to grow. A like blighting influence seems to have followed in the footsteps of the Spaniards who first visited the western world.

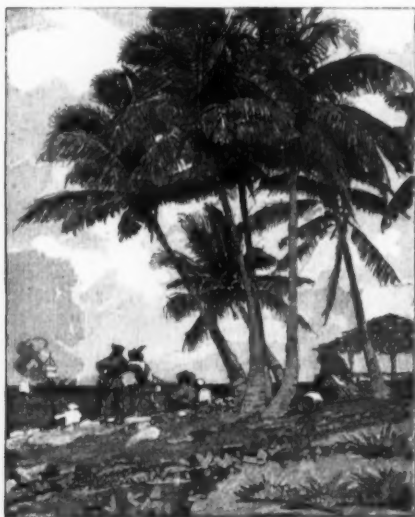
The light which guided Columbus to the shore of San Salvador, on the night of October 11, 1492, was to his pious imagination as the flaming Cross of Constantine,—a mystic symbol prophetic of conquests for Holy Church. To the belated native of the Bahamas who bore it, and to all his race, that light was an omen of disaster and death. Faith in an unseen country, peopled by their ancestors, was the chief article of their simple creed. With devilish craft, the Spaniards who followed in the footsteps of Columbus availed themselves of this belief to entice the natives to leave their island homes, and compelled them to labor in the mines and pearl-fisheries of Hispaniola. They promised to convey them to the abode of their ancestors, and after a hellish fashion fulfilled the promise. None were left behind; not one ever returned. Unaccustomed labor soon broke them down in body or mind, and death by suicide or disease followed, the entire race disappearing in fourteen years.

When we review the history of the Bahamas since that evil day, we may easily fancy that

the vengeful shades of these wronged natives still possess their coral islands. No other race has flourished here, and for a time it seemed as though no other was to be permitted to gain even a foothold. The Englishman drove out the Spaniard, and the Spaniard the Englishman in his turn. Chillingworth, the first English governor sent to the colony, was shipped abroad by his unruly subjects, who, "living a licentious life, were impatient of government." His immediate successor, Clark, was roasted on a spit by the Spaniards, but they did him the kindness to kill him first. This application of "civil-service reform" was somewhat overdone,—whether the governor was or not,—and naturally the office was not soon again applied for. The island of New Providence, the seat of government of the Bahamas, was, indeed, wholly deserted for a time. Its population, even now, after a growth of two hundred years, does not exceed twelve thousand. The first governor appointed after the resettlement, Cadwallader Jones, was also deposed and imprisoned by his subjects. The rule of Trott and Webb, who followed each other in one year, was less turbulent, but their successor was seized and put in irons by the islanders. The Spaniards carried off the next aspirant for gubernatorial honors. This so discouraged his successor that he took to the woods on his arrival, and returned, after a tremulous career of a few months, with his valuable commission unopened.

It is evident that the empire of the Bahamas was not one to be coveted then, and it is not much more to be desired now. England holds it rather from necessity than from choice; a necessity of that imperial forecast in which we,

her nearest neighbors across the Florida channel, are so deficient, and which England herself seems to be losing as she follows us in her progress towards democracy. New Providence was in our possession during the American Revolution, but Commodore Hopkins, who planted our flag there, thought that the guns and the governor were the only things worth possessing. These he carried away, leaving the island to the control of its British subjects. Our experience with blockade runners and Confederate cruisers during the war shows how much this blunder was destined to cost us. The commerce of the little port of Nassau was swollen at that time by the cargoes of nearly three hundred vessels, sailing in a single year to and from the Confederate ports. These increased the imports and exports to nearly fifty millions of dollars, furnishing the Confederates with the sinews of war and prolonging the fated contest. Those were gay times in the Bahama capital, when the captain of a blockade runner received for his trip \$5000, with the privilege of carrying ten bales of cotton; when money poured in from every quarter, and even the wharf-rats were enrolled in the obnoxious class of "capitalists." We had our revenge in the inevitable depression which succeeded this



A GROUP OF PALMS.

period of inflation, and left a blight upon the commerce of Nassau from which it has never recovered.

For those not compelled to live there, the Bahamas have their charms. Most of the natives would, I fancy, embrace any eligible opportunity to emigrate, and the population

scarcely grows at all. The idea of midsummer weather in midwinter warms the blood of the Northern visitor with a glow of cheerful anticipation. For the brief term of his voluntary exile the charm may continue, but, like a sea voyage under sunny skies and with fair winds, the monotony speedily becomes tedious. In the height of the season there are only some one hundred and fifty visitors at Nassau, and the number coming and going in an ordinary year is four or five hundred, eight hundred being the highest total known. Few Americans can long endure existence in a land without scenery except such as the ocean affords; without a mountain, or a stream of running water; without a railroad, bank, or telegraph line; with no Wall street or stock indicator; without so much as a single sheet that can be dignified by the name of newspaper. Thither should be banished by editorial edict those who declaim against the journals they read with such avidity, forgetting how easily they might protect themselves against them by letting them alone, as the people of the Bahamas are accustomed to do. The fine art of interviewing is unknown there, and a delightful unconsciousness of everything that is passing possesses the mind of the local editor. He has a conscience against disturbing the slumbers of the town with news fresh and startling. The failure of the Government Bank, which affected nearly every one in Nassau, was not reported in the Nassau "Guardian" until six weeks after the event. A news-boy crying an extra would be as out of keeping with his surroundings as would one of the stately royal palms among the telegraph poles of Broadway.

It is for those to whose sore lungs or rheumatic limbs our Northern winters bring endless misery that Nassau has its chief charm; but the proverb concerning shoemakers' wives and blacksmiths' horses holds good here. One of the diseases prevalent among the negroes, who furnish four-fifths of the population of the Bahamas, is consumption, and this station is, I understand, on the black list of the British Horse Guards, as one of the most unhealthy in this regard to which their colored soldiers are sent. But the traveler does not spend one-half his time in the water, as do the negroes, nor sleep in a cabin with windowless openings hermetically sealed at night by close-fitting blinds to keep out the wandering spirits of darkness. Nor are the comforts with which the visitor is surrounded accessible to the Conch, as the native is called. Even the best-regulated thermometer will have its vagaries, and there is no protection against it when it does "bear" the weather. The houses are without fire-places or stoves, and the ingleside of the domestic Briton has not been transplanted



A HURRICANE.



GROWING HEMP.

here, where it would be, indeed, out of place. The simple expedient of determining a man's military rank by the number of chimneys on his house, said to be in use in some of our Southern localities, would fail here, as the houses have no chimneys. The cooking is done in a kitchen detached from the main building, or in a fireplace built out-of-doors. Even the hotel has no conveniences for warming its rooms, and an invalid who last winter sought extra warmth was obliged to supply the lack of a chimney-flue by conveying her stove-pipe through a window-pane. Another visitor, a man of genius, and fertile in expedient, went to bed in his overcoat. But then he was an artist, and artists we class with the sensitive plants. The chief protection required is against the heat, and many of the houses are sheltered from the direct rays of the sun by an outer shell of lattice-work extending from balcony to balcony.

In justice to the Bahamas it should be said that we have the unanimous testimony of the inhabitants that such weather is exceptional, and the oldest residents agree in the declaration that they never saw its like before. We have the equally comforting assurance of the captain of the steamer, which carried us through as nasty weather as we wish to see, that it was something unknown to his winters' experience

in those seas. The very worst of Nassau winter weather is, however, like the balm of Gilead to the invalid, compared with the best our New York or New England climate affords at the same season. This is the place in which to seek complete repose for brain and nerves. A delicious sense of rest and refreshment descends upon all who do not carry with them the insane desire for locomotion which possesses our restless people, and are content with the rides and sails to which the delightful weather constantly invites them. It is the land of which Columbus wrote to his generous patron, Queen Isabella, in the first enthusiasm of his discovery: "This country excels all others as far as the day surpasses the night in splendor. The natives love their neighbors as themselves; their conversation is the sweetest imaginable; their faces always smiling; and so gentle and affectionate are they, that I swear to your highness there is not a better people in the world."

Alas that such a charming people should have been expatriated, and that in the process of evolution so little progress has thus far been made in reproducing their like! The negroes have something of their spirit, and as their blood is gradually giving a warmer and warmer coloring to that of the whites, a race such as Columbus admired may again people these



ON ABACO ISLAND.

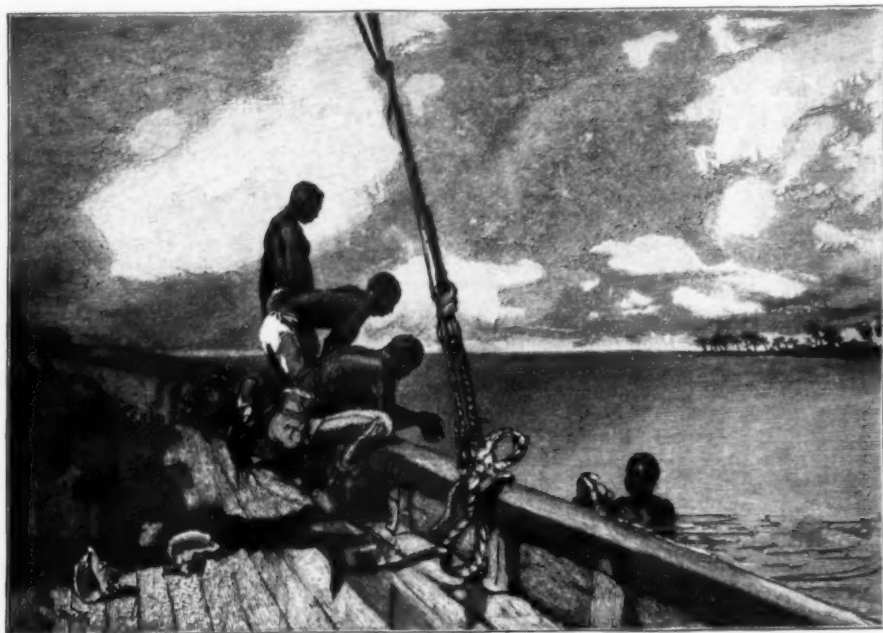


A FLOWER-SELLER.

islands. It is hard, though, to discover thus far any proof of De Moussy's theory that the mixed races are destined to return in a great measure to the superior races, possessing the added advantages of acclimatization. Slavery was abolished in 1834, and with it seems to have disappeared the prejudice of color. Even a generous admixture of it does not exclude one from white society or prevent a social intercourse

ported from England form a class by themselves, and the attempt to establish among them the etiquette of a vice-regal court excites in the minds of the profane a sentiment akin to that with which Gulliver must have viewed the ceremony at the court of Lilliput.

Those who are attracted to the Bahamas should not forget that islands have a way of lying out in the sea most suggestive of dis-



CONCH DIVERS. (SKETCH OWNED BY RUSSELL STURGIS, ESQ.)

from which may follow results most disturbing to one educated in the ideas which prevail at home. A story is told of a young American girl who married a Bahamian, with a shade of color too delicate to be noticed, and was taken home to the hospitalities of a family of relatives, descending through the various degrees of consanguinity to the dusky hue of Solomon's bride upon whom the sun had looked. Prosperity and the development of the faculty of accumulation will bring social success to the negro in our own country in time as it has here. The ten million dollars' worth of property reported to be in the possession of the negroes of Charleston has all the force for them of a new proclamation of emancipation. The wealthiest family in the Bahamas is of semi-negro origin, and the collector of the port is a full-blooded negro, who is justly respected for his character, education, and ability. The officials im-

comfort to owners of weak stomachs. Nassau lies some two hundred miles eastward from the Florida coast, and the Bahamas at the nearest point are seventy miles away; yet it seems to be beyond the energy of its inhabitants to maintain any permanent means of direct communication with the mainland. It remains to be determined whether the latest attempt to establish a line of steamers to a Florida port will supersede the present means of intercourse by steamers coming nine hundred miles south from New York, and stopping at Nassau once, or at the most twice, a month, between New York and Cuba. Aside from the prolonged misery which too frequently attends a voyage of four or five days in winter weather, the discomforts of landing are, at times, such as to daunt any but the most hardy. The industrious coral engineers, to whom the island of New Providence is indebted for its exist-



A PEDDLER.  
(SKETCH OWNED BY MRS. MARTIN BRIMMER.)

ence, made no provision for a harbor, beyond throwing up the outlying reef called Hog Island, which only partly protects Nassau from the force of the sea. There is scarcely room between the two islands for an ordinary coasting steamer to manœuvre, or sufficient depth of water in the channel to float a vessel of any size. The steamers that call here lie outside and drop their passengers over the bulwarks on to the retired New York tugboat that does duty as a transfer vessel. Like the other valetudinarians laid up in ordinary here, it has come South to lengthen out its days.

But transfer to the hotel by this means is comfort compared with the experience to which many visitors are subjected. With contrary winds and seas, approach to Nassau is impossible, and the steamer must make a harbor under the lee of the land, miles away. In some winds it is even compelled to go entirely around the island to South Bay, and dump its passengers on the beach, to get over the distance of fourteen miles to the hotel in carriages as best they can. There is a spice of adventure, but not such as invalids seek, in finding your way across a tangle of wilderness, through a country you never saw before. Fortunately for them there are no wild animals there larger than a hare, and the only representative of the ophidians is the chicken-snake, which is perfectly harmless, in spite of the fact that it is reported sometimes to grow to fifteen feet in length. The tarantulas or ground-spiders are the only venomous creatures on the island, unless we include the mosquitoes, which are said, with patriotic discrimination, to confine their visitations to foreigners. But these pests are citizens of the world, and extended their attentions even to the crew of the *Jeannette*, icebound in an Arctic sea.

Once safely landed at the Royal Victoria, everything will be found most comfortable, and

the balmy breezes from the sea will woo the invalid from thought of his pain. As he is there only for the winter, he is not disturbed by the reflection that the city of Nassau is the hottest place in the colony. The fact that it is built upon the slope of a ridge of land which shuts it out from the prevailing southerly breezes concerns only its unhappy summer residents. The "out islands," as all but New Providence are called, have attractive sites for health resorts, but furnish no accommodations for visitors. What the hotel at Nassau would do if it were dependent, as the residents are, upon local supplies, it would be hard to say. All of its meats are brought in huge refrigerators from New York, where everything seems to be obtained, excepting fruit and fish, of which there is abundance in delicious variety. It is impossible to give a complete dinner without calling upon the resources of the hotel. A few vegetables are grown in the hotel grounds in soil brought, like that in which the Capuchins of Rome are planted, from a distance. There is scarcely any soil upon the island, except in the pockets of the coral rocks; scarcely any foundation for it, indeed. The trees in this climate seem able to live upon the air, and you see them growing to large size on top of walls. Over the sides their roots spread themselves, until they reach the crevices in the rock below and take anchorage there. Cut down a jungle, and you find beneath nothing but a mass of conglomerated rock, formed of finely comminuted coral, shells, and various marine deposits of recent origin, with red earth composed of vegetable mold and the detritus of the limestone rock, scattered irregularly in patches of a few inches in depth. The roads through the town are made by smoothing off the top of the coral rock, and they are nearly as dazzling in the sun as a white-washed wall.

The walls that border them are built of the



A NASSAU GATEWAY.  
(SKETCH OWNED BY E. W. HOOPER.)

same rock, with, in many cases, gates of entrance curiously projecting above the low wall itself. There are no fences, stone walls being required for protection against the winds, which at times sweep over these islands with the fury of the hurricane. The rock seems hard enough when weather-beaten, until you see a laborer at work upon it with hatchet and saw, shaping it to his uses. The ocean works

on the surface that the roots of plants and trees penetrate in all directions, seeking the fresh water stored up in its crevices, and resting upon the sea-water which is found below it. Andros Island is the only one of the group that has any pure water, except what is stored in tanks after a rain. The water of the shallow wells in Nassau is brackish, and rises and falls with the tide.



SHARK-FISHING — NASSAU BAR.

it into fantastic forms, of which we have an illustration in the famous Hole-in-the-wall on Abaco Island. This is an opening in the calcareous rock, through which the setting sun, blazing in its tropical majesty, at times produces a picture leaving an impression never to be effaced. The deposits of which the rock is formed have in places solidified into compact beds of limestone, from which fine building-stone is quarried. These beds show evidences of stratification, and abound in fossils of recent and living species. The infiltration of water through the mass of calcareous sand, produced by the attrition of the waves on the coral reef, has given to it an interior crystalline structure, like that of ancient limestone. Soft beneath, on the surface exposed to the air the coral rock is as hard as flint, and will, like flint, emit sparks when struck with a steel. Most of the coral rock is so porous

A tragedy is connected with the principal hotel, the Royal Victoria, which associates it with our own recent history. It is brought to mind by a notice found in the Nassau "Guardian" of fourteen years ago, to this effect:

## NOTICE.

All persons having demands against the estate of the late Lewis F. Cleveland, deceased, are requested to render statements thereof, duly attested, on or before the first day of May next, to John S. Darling, Esquire.

And all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the said J. S. Darling.

GROVER CLEVELAND,  
W. W. STEPHENSON,  
Executors.

January 20, 1873.

One of these executors has since been called to administer upon a larger estate. The occasion of his visit to Nassau in 1873 was the sudden and melancholy death of his brother, the lessee

of the hotel. He was lost on the steamer *Missouri*, burnt off Abaco Island on the morning of October 22, 1872. Another brother of President Cleveland, Mr. R. C. Cleveland, and a brother-in-law, were also among the victims of this disaster. Lewis Cleveland was a man of strong personality, and stories told of him would indicate that some of the characteristics of his distinguished brother are family traits. An inexorable rule of his hotel management forbade the payment of fees. One waiter who accepted a Christmas gift was promptly dismissed. The lady whose gratitude for special services had thus found expression finally secured the reversal of the sentence, on condition that the gift should be returned. "I will not," said Mr. Cleveland, "have those in my house who are unable or unwilling to fee the servants put to any disadvantage." It is told of Mr. Cleveland that, as he was on his way to the steamer at New York, he said: "I do not know how it is, but I have an impression that I cannot get rid of, that this will be my last voyage." So it proved, not only to him, but to sixty-eight others of the eighty-five persons who sailed in the *Missouri* as passengers and crew.

The loss of the *Missouri* is but one in a long train of disasters on record to the disadvantage of this fateful coast. What gives the Bahamas such value as they have for England is their situation opposite the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico. They lie directly in the track of the great commerce that goes in and out of the gulf, tempting to their fate innumerable vessels, some the victims of misfortune, others, how many no one can say, the victims of dishonest owners or dishonest skippers. The dwellers on the Bahamas are "toilers of the sea," and among the sea's most lucrative products for them are the wrecks strewn along the coast. The extent of the industry dependent upon disasters not included in the underwriters' description as "the act of God" can be judged by the statistics of wreckage during a given period of fifteen months, 1858-9. Within this time eighty vessels, having a value of two million six hundred thousand dollars, contributed their salvage to the wealth of the Conchs. These made good use of the opportunity afforded them, and it is notorious that the system of salvage established here is little better than organized robbery. Judge Marvin, of the United States District Court, Florida, shows that the salvage on vessels unlucky enough to be wrecked on the Bahama side of the Florida channel was eighty-seven per cent. of their value, while on the American side it was but fourteen per cent. This disproportion becomes more noticeable when we recall the fact that the Florida wreckers are

descendants of the Conchs; so the difference is one of laws and their administration, and not of people. The early inhabitants of the Bahamas were freebooters, preying on commerce under the lead of Black Beard and other pirates, and the breed does not seem yet extinct, in spite of the legend borne on the colonial escutcheon, "Expulsis Piratis, restituta Commercium." As the commerce of the United States is that which chiefly suffers, we have some right to protest. Here, again, we find ourselves paying tribute where we should be in a position to exact it. These islands were part of the colonial possessions known as the Carolinas, which came to us after the Revolution, and should have been included with them in the transfer of the title obtained from the Earl of Shaftesbury and his associates. The doubtful theory which holds that the Bahamas are built upon a deposit from our Mississippi would, if accepted, serve to give us a further title. Whatever their origin, they unquestionably belong to our system, as the colonists were once rudely reminded by the Home Government, in denying their request for an independent coinage. Geologically, the underlying stratum, upon which, as it gradually sank beneath the ocean, the coral insect built these islands, was once a part of our continent. Their work was begun thirty or forty thousand years ago, according to Agassiz, or one hundred thousand years after the corner-stone of the present Florida peninsula was laid by them. The Bahamas are the most northerly of the series of island groups beginning near the Florida coast and following the general trend of the North American continent for two thousand miles across the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea to near the mouth of the Orinoco in South America.

As to wrecking, two curious stories are told which illustrate local ideas. One is of the native who tendered the prospective profits of future salvages to a New York banker as security for a loan; another of the colonial governor who was about to return to England. In his farewell speech he offered to use his good offices to procure from the Home Government any favor the colonists might desire. The unanimous reply was as startling as the demand for the head of John the Baptist in a charger: "Tell them to tear down the lighthouses; they are ruining the prosperity of this colony." The one thing to be admired in these wreckers is the undoubted skill which long habit has given them. They will dive down through two hatches to fasten their grappling-irons on to packages floating in the lower hold, in the filthy mixture compounded of bilge-water and the various ingredients of an assorted cargo.

The Conch is, in fact, an amphibious animal. The proximity of water having a temperature, even in winter, of seventy degrees Fahrenheit, tempts the children, almost from the cradle, to seek upon the sea the freedom the land does not afford. This circumstance may also serve to explain the fact that the Baptists, judged by official statistics of average attendance, outnumber here all the other denominations combined. The sharks are not inviting, but there is a tradition that they do not take kindly to black flesh. Indeed, it is hard to find a proof that they meddle with human flesh of any color, in spite of such veracious stories as that with which the Duke of Edinburgh was entertained when here. According to this account, a boat carrying five men was upset off the coast, and nothing more seen of its occupants until a shark was captured within whose proper receptacle were stowed away five human skeletons, neatly arranged in a row. Clinging to the breast-bone of the man-eater was the silver watch carried by the former occupant of one of these skeletons,—still going. Without vouching for this story in all of its details, I can testify that I saw an unpleasantly suggestive-looking fin gleaming above the water near the spot where I had taken my boy of ten in the day before. One of the favorite pastimes of this land which affords so little game of any size is the hunting of sharks.

One of Mr. Homer's spirited sketches represents a party of fishermen watching one of their number as he appears above the water with a conch shell. The flesh of this mollusk furnishes a staple article of diet, as well as the bait with which the fish are enticed. Its shell is used for the manufacture of ornaments, and hidden in its recesses are occasionally found the pink pearls, the best of which command a high price. The "king conch" is the royal head of the mollusk tribe, represented in these waters by four thousand different species. Shells in every variety can be obtained from the shops along the shore devoted to the

sale of marine curiosities, and having a most ultramarine smell. One of the glories of Nassau is the opportunity it offers for the study of the wonders of the ocean depths. In a boat having panes of glass set in the bottom, you glide over the coral reefs, studying their wonders through the opalescent water, which the eye penetrates to a depth of eighty or more feet. Unconscious of your presence, the denizens of the under world pursue the routine of their daily lives, and without the formality of an introduction you seem to be admitted to their homes. Description fails in the attempt to convey the impression received from such a glimpse of the ocean world. You understand, as never before, how it is that all primitive peoples dwelling by the sea have filled it with the semi-human beings of their own imaginative creation. Indeed, you are more than half inclined to doubt whether they were not nearer the truth, and sigh for "the creed outworn" which gave a charm to the ocean of which science would despoil us.

In the area of the Bahamian colony may be properly included the whole of the coral banks of the Great and the Little Bahamas,—42,560 square miles in all. Of this, 3560 square miles project above the surface of the sea in over a thousand islands and cays, a total area of land about three-quarters that contained in the State of Connecticut. The submerged banks rise out of the ocean depths to within a few feet of the surface, and from them are gathered the sponges, the fish, the shells and pearls, and the turtles, which are either consumed or sold in exchange for foreign necessities and luxuries, to supplement the meager diet of fish and vegetables which is all the islands afford. The most interesting as well as the most valuable portion of the Bahamas lies beneath the sea. There is enough in the sea gardens alone to explain why it is that her Britannic Majesty's colony of the Bahamas is seen so generally through the halo of imaginative description alone.

*William C. Church.*

#### IN MASQUERADE.

NOW every twig's a gleaming lance  
With jeweled haft of dazzling frost,  
And withered tops of weeds, once tossed,  
Are frozen in a spectral trance.

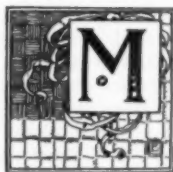
The moon is blown a silver boat  
Across the soundless upper seas;  
A beetling castle stand the trees,  
The valley is a bridgeless moat.

Beyond the meadow winding down  
The dusky hollow to the sea,  
Beyond the unstirred poplar-tree,  
I seek two lights within the town.

They glitter like a serpent's eyes,  
And waiting in their luring glow,  
The serpent-soul I seek, I know,  
Sits there in woman's sweetest guise.

*L. Frank Tooker.*

## PART OF AN OLD STORY.



ANY a traveler whose taste has led him fondly to sip the flavor of oral tradition in old European towns has heard the story of Angelo and Francesca told in the quiet streets of Palermo—told always in a minor strain of mystery and sadness which recalls the memory of that other Francesca, the shadow of whose fate Dante has multiplied and cast upon every heart. There comes a point where the story is abruptly broken off; for the narrator, with pious ejaculations, says that, having lived thus long, Angelo and Francesca one day suddenly disappeared, and were never heard of again.

Strangely enough, now, after the lapse of nearly a hundred years,—for they disappeared in 1793,—the rest of their history comes to light. It is narrated in the Vatican manuscript entitled "The Last Confessions of the Count Orlando di Cagliostro," to which the attention of the world was called for the first time last year by Professor Emanuel Kopfweh, of the University of Todtstadt. It is through his courtesy that the writer is enabled to present here a translation of the part containing the story of Angelo and Francesca.

If any one is going to ask whether the story is *true*—bah! Cagliostro was reputed not only a great scientist but a great charlatan—a greater one, perhaps, than that other Cagliostro, the letters of whose name were emblazoned with the disappearing gleams of the "Diamond Necklace." Moreover, these "Confessions" were written for a credulous age; and it is known that Cagliostro vigorously worked the inexhaustible mine of human credulity, and found gold wherever he dug.

Still the history must be accepted as substantially true; for is not one-half of the story of Angelo and Francesca told even to-day in the streets of Palermo? And—not to be tediously logical—has the other half ever been told elsewhere than here?

Cagliostro wrote in the third person as follows:

I.

COUNT Cagliostro, prince of alchemists, sat alone one evening in the reception-room of his residence in Paris. Not long since he had passed beyond the eternal snow-line of human ambition, and from radiant heights he now

stood looking down upon his contemporaries, as a being who towered midway between the mortal and the divine. On his threshold, indeed, was still lingering the last loiterer of a worshiping throng that had sought him this very night from every caprice of the human fancy, every need of the human soul. Their departure, however, had brought Count Cagliostro no relief; for he was now in solitude to meet the yet more insistent company of his thoughts, which began to gather as of old around the subject of life—its essential nature, its irreversible laws, its melancholy imperfections, its pitiful span. Ere long he was interrupted in his meditations by the unexpected entrance of a young couple in whom all the warm, splendid beauty of the Italian race seemed to have but lately flowered forth in the richest perfection. They approached him with truthlike simplicity of demeanor and unrestrained evidences of reverential regard for his august presence. Interested in the highest degree, he asked them whence they came, and learned that they were from Palermo, the city of his own nativity, and the place where the achievements of his incomparable learning were most enthusiastically exaggerated.

"To what do I owe the happiness of this visit?" then inquired Cagliostro.

"We have come to ask a favor of your wonderful skill, Signor Conte."

"And what favor may my wonderful skill render *you*, Angelo and Francesca? Shall I summon Death to relieve you of the burdens of old age?"

"Oh, Signor Conte! Francesca is but twenty-one."

"And Angelo is just twenty-three, Signor Conte."

"Then you are wasting away with incurable disease!"

"We have never known a day's illness in our lives, Signor Conte."

"Ah! I see. You wish to learn the alchemist's secret of converting all things into gold."

"We have great wealth, Signor Conte."

"Why, here is an excellent mystery! Is it some monstrous crime that I am to hear you confess?"

"We have committed no crime, Signor Conte, and we are absolved of all our sins."

"Youth, beauty, health, wealth, innocence! You possess all these, and yet you come to bespeak the offices of my poor skill! Ah!

Angelo and Francesca, it can render *you* no service. It is for those who come to me and say, 'Only mitigate the infirmities of old age, and we can bear all the rest'; or, 'Only ease this agony of pain, and we can bear all the rest'; or, 'Only aid us in the unequal struggle against poverty, and we can bear all the rest'; or, 'Only take from our souls the gnawing fang of remorse, and we can bear all the rest.' Such is the imperfect humanity by which my insufficient skill is too confidently sought. But you, you alone of all that I have ever seen, realize my dreams of ideal manhood and womanhood. And yet you may lack one thing: is it love?"

"Signor Conte," they cried passionately, "we love beyond the love of earth—beyond the love of heaven. It is the very perfection of our love that is the only source of our unhappiness. Two years ago we were wedded. Ah! the rapturous, the delirious joys of those two happy, happy years! From the ecstasy of this long trance, during which we had no thought of coming sorrow, we have just been fatally awakened. A pestilence is raging in Palermo. The air is full of the farewells of the dying, of wailings for the dead. Every morning we have trembled at the horrors of the coming day; every night we have clasped each other with forebodings that it would be the last. Ah! Signor Conte, the sadness of the human lot! Death, which may come at any instant, is the end of earthly love, and earthly love is so blissful that nothing in the power of even Heaven to bestow can ever compensate for its troubled course and too early dissolution."

"Angelo and Francesca, your remonstrances against destiny are at best shortsighted and vain. How have you lived so long in this world and been so strangely shielded from contact with its irreparable imperfections? Do you not know that love increases with increase of uncertainty? that it is purified by sorrows? that it blooms over the very abyss of parting, and sheds its perfume by the law of its own death? Too imperious and consuming is it, moreover, to be felt in this life without much alloy and for the briefest season. Return, then, to Palermo. Touching those inevitable casualties, those many sorrows, and that closing scene whereby it has pleased the will of Heaven to make the noblest passion of our mortal estate uneasy, sad, and brief, look not to find, in any means of mine, prevention or escapement."

"Signor Conte," they exclaimed in tears, "do not send us home to Palermo, but hear and grant the request which we have secretly come hither to make. How often have we not heard that you possess a marvelous elixir which has

potency to restore even to the old the intense and satisfying realities of the long-lost youth! Is not this known to the whole world? Is it not the highest distinction of your name? Have you not openly promised its benefits to those who will become your followers? By means of this elixir, then, blot out of our lives the past two years. Bring us back once more to the very hour of the night on which we stood before the altar and plighted our troth, that we, starting thence again, may live through the perfect joys—the ideal bloom and unspent freshness—that now seem to have vanished from life forever. The two years that are gone are worth more to us than all the uncertain future."

"Angelo and Francesca, you may indeed recall the past and live over its pleasures many, many times; for have you not memory? And a thousand other pleasures yet to come you may even now experience many, many times; for have you not hope? Be content, I pray you, with the beautiful past, and so act that the favor of Heaven may reward you with a beautiful future. This longing for a return to the years that are gone is the old, universal dream of the race—as uncontrollable as it is idle. Do you not understand that if the happy past could be recalled once, twofold then would be the regret that it could not be recalled yet again? Do you not feel that no repetitions of it, however many, could ever satisfy the soul, whose ideal is a youth of perpetual renewal, that is, a youth immortal? But I cannot bestow upon you immortality, Angelo and Francesca; and therefore, even if my skill were sufficient for it, would I be doing you a kindness in bringing back these two coveted years a single time?"

But his reply only made them the more importunate, and Cagliostro became conscious that for him their request was fast acquiring a supreme fascination. What they had said was true. He had indeed proclaimed to the world his discovery of an inestimably precious elixir which would consolidate in man the most vigorous forces of youth. He had indeed promised perfection, through physical and moral regeneration, to those who would become his followers and pass through the long and intricate ceremonials that he had ordained as the esoteric initiation to his mysterious cult. But he knew that all those marvelous cures which had hitherto contributed so much to his fame were effected by his unequalled skill in extracting and compounding the virtues of medicinal substances, powerfully aided by the credulity and the sanguine imaginations of those who took them. Only he knew that he had toiled through many years with unwearied assiduity of experiment and intensity of

thought, to discover a potion that would not only arrest for a time the processes of natural decay, but even suspend or reverse the action of the vital forces at work in the human body. Only he knew that there was now in his possession a subtle fluid which represented the product of his life-long labors. Its effects on human life he had hitherto allowed himself to test only in the most partial and unsatisfactory manner. The minutest drop, greatly diluted, he had seen reanimate the old for a short season, causing the long-silent laughter to break forth from the lips, the long-smoldering fires to flame up in the eye, the long-bent form to struggle to regain its intrepid erectness. If twice as much were given, the Count noted with wonderment that very much the same effects were produced, lasting through twice as long a time. Repeated experiments enabled him to determine with minute accuracy the relation between the strength and the quantity given and the length of time during which the effects would endure.

He had never ventured to test fully the qualities of the elixir, however, on account of his inability to secure the conditions under which it was imperative that the experiment should be made. All these he now saw fulfilled in the young couple before him. They were physically perfect, and would thus insure the most favorable result. They were willing to become parties to the secrecy which the awful nature of the deed would make indispensable. They had entire faith in his supernatural skill. And the period of two years which they had mentioned was so short that he would be enabled to modify the strength of the draught and thus greatly diminish the possibility of a fatal result. Never again would such an opportunity occur: should he allow it to pass?

Count Cagliostro arranged to make the experiment on the next night, which was the second anniversary of Angelo and Francesca's marriage.

## II.

For the first few hours after giving to each of them a draught, the strength of which he delicately regulated by the means already mentioned, he hung over the couch on which they lay, with scarcely a hope that life was not extinct, and that the light of day would not fully reveal to him the ghastliness of his presumptuous and most unnatural deed. Angelo and Francesca lay in the same deathlike trance that they had immediately sunk into, clothed in the mysterious beauty with which mortality adorns itself before its transmutation into dust. At length a sigh that seemed to issue not from human lips, but from the bosom

of some invisible floating dream, wandered to the strained ear of the alchemist. Was it the last sigh of the old life, now soaring away from the earth, or was it the first troubled moan of a strange new life, that had just come in to tenant the abandoned clay? How dire had been the conflict between the forces of the two: the one hitherto had borne Angelo and Francesca inexorably forward toward old age and death; would the other now transport them as irremediably toward the past?

As the night wore on, their state seemed to become that of a weary, unnatural slumber. During the next day it assumed by imperceptible stages the aspect of a healthful and delicious rest. Cagliostro, who had never for a moment left their bedside, noted with transport the successive changes that denoted their difficult return from the very portals of death: the disappearance of ghastly pallor, the faint bloom that began to suffuse the cheeks, the eyelids, long rigid and tightened, now veiling the eyes with the soft adaptations of a sympathetic curtain. The white drapery of the couch fell like the thinnest veil of cloud about their forms, and revealed in clear outlines the exquisite molding of the limbs. Once the young husband, stirring in his sleep, threw his right arm across Francesca's breast. By this action the arm was left bare to the shoulder. Cagliostro then for the first time noticed that on it between the elbow and the shoulder was a wound, not yet entirely healed, that had evidently been made with a stiletto. Bending down to inspect this, he observed that on Francesca's bosom also, just above the heart, was a similar wound, in the same stage of incomplete healing. Afterward these wounds came to have a peculiar significance. Late that night Cagliostro, now worn out not so much by watching as by intense anxiety, sought his own chamber for a few hours' sleep, hopeful that the morning would bring him auspicious revelations.

Scarcely had the sun risen, when he hastened to them. They had already dressed themselves, and were now sitting with clasped hands at the open window. An exclamation of delight broke from the alchemist at the spectacle of their more than restored beauty. Such was its dewy freshness, its semblance of unworn faculty and surcharged power, that they might indeed have embodied a dream of immortal youth. But when Cagliostro had quickly approached them, he stood transfixed with horror to perceive that the intellectual and emotional counterpart of all this physical loveliness was lacking. Some great and incomprehensible change had passed over them, in regard to which they themselves could give

only bewildered and bewildering statements. Their lips seemed ever ready to part in delightful laughter, yet they felt no impulse to laugh; their eyes flashed, but not from the enjoyment of anything visible nor with the excitement of mental discovery; their graceful and animated movements appeared to have no relation to newly formed purposes and future results, but to be aimless revivals of things already experienced.

Many days passed before Cagliostro grasped the startling significance of the physical and the psychical phenomena that now began to fall under his notice and that became his constant study during the next two years. In so far as the elixir had affected the physical bases and forces of life, it seemed to have inaugurated a series of changes that might supposably have taken place in the case of persons growing younger, and growing younger at the same rate at which they had previously grown older. The evidences of this were slowly derived both from special facts and general results. Thus, he ascertained from Angelo that the stiletto wounds had been inflicted by a former suitor of Francesca's, who, maddened by long brooding over his unhappy passion, had one evening suddenly sprung upon them in the street, and aimed a blow at her heart. Angelo's quickly interposed arm had checked the course of the weapon, which had then been run through the arm itself by the assassin before he fled. This incident had occurred two months before their coming to Cagliostro. Two months after their coming these wounds disappeared, leaving neither on Angelo's arm nor Francesca's bosom the least traceable cicatrice. Most remarkable was it to observe that during this period the wounds had the appearance of going through a process the reverse of that of healing. They daily grew more red and swollen and painful, and on the night prior to their complete disappearance, they opened and bled afresh, as though but just inflicted.

During the previous year, Angelo's artistic imagination had all at once become fascinated with the heroic models of antiquity, and he had developed his muscles to athletic proportions. These now gradually declined, and in the end they reassumed simply the fine outlines that were his natural masculine endowment. Francesca, too, slipped from the lately opened rose of womanhood back into the half-blown, more enrapturing delicacy of the maiden.

More extraordinary still were the psychical changes through which they passed. If, as regards the purely vital forces, they seemed to be in the condition of persons who were growing younger, so, as regards the mind, they appeared to be retracing the stages of their

latest development. All the knowledge that they had acquired in the two preceding years they now began to lose in an order the reverse of acquisitive technical skill left them, and they remained as though it had never been possessed. Thus, there were favorite books which they had hitherto never grown weary of discussing. Henceforth all knowledge of these began to pass away. The familiar passages in due time died out of their memories; they remembered them only as forgotten. Angelo had brought with him to Paris an unfinished painting, one of the figures in which was to represent Francesca. When he resumed work on it, he found himself unable to carry out the unexecuted part of his design. The particulars of this design, one by one, were lost from his consciousness, as one by one they had grown in his artistic conception. Under his diminishing skill the picture passed from bad to worse. Time and again, at rare intervals, he returned to it and despairingly left it; and before the period of two years had expired, it became simply a blurred and unintelligible canvas. Cagliostro ascertained that only two years before he had begun to receive instructions in painting. Francesca, too, gradually forgot the songs that she had most recently learned to sing. Those highest notes of her beautiful voice, which marked the latest extensions of its register, she soon discovered that she could no longer reach. Even while at the piano one day, the familiar notes of the music began to falter strangely from her lips, and her fingers grew motionless amid the dying echoes of the forgotten chords.

While there was this phase of forgetfulness, there was also one of reminiscence. They seemed to experience as complete a resuscitation of mental experience as was possible, considering the differences between their present and their original situation in the world. The past came back to them; disjointed sentences, the fragments of former conversations, started from the brain; sudden impulses to action, now divorced from all natural setting, swayed the will; old perplexities and old temptations besieged the heart; the former joys, which they had so eagerly desired to revive, now reappeared,—all a faded pageant,—a mocking, ghostly train, sweeping before the disappointed and disenchanted vision of the soul and compelling it to sit in calmer judgment upon the ruined idols and empty vanities of its previous estate.

Finally, there were the emotions with which Angelo and Francesca contemplated all these changes. As, in the order of nature, the soul abides within and notes how the body grows old,—how a furrow is plowed across the brow, a film creeps over the eye, how knowledge

perishes and skill is lost,—so the souls of this young pair, remaining aloof from all material mutations though not uninfluenced by them, appeared freely cognizant of the progressing rejuvenescence. They remembered their former future, which had now become their past; they realized that they were now being borne toward their former past, which thus became their future. But scarcely had they awakened to a realization of the fearful thought that they were growing younger, that they alone of all the race were being borne irremediably, not toward that verge of life where Death opens the portal of the infinite hereafter, but toward that more awful verge where Birth closes the portal upon the void and formless infinite behind; scarcely had they begun to see themselves losing day by day all that knowledge has power to bestow or art has beauty to inspire, before they threw themselves at the alchemist's feet and implored him to release them from the inexorable force of the imperious elixir.

## III.

UNHAPPY, thrice unhappy Cagliostro! He had evoked the occult powers of science, and he now stood aghast at his own indestructible success. He durst neither interfere with what he had done, lest instant death should be the result, nor breathe to his own spirit a prophecy of the uncertain end. The visible workings of those laws which he and a long line of illustrious predecessors from the days of Hippocrates had, with the costliest devotion of years, sought to bring into activity, now terrified him as the very presence of the supernatural. Worse than this: Francesca had been under his roof but a little while ere he conceived for her a consuming passion. In earlier years he had known no pleasure greater than that of the society of beautiful and brilliant women, but the rigor of scientific pursuits and the august character of his position in the world had long compelled him to lead a life of unmitigated loneliness. Now his passionate heart reasserted itself; and ambition, learning,—all that he had achieved or ever hoped to win,—became as nothing to him in comparison with his love for Francesca, whose perfection he had once coldly surveyed as the means of making a scientific experiment. Exquisite punishment—reaching him even before the awful vengeance of insulted Heaven! By his own skill he had forced himself to behold the daily restoration of her more youthful loveliness; and he had given the labor of his life-time to renew for her those two years of wedded happiness with Angelo, to see her in whose arms for a

single moment was to him the torture of eternity.

Truly, when Heaven shall allow one to attain a knowledge of the elixir of youth, will it not curse him by denying the wisdom that should accompany the power to use it?

He could not even fly from her, for he alone might hope to save her life. Thus, the fear of some unforeseen issue kept him near her during the day; and often at night, starting with horror from the pale specter of his dreams, he would take a lamp, and, stealing to the couch whereon she lay with her head on Angelo's bosom, assure himself that the end was not yet come. How little sweeter than death was this spectacle to him! In her incomprehensible state of mind and body, even momentary separation from Angelo might have brought about immediate death, and to destroy Angelo, as in his jealous frenzies he sometimes thought of doing, was an aggravation of his offenses that the dread thought of eternity always intervened to prevent.

One midnight he returned from one of these stolen visits to their chamber and threw himself upon the floor of his room, groveling in agony. Then he went to a secret panel-hidden recess in the wall, and taking from it a crystal vial filled with an ineffably bright fluid, he placed it on a table in the center of the room and took his seat before it.

"Inestimably precious elixir! What toil of studious years is not compressed into thy golden drops! What beautiful processes are not involved in thy slow distillation! The subtlest secrets of earth and air and sky unite their potencies in thy unequalled composition. Old—old—old baffler! universally dreamt of, despairingly sought for, never before found! Best of all things on this mortal side of the universe! Restorer of the past! Giver of strength and nimbleness and color to decrepitude, tottering and shivering and whitening through the long night of wintered years! Thou flashiest here and dashest thy shimmering depths against thy prison-walls, as diffusive as perfume, as light as thought. But thou shalt return this night to the thousand visible and invisible sources from which thy virtues were collected. What hast thou been to Cagliostro? Poison deadlier than twisted wolf's-bane or mournful nightshade—draught of death to his hopes, his love, and his ambition. Thou mockery of the race! Over none other shalt thou ever cast thy fatal enchantment. Shattered now be thy receptacle! scattered be thy volatile, fast-vanishing drops! Blotted out from the brain be thy unhallowed formula, and never again be thy awful substance compounded!"

After this, nothing seemed to remain for him in life but to bring his daring experiment to an issue, and dismiss the young pair in peace. He had assigned them apartments in his house opening upon a garden, in which had been collected not only the numerous plants whose medicinal properties he wished to ascertain, but every flower that could delight the senses. It was here, face to face with material nature, that they had the final realization of their deplorable state. Twice they watched the annual procession of her forces, and through the benign stages of growth, mature effulgence, and decay traced the completed cycle of her forms. But they — they alone of all created things — seemed to have turned backward in their course, as though the vine, having clambered high upon the wall, should sink down into the tender, precarious shoot; or the rose, having once bloomed, should gather together its petals and disappear from sight on the summit of the green stalk. Here, perhaps, they came to entertain that broad view of life which embraces its endless succession of transitory forms, its long array of waiting and more splendid pageants, for which room must be made by those in front and whose preëstablished order of march none dare confuse. Here, perhaps, the overweening selfishness of personality, which would ask to have its coveted joys renewed and repeated at any unnatural cost, received its complete humiliation. And, in the end, perhaps the least desirable of all things was this return to their past, since it could but lengthen the time before they could enter those higher mysteries whose privileges appertain to eternity alone.

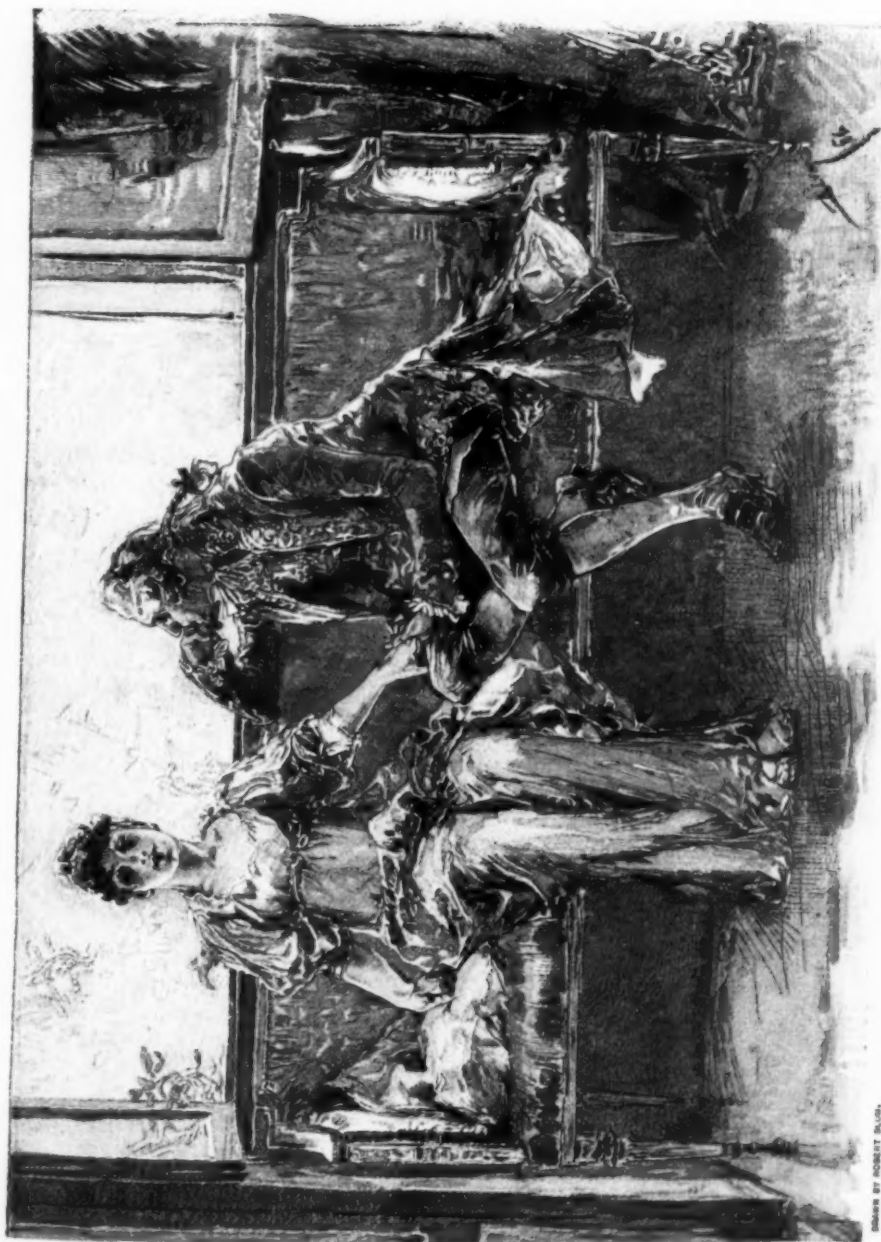
## IV.

At length the two years drew toward a close, and the day approached in which Cagliostro had arranged that the effects of the elixir should expire. Whatever the result might be, he had now come to perceive that for one or all of them it must be tragical. If Angelo and Francesca should be left free to return to the world and publicly attest his supernatural skill, he foresaw his loss of her and his probable martyrdom at the hands of the Holy Inquisition for his impious attempts to contravene the divinely appointed laws of life and death. Over the other possible issues he had latterly pondered with awful forebodings. They were three. What if his calculation should prove erroneous, and the relentless hold of the elixir upon the bodies of Angelo and Francesca should continue, continue for years, continue until they were carried backward into helpless infancy — into — horrible thought! — what final state? Should he be

compelled to witness the gradual transformation of the woman he loved into a handful of dust? Or, what if the calculation were right, and the effects of the draught were to expire at the expected moment? Would not the shock to the brain have been too great — its long unnatural action fatal — and would not Angelo and Francesca be left mindless, emotionless, mere beautiful idiots? Or, what if the natural life had ceased at the time the elixir was given, as it had seemed to do, and this strange state were but due to the fictitious vitality imparted by his own skill? When its sustaining virtues should be spent, would it not be found that the threads of existence had been snapped asunder long before?

Cagliostro denied himself to all visitors, and prepared for the supreme moment. In order to facilitate a transition from their artificial to their natural state, he arranged that it should take place amid a scene of bridal joy and beauty, befitting their return to the very hour of their nuptials. He chose for this purpose the most splendid room in his almost palatial residence. Lamps, swung by silver chains from the fretted ceiling, emitted flames of various colors. Down the walls and before the lofty windows fell rich tapestries and cloudlike masses of gorgeous curtains. On the marble floor lay the richest skins and rugs of the Orient. In the center of the room was represented the fountain of perpetual youth, whose descending perfumed sprays filled the ear with low molten music. Near this stood a collation, with joy-bringing wines in which they were to pledge each other for the new life. Over the feast presided a bronze figure of Time, his scythe entwined with roses. At one end of the room was a bridal altar, illumined by the myriad serene, starlike lights of crystal chandeliers. Above this altar hung one great picture — Medea at the moment of witnessing the triumphant restoration of the old king to his youth.

The day passed, the evening came, the hour began that was, at its close, to usher in the fateful moment. Cagliostro had instructed Angelo and Francesca to dress themselves as they had been dressed on the night of their nuptials. Half an hour before the time, he went to them and led them into the room that was to be the auspicious scene of their awakening. Borne on by uncontrollable excitement, he advanced with them unconsciously to the very steps of the altar, and standing on one of the steps, he joined their hands and held them clasped firmly in his own. How could he control himself to speak to them? His heart was broken; his brain was on fire. Never had he seen or dreamt of such beauty as Francesca now finally revealed



ENGRAVED BY GAMBAGE STILES.

"SOME GREAT AND INCOMPREHENSIBLE CHANGE HAD PASSED OVER THEM."

DESIGNED BY ROBERT BLUNT.

when dressed as a bride; it was the last extreme of torture. She stood arrayed thus only to renew her pledges of love to Angelo! Never, in comparison with the lustrous bloom and admirable symmetry of Angelo, had his own weakened frame and homely face been so acute a cause of irreparable wretchedness. Silently he looked down upon them, as they looked at each other and seemed suddenly to flush as with joyful anticipations of the approaching change. A few minutes, and he spoke:

"Angelo and Francesca, two years ago this evening, at the exact expiration of this hour, you received from me by your own request a draught of that elixir which was to turn backward the course of your lives and restore to you the joys of your bridal. With the stroke of the clock, as I expect, the last traces of that elixir will die out of your veins, leaving you free to go forth into the world again. But oh! Angelo and Francesca, you have learned in the meantime how melancholy a thing it is to turn backward over the course of even the happiest life. You have long since haply been led to believe that this longing for a return to youth is not meant to be gratified here, where one imperfect life is enough for one to live, but constitutes a slumberous prescience of its realization elsewhere in the universe."

Was it the effect of his words that sent a sudden shiver through their frames and caused them to drink deep, deep of the light in each other's eyes?

"While you have been learning this, I—alas!—have been purchasing wisdom with

an age of suffering. I shall send you forth into life now, better reconciled to its inalienable imperfections, because better understanding their spiritual beauty and divine forecastings; but who is there to teach me, an old man, broken and desolate and pierced with many sorrows, how the residue of my years may be sweetened with human joys, or made an acceptable offering to Heaven?"

With a sudden pallor overspreading their faces, and heavy shadows under their eyes, they turned their gaze upon him, and clung awe-stricken to each other.

"A minute more, and the stroke of the clock will release you from the thralldom of the draught. Angelo, as you lead Francesca toward the long green uplands of life, remember Cagliostro, who used his skill—and did not use it ungenerously against you! Francesca, Francesca! Sometimes remember Cagliostro, whose heart was broken—"

The stroke!

At that instant Angelo and Francesca, without a groan, sank down together dead at the foot of the altar, their natural life having been ended two years before; and Cagliostro, his secret fears realized,—Francesca dead, and he her murderer,—fell forward in a long swoon upon the bridal attire and the cold dust of the unhappy pair, nor heard the music of the fountain of youth, nor saw the roses dying around the scythe of the figure of Time, nor watched the lights go out one by one on the bridal altar, nor met the gaze of Medea looking down fiercely upon him from the pictured wall.

*James Lane Allen.*

## THE CHICKADEE.

WHEN trees stand mute with bare, protesting arms  
Against the grayness of November skies,  
Wherein the menace of a snow-storm lies;  
When bushes all have lost their mellow charms—  
Save the witch-hazel whose dim stars appear,  
In quaintest mockery of its fabled powers,  
Like pallid ghosts of golden summer hours:  
When winds seem sighing for the dying year;  
When not a bird that mated in the Spring's  
Elusive Eden dares to linger near,  
Even to sing farewell, but spreads his wings  
And, aiming South, shoots off with sudden fear  
Of the cold clouds foreshadowing snows to be—  
Then long and strong of song is heard the chickadee.

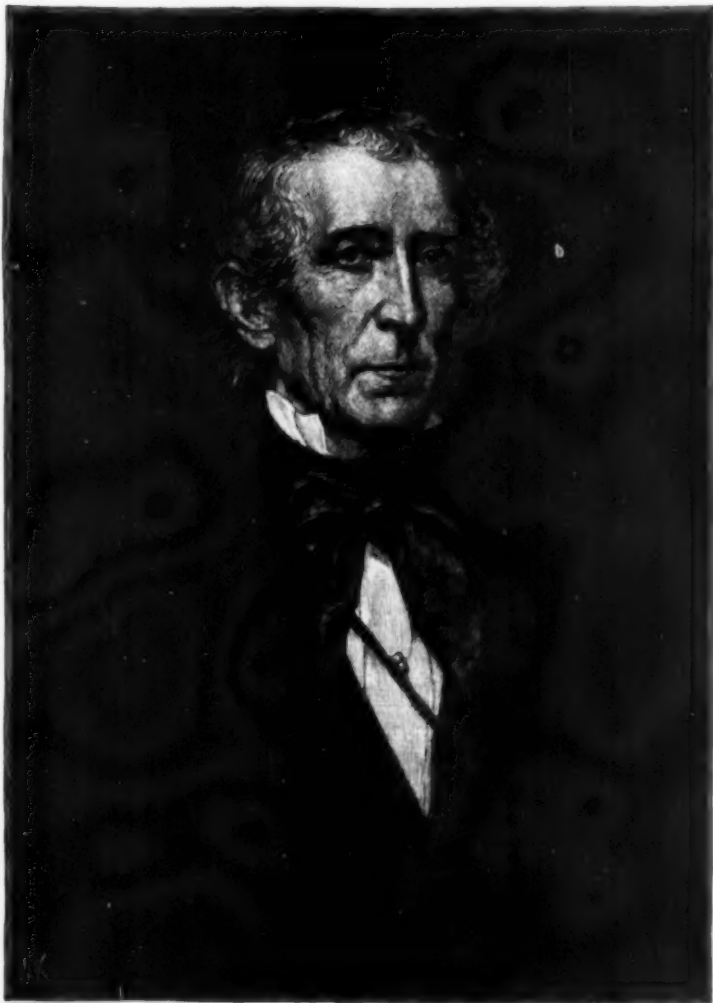
*Henry W. Austin.*

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER]

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.\*

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

LINCOLN IN CONGRESS.



ENGRAVED BY L. KNEEL.

JOHN TYLER, PRESIDENT, 1841-45.

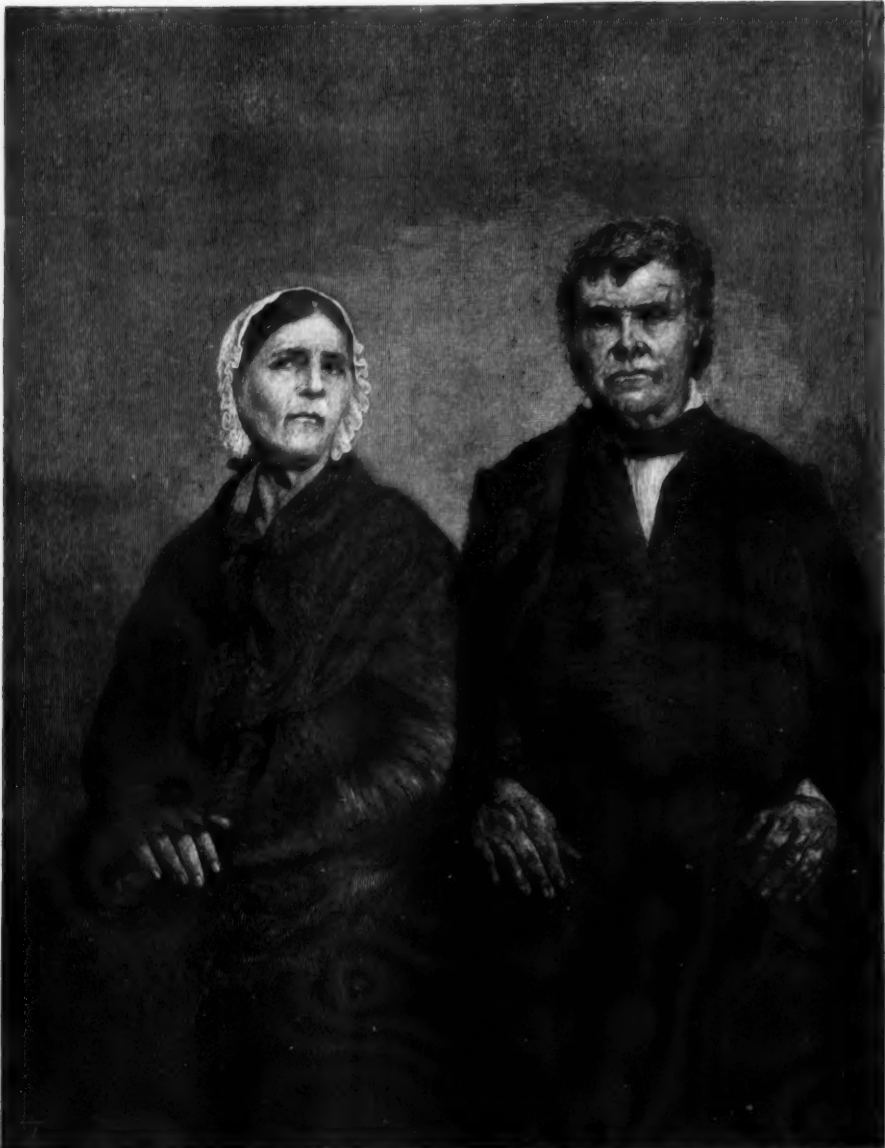
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GRAY.

### CAMPAIGN FOR CONGRESS.

**I**N the months that remained of his term, after the election of his successor, President Tyler pursued with much vigor his purpose of accomplishing the annexation of Texas, regarding it as the measure which was specially to illustrate his administration and to preserve

it from oblivion. The state of affairs, when Congress came together in December, 1844, was propitious to the project. Dr. Anson Jones had been elected as President of Texas; the republic was in a more thriving condition than ever before. Its population was rapidly increasing under the stimulus of its probable change of flag; its budget presented a less

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ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FROM CAQUERRETYPE, ABOUT 1855, IN POSSESSION OF L. C. FITNER.  
REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT AND HIS WIFE.

unwholesome balance; its relations with Mexico, while they were no more friendly, had ceased to excite alarm. The Tyler Government, having been baffled in the spring by the rejection of the treaty for annexation which they had submitted to the Senate, chose to proceed this winter in a different way. Early in the session

a joint resolution providing for annexation was introduced in the House of Representatives, which, after considerable discussion and attempted amendment by the antislavery members, passed the House by a majority of twenty-two votes. In the Senate it encountered more opposition, as might have been

expected in a chamber which had overwhelmingly rejected the same scheme only a few months before. It was at last amended by inserting a section called the Walker amendment, providing that the President, if it were in his judgment advisable, should proceed by way of negotiation, instead of submitting the resolutions as an overture on the part of the United States to Texas. This amendment eased the conscience of a few shy supporters of the Administration who had committed themselves very strongly against the scheme, and saved them from the shame of open tergiversation. The President, however, treated this subterfuge with the contempt which it deserved, by utterly disregarding the Walker amendment, and by dispatching a messenger to Texas to bring about annexation on the basis of the resolutions, the moment he had signed them, when only a few hours of his official existence remained.

The measures initiated by Tyler were, of course, carried out by Polk. The work was pushed forward with equal zeal at Washington and at Austin. A convention of Texans was called for the 4th of July to consider the American propositions; they were promptly



GENERAL JOHN J. HARDIN.  
(AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH FROM A DAGUERRETYPE, LENT BY MRS. E. H. WALWORTH.)

accepted and ratified, and in the last days of 1845 Texas was formally admitted into the Union as a State.

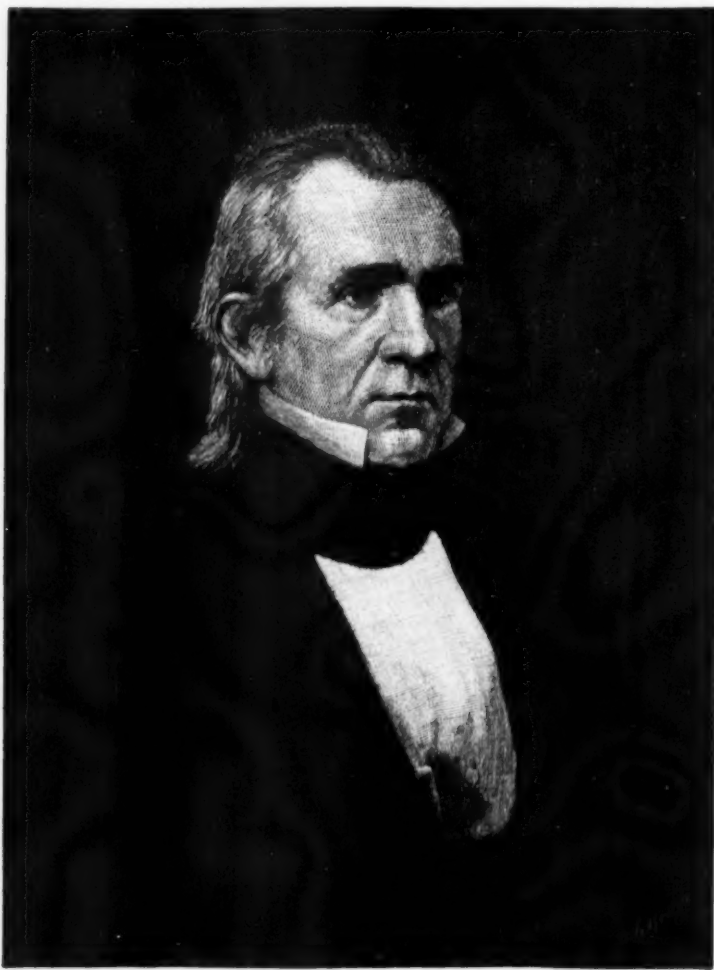
Besides the general objections which the antislavery men of the North had to the project itself, there was something especially offensive to them in the pretense of fairness and compromise held out by the resolutions committing the Government to annexation. The third section provided that four new States might hereafter be formed out of the Territory of Texas; that such States as were formed out of the portion lying south of  $36^{\circ} 30'$ , the Missouri Compromise line, might be admitted with or without slavery, as the people might desire; and that slavery should be prohibited in such States as might be formed out of the portion lying north of that line. The opponents of slavery regarded this provision, with good reason, as derisory. Slavery already existed in the entire territory by the act of the early settlers from the South who had brought their slaves with them, and the State of Texas had no valid claim to an inch of ground north of the line of  $36^{\circ} 30'$  nor anywhere near it; so that this clause, if it had any force whatever, would have authorized the establishment of slavery in a portion of New Mexico, where it did not exist, and where it had been expressly prohibited by the Mexican law. Another serious



COLONEL F. D. BAKER. (ABOUT 1861;  
(AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

objection was that the resolutions were taken as committing the United States to the adoption and maintenance of the Rio Grande del Norte as the western boundary of Texas. All mention of this was avoided in the instrument, and it was

to the annexation of Texas, it is nevertheless certain that the occupation of the left bank of the Rio Grande, without an attempt at an understanding, would bring about a collision. The country lying between the Nueces and the



ENGRAVED BY H. VETTER.

JAMES K. POLK. (1845.) PRESIDENT, 1845-49.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

expressly stated that the State was to be formed "subject to the adjustment by this Government of all questions of boundary that may arise with other governments," but the moment the resolutions were passed the Government assumed, as a matter beyond dispute, that all the territory east of the Rio Grande was the rightful property of Texas, to be defended by the military power of the United States.

Even if Mexico had been inclined to submit

Rio Grande was then entirely uninhabited, and was thought uninhabitable, though subsequent years have shown the fallacy of that belief. The occupation of the country of Texas extended no farther than the Nueces, and the Mexican farmers cultivated their corn and cotton in peace in the fertile fields opposite Matamoras.

It is true that Texas claimed the eastern bank of the Rio Grande from its source to its mouth and while the Texans held Santa



GENERAL D. MARIANO ARISTA. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH  
IN POSSESSION OF JOHN W. FOSTER, ESQ.)



GENERAL D. JUAN N. ALMONTE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH  
IN POSSESSION OF JOHN W. FOSTER, ESQ.)

Anna prisoner, under duress of arms and the stronger pressure of his own conscience, which assured him that he deserved death as a murderer, "he solemnly sanctioned, acknowledged, and ratified" their independence with whatever boundaries they chose to claim; but the Bustamente administration lost no time in repudiating this treaty, and at once renewed the war, which had been carried on in a fitful way ever since.

But leaving out of view this special subject of admitted dispute, the Mexican government had warned our own in sufficiently formal terms that annexation could not be peacefully effected. When Mr. Upshur first began his negotiations with Texas, the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, at the earliest rumors of what was afoot, addressed a note \* to Waddy Thompson, our Minister in Mexico, referring to the reported intention of Texas to seek admission to the Union, and formally protesting against it as "an aggression unprecedented in the annals of the world," and adding, "if it be indispensable for the Mexican nation to seek security for its rights at the expense of the disasters of war, it will call upon God, and rely on its own efforts for the defense of its just cause." A little while later General Almonte renewed this notification at Washington, saying in so many words that the annexation of Texas would terminate his mission, and that Mexico would declare war as soon as it received intimation of such an act. In June, 1845, Mr. Donelson, in charge of the American Legation in Mexico, assures the Secretary of State that war is inevitable, though he adopts the fiction of Mr. Calhoun, that it is the result of the abolitionist intrigues of Great Britain, which he credited with the intention "of depriving

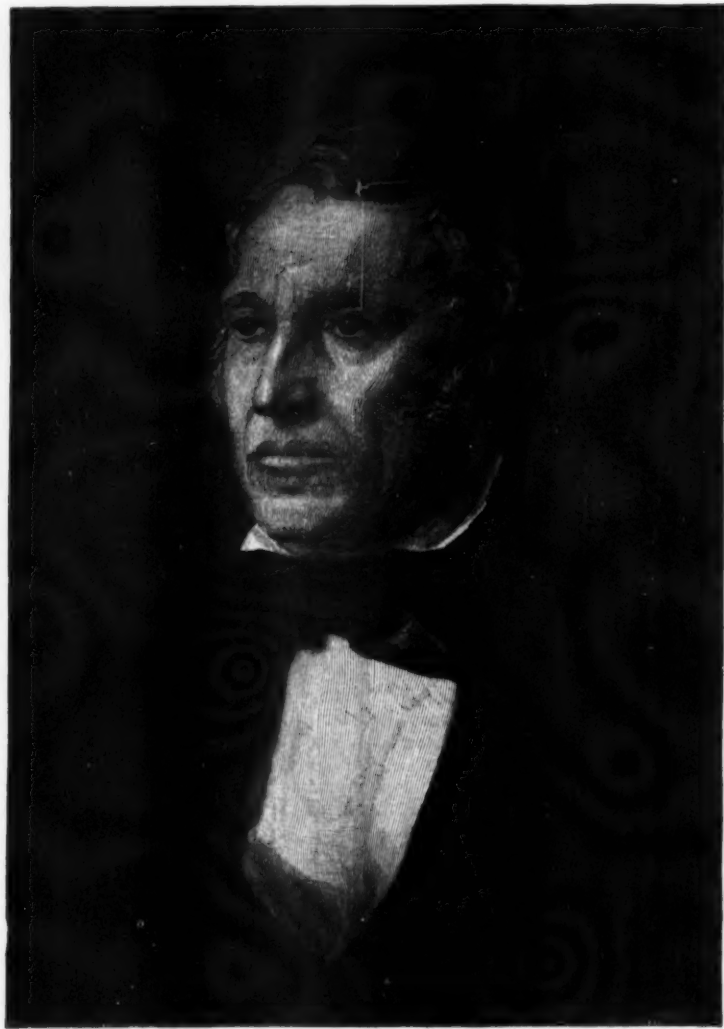
\* August 23, 1843.

both Texas and the United States of all claim to the country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande."

No one, therefore, doubted that war would follow, and it soon came. General Zachary Taylor had been sent during the summer to Corpus Christi, where a considerable portion of the small army of the nation was placed under his command. It was generally understood to be the desire of the Administration that hostilities should begin without orders, by a species of spontaneous combustion; but the coolness and prudence of General Taylor made futile any such hopes, if they were entertained, and it required a positive order to induce him, in March, 1846, to advance



GENERAL PEDRO DE AMPUDIA. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH  
IN POSSESSION OF JOHN W. FOSTER, ESQ.)



ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

PAINTING BY VANDERLYN, IN THE CORCORAN GALLERY.

ZACHARY TAYLOR. (1852.) PRESIDENT, 1849-50.

towards the Rio Grande and to cross the disputed territory. He arrived at a point opposite Matamoras on the 28th of March, and immediately fortified himself, disregarding the summons of the Mexican commander, who warned him that such action would be considered as a declaration of war. In May General Arista crossed the river and attacked General Taylor on the field of Palo Alto, where Taylor won the first of that remarkable series of victories, embracing Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and Buena Vista, all gained over superior forces

of the enemy, which made the American commander for the brief day which was left him the idol alike of soldiers and voters.

After Baker's election in 1844, it was generally taken as a matter of course in the district that Lincoln was to be the next candidate of the Whig party for Congress. It was charged at the time, and some recent writers have repeated the charge, that there was a bargain made in 1840 between Hardin, Baker, Lincoln, and Logan to succeed each other in the order named. This sort of fiction is the commonest

known to American politics. Something like it is told, and more or less believed, in half the districts in the country every year. It arises naturally from the fact that there are always more candidates than places, that any one who is a candidate twice is felt to be defrauding his neighbors, and that all candidates are too ready to assure their constituents that they only want one term, and too ready to forget these assurances when their terms are ending. There is not only no evidence of any such bargain among the men we have mentioned, but there is the clearest proof of the contrary. Two or more of them were candidates for the nomination at every election from the time when Stuart retired until the Whigs lost the district. At the same time it is not to be denied that there was a tacit understanding among the Whigs of the district that whoever should, at each election, gain the honor of representing the one Whig constituency of the State, should hold himself satisfied with that privilege, and not be a candidate for reelection. The retiring member was not always convinced of the propriety of this arrangement. In the early part of January, 1846, Hardin was the only one whose name was mentioned in opposition to Lincoln. He was reasonably sure of his own county, and he tried to induce Lincoln to consent to an arrangement that all candidates should confine themselves to their own counties in the canvass; but Lincoln, who was very strong in the outlying counties of the district, declined the proposition, alleging, as a reason for refusing, that Hardin was so much better known than he, by reason of his service in Congress, that such a stipulation would give him a great advantage. There was fully as much courtesy as candor in this plea, and Lincoln's entire letter was extremely politic and civil. "I have always been in the habit," he says, "of acceding to almost any proposal that a friend would make, and I am truly sorry that I cannot to this." A month later Hardin saw that his candidacy was useless, and he published a card withdrawing from the contest, which was copied and commended in the kindest terms by papers friendly to Lincoln, and the two men remained on terms of intimate friendship.

The convention was held at Petersburg on the 1st of May. Judge Logan placed the name of Lincoln before it, and he was nominated unanimously. The Springfield "Journal," giving the news the week after, said, "This nomination was of course anticipated, there being no other candidate in the field. Mr. Lincoln, we all know, is a good Whig, a good man, an able speaker, and richly deserves, as he enjoys, the confidence of the Whigs of this district and of the State."

The Democrats gave Mr. Lincoln a singular competitor—the famous Methodist preacher,

Peter Cartwright. It was not the first time they had met in the field of politics. When Lincoln ran for the Legislature on his return from the Black Hawk war, in 1832, one of the successful candidates of that year was this indefatigable circuit-rider. He was now over sixty years of age, in the height of his popularity, and in all respects an adversary not to be despised. His career as a preacher began at the beginning of the century and continued for seventy years. He was the son of one of the pioneers of the West, and grew up in the rudest regions of the border land between Tennessee and Kentucky. He represents himself, with the usual inverted pride of a class-leader, as having been a wild, vicious youth; but the catalogue of his crimes embraces nothing less venial than card-playing, horse-racing, and dancing, and it is hard to see what different amusements could have been found in southern Kentucky in the year 1801. This course of dissipation did not continue long, as he was "converted and united with the Ebenezer Methodist Episcopal Church" in June of that year, when only sixteen years old, and immediately developed such zeal and power in exhortation that less than a year later he was licensed "to exercise his gifts as an exhorter so long as his practice is agreeable to the gospel." He became a deacon at twenty-one, an elder at twenty-three, a presiding elder at twenty-seven, and from that time his life is the history of his church in the West for sixty years. He died in 1872, eighty-seven years of age, having baptized twelve thousand persons and preached fifteen thousand sermons. He was, and will always remain, the type of the backwoods preacher. Even in his lifetime the simple story of his life became so overgrown with a net-work of fable that there is little resemblance between the simple, courageous, prejudiced itinerant of his "Autobiography" and the fighting, brawling, half-civilized, Protestant Friar Tuck of bar-room and newspaper legend. It is true that he did not always discard the weapons of the flesh in his combats with the ungodly, and he was more than once compelled to leave the pulpit to do carnal execution upon the disturbers of the peace of the sanctuary; but two or three incidents of this sort in three-quarters of a century do not turn a parson into a pugilist. He was a fluent, self-confident speaker, who, after the habit of his time, addressed his discourses more to the emotions than to the reason of his hearers. His system of future rewards and punishments was of the most simple and concrete character, and formed the staple of his sermons. He had no patience with the refinements and reticences of modern theology, and in his later years observed with scorn and

sorrow the progress of education and scholarly training in his own communion. After listening one day to a prayer from a young minister which shone more by its correctness than its unctious, he could not refrain from saying, "Brother —, three prayers like that would freeze hell over!"—a consummation which did not commend itself to him as desirable. He often visited the cities of the Atlantic coast, but saw little in them to admire. His chief pleasure on his return was to sit in a circle of his friends and pour out the phials of his sarcasm upon all the refinements of life which he had witnessed in New York or Philadelphia, which he believed, or affected to believe, were tenanted by a species of beings altogether inferior to the manhood that filled the cabins of Kentucky and Illinois. An apocryphal story of one of these visits was often told of him, which pleased him so that he never contradicted it: that becoming bewildered in the vastness of a New York hotel, he procured a hatchet, and in pioneer fashion "blazed" his way along the mahogany staircases and painted corridors from the office to his room. With all his eccentricities, he was a devout man, conscientious and brave. He lived in domestic peace and honor all his days, and dying, he and his wife, whom he had married almost in childhood, left a posterity of one hundred and twenty-nine direct descendants to mourn them.\*

With all his devotion to the cause of his church, Peter Cartwright was an ardent Jackson politician, with probably a larger acquaintance throughout the district than any other man in it, and with a personal following which, beginning with his own children and grandchildren and extending through every precinct, made it no holiday task to defeat him in a popular contest. But Lincoln and his friends went energetically into the canvass, and before it closed he was able to foresee a certain victory.

An incident is related to show how accurately he could calculate political results in advance—a faculty which remained with him all his life. A friend, who was a Democrat, had come to him early in the canvass and had told him he wanted to see him elected, but did not like to vote against his party; still he would vote for him, if the contest was to be so close that every vote was needed. A short time before the election Lincoln said to him, "I have got the preacher, and I don't want your vote."

\* The impressive manner of Mrs. Cartwright's death, who survived her husband a few years, is remembered in the churches of Sangamon County. She was attending a religious meeting at Bethel Chapel, a mile from her house. She was called upon "to give her testimony," which she did with much feeling, concluding with the words, "the past three weeks have been the happiest of my life; I am waiting for the chariot." When the meeting broke up, she did not rise with the rest. The minister

The campaign was carried on almost entirely without expense. Mr. Joshua Speed told the writers that some of the Whigs contributed a purse of \$200, which Speed handed to Lincoln to pay his personal expenses in the canvass. After the election was over the successful candidate handed Speed \$199.25, with the request that he return it to the subscribers. "I did not need the money," he said. "I made the canvass on my own horse; my entertainment, being at the houses of friends, cost me nothing; and my only outlay was 75 cents for a barrel of cider, which some farm-hands insisted I should treat them to."

The election was held in August, and the Whig candidate's majority was very large—1511 in the district, where Clay's majority had been only 914, and where Taylor's, two years later, with all the glamour of victory about him, was ten less. Lincoln's majority in Sangamon County was 690, which, in view of the standing of his competitor, was the most remarkable proof which could be given of his personal popularity;† it was the highest majority ever given to any candidate in the county during the entire period of Whig ascendancy until Yates's triumphant campaign of 1852.

This large vote was all the more noteworthy because the Whigs were this year upon the unpopular side. The annexation of Texas was generally approved throughout the West, and those who opposed it were regarded as rather lacking in patriotism, even before actual hostilities began. But when General Taylor and General Ampudia confronted each other with hostile guns across the Rio Grande, and still more after the brilliant feat of arms by which the Americans opened the war on the plain of Palo Alto, it required a good deal of moral courage on the part of the candidates and voters alike to continue their attitude of disapproval of the policy of the Government, at the same time that they were shouting pæans over the exploits of our soldiers. They were assisted, it is true, by the fact that the leading Whigs of the State volunteered with the utmost alacrity and promptitude in the military service. On the 11th of May, Congress authorized the raising of fifty thousand volunteers, and as soon as the intelligence reached Illinois, the daring and restless spirit of Hardin leaped forward to the fate which was awaiting him, and he instantly issued a call to his brigade of

solemnly said, "The chariot has arrived."—"Early Settlers of Sangamon County," by John Carroll Power.

|               |      |            |        |                 |     |     |
|---------------|------|------------|--------|-----------------|-----|-----|
| Stuart's maj. | over | May        | in '36 | in Sangamon Co. | was | 543 |
| "             | "    | Douglass   | "      | "               | "   | 495 |
| "             | "    | Ralston    | "      | "               | "   | 575 |
| Hardin's      | "    | McDougal   | "      | "               | "   | 504 |
| Baker's       | "    | Calhoun    | "      | "               | "   | 373 |
| Lincoln's     | "    | Cartwright | "      | "               | "   | 690 |
| Logan's       | "    | Harris     | "      | "               | "   | 263 |
| Yates's       | "    | Harris     | "      | "               | "   | 336 |

militia, in which he said: "The general has already enrolled himself as the first volunteer from Illinois under the requisition. He is going whenever ordered. Who will go with him? He confidently expects to be accompanied by many of his brigade." The quota assigned to Illinois was three regiments; these were quickly raised,\* and an additional regiment offered by Baker was then accepted. The sons of the prominent Whigs enlisted as private soldiers; David Logan was a sergeant in Baker's regiment. A public meeting was held in Springfield on the 29th of May, at which Mr. Lincoln delivered what was considered a thrilling and effective speech on the condition of affairs, and the duty of citizens to stand by the flag of the nation until an honorable peace was secured. It was thought probable, and would have been altogether fitting, that either Colonel Hardin, Colonel Baker, or Colonel Bissell, all of them men of intelligence and distinction, should be appointed general of the Illinois Brigade, but the Polk administration was not inclined to waste so important a place upon men who might hereafter have views of their own in public affairs. The coveted appointment was given to a man already loaded to a grotesque degree with political employment — Mr. Lincoln's old adversary, James Shields. He had left the position of Auditor of State to assume a seat on the Bench; leaving this, he had just been appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office. He had no military experience, and so far as known no capacity for the service; but his fervid partisanship and his nationality commended him to Mr. Polk as a safe servant, and he received his commission, to the surprise and derision of the State. His bravery in action and his honorable wounds at Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec saved him from contempt and made his political fortune.

He had received the recommendation of the Illinois Democrats in Congress, and it is altogether probable that he owed his appointment in great measure to the influence of Douglas, who desired to have as few Democratic statesmen as possible in Springfield that winter. A Senator was to be elected, and Shields had acquired such a habit of taking all the offices that fell vacant that it was only prudent to remove him as far as convenient from such a temptation. The election was held in December, and Douglas was promoted from the House of Representatives to that seat in the Senate which he held the rest of his life.

The session of 1846-7 opened with the Sangamon district of Illinois unrepresented in Congress. Baker had gone with his regiment to Mexico. It did not have the good fortune to participate in any of the earlier actions of the campaign, and his fiery spirit chafed in this

enforced idleness of camp and garrison. He seized an occasion which was offered him to go to Washington as bearer of dispatches, and while there he made one of those sudden and dramatic appearances in the Capitol which were so much in harmony with his tastes and his character. He went to his place on the floor,† and there delivered a bright, interesting speech in his most attractive vein, calling attention to the needs of the army, disavowing on the part of the Whigs any responsibility for the war or its conduct, and adroitly claiming for them a full share of the credit for its prosecution. He began by thanking the House for its kindness in allowing him the floor, protesting at the same time that he had done nothing to deserve such courtesy. "I could wish," he said, "that it had been the fortune of the gallant Davis‡ to now stand where I do and to receive from gentlemen on all sides the congratulations so justly due to him, and to listen to the praises of his brave compeers. For myself, I have, unfortunately, been left far in the rear of the war, and if now I venture to say a word in behalf of those who have endured the severest hardships of the struggle, whether in the blood-stained streets of Monterey, or in a yet sterner form on the banks of the Rio Grande, I beg you to believe that while I feel this a most pleasant duty, it is in other respects a duty full of pain; for I stand here, after six months' service as a volunteer, having seen no actual warfare in the field." Yet even this disadvantage he turned with great dexterity to his service. He reproached Congress for its apathy and inaction in not providing for the wants of the army by reinforcements and supplies; he flattered the troops in the field, and paid a touching tribute to those who died of disease and exposure, without ever enjoying the sight of a battlefield, and rising to lyric enthusiasm, he repeated a poem of his own, which he had written in camp to the memory of the dead of the Fourth Illinois. He could not refrain from giving his own party all the credit which could be claimed for it, and it is not difficult to imagine how exasperating it must have been to the majority to hear so calm an assumption of superior patriotism on the part of the opposition as the following: "As a Whig I still occupy a place on this floor; nor do I think it worth while to reply to such a charge as that the Whigs are not friends of their country because many of them doubt the justice or expediency of the present war. Surely there was all the more evidence of the patriotism of the man who, doubting the expediency

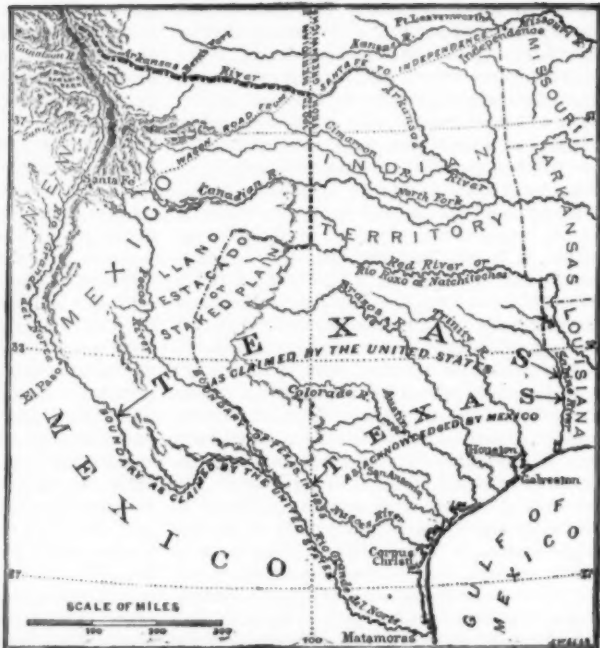
\* The colonels were Hardin, Bissell, and Freeman.

† December 28, 1846.

‡ Jefferson Davis, who was with the army in Mexico.

and even the entire justice of the war, nevertheless supported it, because it was the war of his country. In the one it might be mere enthusiasm and an impetuous temperament; in the other it was true patriotism, a sense of duty. Homer represents Hector as strongly doubting the expediency of the war against Greece. He gave his advice against it; he had no sympathy with Paris, whom he bitterly reproached, much less with Helen; yet, when the war came, and the Grecian forces were marshaled on the plain, and their crooked keels were seen cutting the sands of the Trojan coast, Hector was a flaming fire, his beaming helmet was seen in the thickest of the fight. There are in the American army many who have the spirit of Hector; who strongly doubt the propriety of the war, and especially the manner of its commencement; who yet are ready to pour out their hearts' best blood like water, and their lives with it, on a foreign shore, in defense of the American flag and American glory.\*

Immediately after making this speech, Baker increased the favorable impression created by it by resigning his seat in Congress and hurrying as fast as steam could carry him to New



THE BOUNDARIES OF TEXAS.

This map gives the boundary between Mexico and the United States as defined by the treaty of 1848; the westerly bank of the Sabine River from its mouth to the 32d degree of latitude; thence due north to the Red River, following the course of that stream to the 100th degree of longitude west from Greenwich; thence due north to the Arkansas River, and running along its south bank to its source in the Rocky Mountains, near the place where Leadville now stands; thence due north to the 42d parallel of latitude, which it follows to the Pacific Ocean.

On the west will be seen the boundaries claimed by Mexico and the United States after the annexation of Texas. The Mexican authorities considered the western boundary of Texas to be the Nueces River, from mouth to source; thence by an indefinite line to the Rio Pecos, and through the elevated and barren Llano Estacado to the source of the main branch of the Red River, and along that river to the 100th meridian. The United States adopted the Texan claim of the Rio Grande del Norte as their western limit. By the treaty of peace of 1848, the Mexicans relinquished to the United States the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande del Norte; also the territory lying between the last-named river and the Pacific Ocean, and north of the Gila River and the southern boundary of New Mexico, which was a short distance above the town of El Paso.—J. W.

Orleans, to embark there for Mexico. He had heard of the advance of Santa Anna upon Saltillo, and did not wish to lose any opportu-

\* We give a copy of these lines, not on account of their intrinsic merit, but as illustrating the versatility of the lawyer, orator, and soldier who wrote them.

Where rolls the rushing Rio Grande,  
How peacefully they sleep!  
Far from their native Northern land,  
Far from the friends who weep.  
No rolling drums disturb their rest  
Beneath the sandy sod;  
The mold lies heavy on each breast,  
The spirit is with God.

They heard their country's call, and came  
To battle for the right;  
Each bosom filled with martial flame,  
And kindling for the fight.  
Light was their measured footstep when  
They moved to seek the foe;

Alas that hearts so fiery then  
Should soon be cold and low!

They did not die in eager strife  
Upon a well-fought field;  
Nor from the red wound poured their life  
Where cowering foemen yield.  
Death's ghastly shade was slowly cast  
Upon each manly brow,  
But calm and fearless to the last,  
They sleep securely now.

Yet shall a grateful country give  
Her honors to their name;  
In kindred hearts their memory live,  
And history guard their fame.  
Not unremembered do they sleep  
Upon a foreign strand,  
Though near their graves thy wild waves sweep,  
O rushing Rio Grande!

nity of fighting which might fall in the way of his regiment. He arrived to find his troops transferred to the Department of General Scott; and although he missed Buena Vista, he took part in the capture of Vera Cruz, and greatly distinguished himself at Cerro Gordo. When Shields was wounded, Baker took command of his brigade, and by a gallant charge on the Mexican guns gained possession of the Jalapa road, an act by which a great portion of the fruits of that victory were harvested.

His resignation left a vacancy in Congress, and a contest, characteristic of the politics of the time, at once sprang up over it. The rational course would have been to elect Lincoln, but, with his usual overstrained delicacy, he declined to run, thinking it fair to give other aspirants a chance for the term of two months. The Whigs nominated a respectable man named Brown, but a short while before the election John Henry, a member of the State Senate, announced himself as a candidate, and appealed for votes on the sole ground that he was a poor man and wanted the place for the mileage. Brown, either recognizing the force of this plea, or smitten with a sudden disgust for a service in which such pleas were possible, withdrew from the canvass, and Henry got his election and his mileage.

#### THE THIRTIETH CONGRESS.

THE Thirtieth Congress organized on the 6th of December, 1847. Its roll contained the names of many eminent men, few of whom were less known than his which was destined to a fame more wide and enduring than all the rest together. It was Mr. Lincoln's sole distinction that he was the only Whig member from Illinois. He entered upon the larger field of work which now lay before him without any special diffidence, but equally without elation. Writing to his friend Speed soon after his election he said, "Being elected to Congress, though I am very grateful to our friends for having done it, has not pleased me as much as I expected,"—an experience not unknown to most public men, but probably intensified in Lincoln's case by his constitutional melancholy. He went about his work with little gladness, but with a dogged sincerity and an inflexible conscience.

It soon became apparent that the Whigs were to derive at least a temporary advantage from the war which the Democrats had brought upon the country, although it was

destined in its later consequences to sweep the former party out of existence and exile the other from power for many years. The House was so closely divided that Lincoln, writing on the 5th, expressed some doubt whether the Whigs could elect all their caucus nominees, and Mr. Robert C. Winthrop was chosen Speaker the next day by a majority of one vote. The President showed in his message that he was doubtful of the verdict of Congress and the country upon the year's operations, and he argued with more solicitude than force in defense of the proceedings of the Administration in regard to the war with Mexico. His anxiety was at once shown to be well founded. The first attempt made by his friends to indorse the conduct of the Government was met by a stern rebuke from the House of Representatives, which passed an amendment proposed by George Ashmun that "the war had been unnecessarily and unconstitutionally commenced by the President." This severe declaration was provoked and justified by the persistent and disingenuous assertion of the President that the preceding Congress had "with virtual unanimity" declared that "war existed by the act of Mexico"—the truth being that a strong minority had voted to strike out those words from the preamble of the supply bill, but being outvoted in this, they were compelled either to vote for preamble and bill together, or else refuse supplies to the army. It was not surprising that the Whigs and other opponents of the war should take the first opportunity to give the President their opinion of such a misrepresentation. The position of the opposition had been greatly strengthened by the very victories upon which Mr. Polk had confidently relied for his vindication. Both our armies in Mexico were under command of Whig generals, and among the subordinate officers who had distinguished themselves in the field, a full share were Whigs, who, to an extent unusual in wars of political significance, retained their attitude of hostility to the administration under whose orders they were serving. Some of them had returned to their places on the floor of Congress brandishing their laurels with great effect in the faces of their opponents who had talked while they fought.\* When we number the names which leaped into sudden fame in that short but sanguinary war, it is surprising to find how few of them sympathized with the party which brought it on, or

\* The following extract from a letter of Lincoln to his partner, Mr. Herndon, gives the names of some of the Whig soldiers who persisted in their faith throughout the war: "As to the Whig men who have participated in the war, so far as they have spoken to my hearing, they do not hesitate to denounce as unjust the President's conduct in the beginning of the war.

They do not suppose that such denunciation is directed by undying hatred to them, as 'the Register' would have it believed. There are two such Whigs on this floor (Colonel Haskell and Major James). The former fought as a colonel by the side of Colonel Baker, at Cerro Gordo, and stands side by side with me in the vote that you seem dissatisfied with. The latter, the

with the purposes for which it was waged. The earnest opposition of Taylor to the scheme of the annexationists did not hamper his movements or paralyze his arm, when with his little band of regulars he beat the army of Arista on the plain of Palo Alto, and again in the precipitous Resaca de la Palma; took by storm the fortified city of Monterey, defended by a greatly superior force; and finally, with a few regiments of raw levies, posted among the rocky spurs and gorges about the farm of Buena Vista, met and defeated the best-led and best-fought army the Mexicans ever brought into the field, outnumbering him more than four to one. It was only natural that the Whigs should profit by the glory gained by Whig valor, no matter in what cause. The attitude of the opposition—sure of their advantage and exulting in it—was never perhaps more clearly and strongly set forth than in a speech made by Mr. Lincoln near the close of this session. He said:

"As General Taylor is *par excellence* the hero of the Mexican War, and as you Democrats say we Whigs have always opposed the war, you think it must be very awkward and embarrassing for us to go for General Taylor. The declaration that we have always opposed the war is true or false accordingly as one may understand the term 'opposing the war.' If to say 'the war was unnecessarily and unconstitutionally commenced by the President' be opposing the war, then the Whigs have very generally opposed it. Whenever they have spoken at all they have said this; and they have said it on what has appeared good reason to them; the marching of an army into the midst of a peaceful Mexican settlement, frightening the inhabitants away, leaving their growing crops and other property to destruction, to *you* may appear a perfectly amiable, peaceful, unprovoking procedure; but it does not appear so to *us*. So to call such an act, to us appears no other than a naked, impudent absurdity, and we speak of it accordingly. But if when the war had begun, and had become the cause of the country, the giving of our money and our blood, in common with yours, was support of the war, then it is not true that we have always opposed the war. With few individual exceptions, you have constantly had our votes here for all the necessary supplies. And, more than this, you have had the services, the blood, and the lives of our political brethren in every trial, and on every field. The beardless boy and the mature man, the humble and the distinguished,—you have had them. Through suffering and death, by disease and in battle, they have endured and fought and fallen with you. Clay and Webster each gave a son, never to be returned. From the State of my own residence, besides other worthy but less-known Whig names, we sent Marshall, Morrison, Baker, and Hardin; they all fought, and one fell, and in the fall of that one we lost our best Whig man. Nor were the Whigs few in number or laggard in the day of battle. In that fearful, bloody, breathless struggle at Buena Vista, where each man's hard task was to beat back five foes or die himself, of the five high officers who perished, four were Whigs."

history of whose capture with Cassius Clay you well know, had not arrived here when that vote was given; but, as I understand, he stands ready to give just such a vote whenever an occasion shall present. Baker, too, who is now here, says the truth is undoubtedly that way; and whenever he shall speak out, he will say

There was no other refuge for the Democrats after the Whigs had adopted Taylor as their especial hero, as Scott was also a Whig and an original opponent of the war. His victories have never received the credit justly due them on account of the apparent ease with which they were gained. The student of military history will rarely meet with accounts of battles in any age where the actual operations coincide so exactly with the orders issued upon the eve of conflict, as in the official reports of the wonderfully energetic and successful campaign in which General Scott with a handful of men renewed the memory of the conquest of Cortes, in his triumphant march from Vera Cruz to the capital. The plan of the battle of Cerro Gordo was so fully carried out in action that the official report is hardly more than the general orders translated from the future tense to the past. The story of Chapultepec has the same element of the marvelous in it. The general commands apparent impossibilities in the closest detail on one day, and the next day reports that they have been accomplished. These successes were not cheaply attained. The Mexicans, though deficient in science and in military intelligence, fought with bravery and sometimes with desperation. The enormous percentage of loss in his army proves that Scott was engaged in no light work. He marched from Pueblo with about ten thousand men, and his losses in the basin of Mexico were 2703, of whom 383 were officers. But neither he nor Taylor was a favorite of the Administration, and their brilliant success brought no gain of popularity to Mr. Polk and his Cabinet.

During the early part of the session little was talked about except the Mexican war, its causes, its prosecution, and its probable results. In these wordy engagements the Whigs, partly for the reasons we have mentioned, partly through their unquestionable superiority in debate, and partly by virtue of their stronger cause, usually had the advantage. There was no distinct line of demarcation, however, between the two parties. There was hardly a vote, after the election of Mr. Winthrop as Speaker, where the two sides divided according to their partisan nomenclature. The question of slavery, even where its presence was not avowed, had its secret influence upon every trial of strength in Congress, and Southern Whigs were continually found sustaining the President, and New England Democrats voting against his most cherished plans. Not

so. Colonel Doniphan, too, the favorite Whig of Missouri, and who overran all northern Mexico, on his return home, in a public speech at St. Louis, condemned the Administration in relation to the war, if I remember. G. T. M. Davis, who has been through almost the whole war, declares in favor of Mr. Clay; "etc.

even all the Democrats of the South could be relied on by the Administration. The most powerful leader of them all denounced with bitter earnestness the conduct of the war, for which he was greatly responsible. Mr. Calhoun, in an attack upon the President's policy, January 4, 1848, said, "I opposed the war, not only because it might have been easily avoided; not only because the President had no authority to order a part of the disputed territory in possession of the Mexicans to be occupied by our troops; not only because I believed the allegations upon which Congress sanctioned the war untrue, but from high considerations of policy; because I believed it would lead to many and serious evils to the country and greatly endanger its free institutions." It was probably not so much the free institutions of the country that the South Carolina Senator was disturbed about as some others. He perhaps felt that the friends of slavery had set in motion a train of events whose result was beyond their ken. Mr. Palfrey of Massachusetts a few days later said with as much sagacity as wit that "Mr. Calhoun thought that he could set fire to a barrel of gunpowder and extinguish it when half-consumed." In his anxiety that the war should be brought to an end, Calhoun proposed that the United States army should evacuate the Mexican capital, establish a defensive line, and hold it as the only indemnity possible to us. He had no confidence in treaties, and believed that no Mexican government was capable of carrying one into effect. A few days later,\* in a running debate, Mr. Calhoun made an important statement which still further strengthened the contention of the Whigs. He said that in making the treaty of annexation he did not assume that the Rio del Norte was the western boundary of Texas; on the contrary, he assumed that the boundary was an unsettled one between Mexico and Texas; and that he had intimated to our *chargé d'affaires* that we were prepared to settle the boundary on the most liberal terms! This was perfectly in accordance with the position held by most Democrats before the Rio Grande boundary was made by the President an article of faith. Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, one of the leading men upon that side in Congress, in a speech three years before had said, "The stupendous deserts between the Nueces and the Bravo rivers are the natural boundaries between the Anglo-Saxon and the Mauritanian races"; a statement which, however faulty from the point of view of ethnology and physical geography, shows clearly enough the view then held of the boundary question.

\* January 13, 1848.

The discipline of both parties was more or less relaxed under the influence of the slavery question. It was singular to see Mr. McLane of Baltimore rebuking Mr. Clingman of North Carolina for mentioning that forbidden subject on the floor of the House; Mr. Reverdy Johnson, a Whig from Maryland, administering correction to Mr. Hale, an insubordinate Democrat from New Hampshire, for the same offense, and at the same time screaming that the "blood of our glorious battle fields in Mexico rested on the hands of the President"; Mr. Clingman challenging the House with the broad statement that "it is a misnomer to speak of our institution at the South as peculiar; ours is the general system of the world, and the *free* system is the peculiar one," and Mr. Palfrey dryly responding that slavery was natural just as barbarism was; just as fig-leaves and bare skins were a natural dress. When the time arrived, however, for leaving off grimacing and posturing, and the House went to voting, the advocates of slavery usually carried the day, as the South, Whigs and Democrats together, voted solidly, and the North was divided. Especially was this the case after the arrival of the treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico, which was signed at Guadalupe Hidalgo on the 2d of February and was in the hands of the Senate only twenty days later. It was ratified by that body on the 10th of March, with a series of amendments which were at once accepted by Mexico, and the treaty of peace was officially promulgated on the national festival of the Fourth of July. From the hour when the treaty was received in Washington, however, the discussion as to the conduct of the war naturally languished; the ablest speeches of the day before became obsolete in the presence of accomplished facts; and the interest of Congress promptly turned to the more important subject of the disposition to be made of the vast domain which our arms had conquered and the treaty confirmed to us. No one in America then realized the magnitude of this acquisition. Its stupendous physical features were as little appreciated as the vast moral and political results which were to flow from its entrance into our commonwealth. It was only known, in general terms, that our new possessions covered ten degrees of latitude and fifteen of longitude; that we had acquired, in short, six hundred and thirty thousand square miles of desert, mountain, and wilderness. There was no dream, then, of that portentous discovery which, even while the Senate was wrangling over the treaty, had converted Captain Sutter's farm at Coloma into a mining camp—for his ruin and the sudden up-building of many colossal fortunes. The name of California, which

conveys to-day such opulent suggestions, then meant nothing but barrenness, and Nevada was a name as yet unknown—some future Congressman, innocent of taste and of Spanish, was to hit upon the absurdity of calling that land of silver and cactus, of the orange and the sage-hen, the land of snow. But imperfect as was the appreciation, at that day, of the possibilities which lay hidden in these sunset regions, there was still enough of instinctive greed in the minds of politicians to make them a subject of lively interest and intrigue.\* At the first showing of hands, the South was successful.

In the twenty-ninth Congress this contest had begun over the spoils of a victory not yet achieved. President Polk, foreseeing the probability of an acquisition of territory by treaty, had asked Congress to make an appropriation for that purpose. A bill was at once reported in that sense, appropriating \$30,000 for the expenses of the negotiation and \$2,000,000 to be used in the President's discretion. But before it passed, a number of Northern Democrats† had become alarmed as to the disposition that might be made of the territory thus acquired, which was now free soil by Mexican law. After a hasty consultation they agreed upon a proviso to the bill, which was presented by Mr. David Wilmot of Pennsylvania. He was a man of respectable abilities, who then, and long afterwards, held a somewhat prominent position among the public men of his State; but his sole claim to a place in history rests upon these few lines which he moved to add to the first section of the bill under discussion:

*"Provided, That as an express and fundamental condition to the acquisition of any territory from the Republic of Mexico by the United States, by virtue of any treaty that may be negotiated between them, and to the use by the Executive of the moneys herein appropriated, neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist in any part of said territory, except for crime, whereof the party shall first be duly convicted."*

This condition seemed so fair, when first presented to the Northern conscience, that only three members from the free States voted

No in committee. The amendment was adopted—80 to 64—and the bill reported to the House. A desperate effort was then made by the pro-slavery members to kill the bill for the purpose of destroying the amendment with it. This failed,‡ and the bill, as amended, passed the House, but going to the Senate a few hours before the close of the session, it lapsed without a vote.

As soon as the war was ended and the treaty of peace was sent to the Senate, this subject assumed a new interest and importance, and a resolution embodying the principle of the Wilmot proviso was brought before the House by Mr. Harvey Putnam of New York, but no longer with the same success. The South was now solid against it, and such a disintegration of conscience among Northern Democrats had set in, that whereas only three of them in the last Congress had seen fit to approve the introduction of slavery into free territory, twenty-five now voted with the South against maintaining the existing conditions there. The fight was kept up during the session in various places; if now and then a temporary advantage seemed gained in the House, it was lost in the Senate, and no permanent progress was made.

What we have said in regard to the general discussion provoked by the Mexican war appeared necessary to explain the part taken by Mr. Lincoln on the floor. He came to his place unheralded and without any special personal pretensions. His first participation in debate can best be described in his own quaint and simple words: § "As to speech-making, by way of getting the hang of the House, I made a little speech two or three days ago on a post-office question of no general interest. I find speaking here and elsewhere about the same thing. I was about as badly scared, and no worse, as I am when I speak in court. I expect to make one within a week or two in which I hope to succeed well enough to wish you to see it." He evidently had the orator's temperament—the mixture of dread and eagerness which all good speakers feel before facing an audience, which

\* To show how crude and vague were the ideas of even the most intelligent men in relation to this great empire, we give a few lines from the closing page of E. D. Mansfield's "History of the Mexican War." "But will the greater part of this vast space ever be inhabited by any but the restless hunter and the wandering trapper? Two hundred thousand square miles of this territory, in New California, has been trod by the foot of no civilized being. No spy or pioneer or vagrant trapper has ever returned to report the character and scenery of that waste and lonely wilderness. Two hundred thousand square miles more are occupied with broken mountains and dreary wilds. But little remains then for civilization."

† Some of the more conspicuous among them were

Hamlin of Maine, Preston King of New York, Wilmot of Pennsylvania, Brinckerhoff of Ohio, McClelland of Michigan, etc.

‡ In this important and significant vote all the Whigs but one and almost all the Democrats, from the free States, together with Wm. P. Thomasson and Henry Grider, Whigs from Kentucky, voted against killing the amended bill, in all 93. On the other side were all the members from slave-holding States, except Thomasson and Grider, and the following from free States, Douglas and McClelland from Illinois, Petit from Indiana, and Schenck, a Whig, from Ohio, in all 79.—Greeley's "American Conflict," I. p. 189.

§ Letter to Wm. H. Herndon, January 8, 1848.

made Cicero tremble and turn pale when rising in the Forum. The speech he was pondering was made only four days later, on the 12th of January, and few better maiden speeches — for it was his first formal discourse in Congress — have ever been made in that House. He preceded it, and prepared for it, by the introduction, on the 22d of December, of a series of resolutions referring to the President's persistent assertions that the war had been begun by Mexico, "by invading our territory and shedding the blood of our citizens on our own soil," and calling upon him to give the House more specific information upon these points. As these resolutions became somewhat famous afterwards, and were relied upon to sustain the charge of a lack of patriotism made by Mr. Douglas against their author, it may be as well to give them here, especially as they are the first production of Mr. Lincoln's pen after his entry upon the field of national politics. We omit the preamble, which consists of quotations from the President's message.

*Resolved by the House of Representatives.* That the President of the United States be respectfully requested to inform this House:

*First.* Whether the spot on which the blood of our citizens was shed, as in his messages declared, was or was not within the territory of Spain, at least after the treaty of 1819, until the Mexican revolution.

*Second.* Whether that spot is or is not within the territory which was wrested from Spain by the revolutionary government of Mexico.

*Third.* Whether that spot is or is not within a settlement of people, which settlement has existed ever since long before the Texas revolution and until its inhabitants fled before the approach of the United States army.

*Fourth.* Whether that settlement is or is not isolated from any and all other settlements by the Gulf and the Rio Grande on the south and west, and by wide uninhabited regions in the north and east.

*Fifth.* Whether the people of that settlement, or a majority of them, or any of them, have ever submitted themselves to the government or laws of Texas or of the United States, by consent or by compulsion, either by accepting office, or voting at elections, or paying tax, or serving on juries, or having process served upon them, or in any other way.

*Sixth.* Whether the people of that settlement did or did not flee from the approach of the United States army, leaving unprotected their homes and their growing crops, before the blood was shed, as in the messages stated; and whether the first blood so shed was or was not shed within the inclosure of one of the people who had thus fled from it.

*Seventh.* Whether our citizens whose blood was shed, as in his message declared, were or were not at that time armed officers and soldiers, sent into that settlement by the military order of the President, through the Secretary of War.

*Eighth.* Whether the military force of the United States was or was not so sent into that settlement after General Taylor had more than once intimated to the War Department that in his opinion no such movement was necessary to the defense or protection of Texas.

It would have been impossible for the President to answer these questions, one by

one, according to the evidence in his possession, without surrendering every position he had taken in his messages for the last two years. An answer was probably not expected; the resolutions were never acted upon by the House, the vote on the Ashmun proposition having sufficiently indicated the view which the majority held of the President's precipitate and unconstitutional proceeding. But they served as a text for the speech which Lincoln made in Committee of the Whole, which deserves the attentive reading of any one who imagines that there was anything accidental in the ascendancy which he held for twenty years among the public men of Illinois. The winter was mostly devoted to speeches upon the same subject from men of eminence and experience, but it is within bounds to say there was not a speech made in the House that year superior to this, in clearness of statement, severity of criticism combined with soberness of style, or, what is most surprising, finish and correctness. In its close, clear argument, its felicity of illustration, its restrained yet burning earnestness, it belongs to precisely the same class of addresses as those which he made a dozen years later. The ordinary Congressman can never conclude inside the limits assigned him; he must beg for unanimous consent for an extension of time to come to his sprawling peroration. But this masterly speech covered the whole ground of the controversy, and so intent was Lincoln on not exceeding his hour that he finished his task, to his own surprise, in forty-five minutes. It is an admirable discourse, and the oblivion which overtook it, along with the other volumes of speeches made at the same time, can only be accounted for by remembering that the Guadalupe Treaty came suddenly in upon the debate, with its immense consequences sweeping forever out of view all consideration of the causes and the processes which led to the momentous result.

Lincoln's speech and his resolutions were alike inspired with one purpose: to correct what he considered an error and a wrong; to rectify a misrepresentation which he could not, in his very nature, permit to go uncontradicted. It gratified his offended moral sense to protest against the false pretenses which he saw so clearly, and it pleased his fancy as a lawyer to bring a truth to light which somebody, as he thought, was trying to conceal. He certainly got no other reward for his trouble. His speech was not particularly well received in Illinois. His own partner, Mr. Herndon, a young and ardent man, with more heart than learning, more feeling for the flag than for international justice, could not, or would not, understand Mr. Lincoln's

position, and gave him great pain by his letters. Again and again Lincoln explained to him the difference between approving the war and voting supplies to the soldiers, but Herndon was obstinately obtuse, and there were many of his mind. Lincoln's convictions were so positive in regard to the matter that any laxity of opinion among his friends caused him real suffering. In a letter to the Rev. J. M. Peck, who had written a defense of the Administration in reference to the origin of the war, he writes: this "disappoints me, because it is the first effort of the kind I have known, made by one appearing to me to be intelligent, right-minded, and impartial." He then reviews some of the statements of Mr. Peck, proving their incorrectness, and goes on to show that our army had marched under orders across the desert of the Nueces into a peaceful Mexican settlement, frightening away the inhabitants; that Fort Brown was built in a Mexican cotton-field, where a young crop was growing; that Captain Thornton and his men were captured in another cultivated field. He then asks, how under any law, human or divine, this can be considered "no aggression," and closes by asking his clerical correspondent if the precept, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," is obsolete, of no force, of no application? This is not the anxiety of a politician troubled about his record. He is not a candidate for reelection, and the discussion has passed by; but he must stop and vindicate the truth whenever assailed. He perhaps does not see, certainly does not care, that this stubborn devotion to mere justice will do him no good at an hour when the air is full of the fumes of gunpowder; when the returned volunteers are running for constable in every county; when so good a Whig as Mr. Winthrop gives, as a sentiment, at a public meeting in Boston, "Our country, however bounded," and the majority of his party are preparing—unmindful of Mr. Polk and all his works—to reap the fruits of the Mexican war by making its popular hero President.

It was fortunate for Mr. Lincoln and for Whigs like him, with consciences, that General Taylor had occupied so unequivocal an attitude in regard to the war. He had not been in favor of the march to the Rio Grande, and had resisted every suggestion to that effect until his peremptory orders came. In regard to other political questions, his position was so undefined, and his silence generally so discreet, that few of the Whigs, however exacting, could find any difficulty in supporting him. Mr. Lincoln did more than

tolerate his candidacy. He supported it with energy and cordiality. He was at last convinced that the election of Mr. Clay was impossible, and he thought he could see that the one opportunity of the Whigs was in the nomination of Taylor. So early as April he wrote to a friend: "Mr. Clay's chance for an election is just no chance at all. He might get New York, and that would have elected in 1844, but it will not now, because he must now, at the least, lose Tennessee, which he had then, and in addition the fifteen new votes of Florida, Texas, Iowa, and Wisconsin." Later he wrote to the same friend that the nomination took the Democrats "on the blind side. It turns the war thunder against them. The war is now to them the gallows of Haman, which they built for us, and on which they are doomed to be hanged themselves."

At the same time he hated no jot of his opposition to the war, and urged the same course upon his friends. To Linder of Illinois he wrote: "In law, it is good policy to never plead what you need not, lest you oblige yourself to prove what you cannot." He then counsels him to go for Taylor, but to avoid approving Polk and the war, as in the former case he will gain Democratic votes and in the latter he would lose with the Whigs. Linder answered him, wanting to know if it would not be as easy to elect Taylor without opposing the war, which drew from Lincoln the angry response that silence was impossible; the Whigs must speak, "and their only option is whether they will, when they speak, tell the truth or tell a foul and villainous falsehood."

When the Whig Convention came together in Philadelphia,† the differences of opinion on points of principle and policy were almost as numerous as the delegates. The unconditional Clay men rallied once more and gave their aged leader ninety-seven votes to one hundred and eleven which Taylor received on the first ballot. Scott and Webster had each a few votes; but on the fourth ballot the soldier of Buena Vista was nominated, and Millard Fillmore placed in the line of succession to him. It was impossible for a body so heterogeneous to put forward a distinctive platform of principles. An attempt was made to force an expression in regard to the Wilmot proviso, but it was never permitted to come to a vote. The convention was determined that "Old Rough and Ready," as he was now universally nicknamed, should run upon his battle-flags and his name of Whig—although he cautiously called himself "not an ultra Whig." The nomination was received with great and noisy demonstrations of adhesion from every

\* Archibald Williams of Quincy, Illinois. Lamon, p. 294.

† Holland, p. 118.

‡ June 7, 1848.

quarter. Lincoln, writing a day or two after his return from the convention, says: "Many had said they would not abide the nomination of Taylor; but since the deed has been done they are fast falling in, and in my opinion we shall have a most overwhelming, glorious triumph. One unmistakable sign is that all the odds and ends are with us,—Barnburners, native Americans, Tyler men, disappointed office-seeking Loco-focos, and the Lord knows what. This is important, if in nothing else, in showing which way the wind blows."

General Taylor's chances for election had been greatly increased by what had taken place at the Democratic Convention, a fortnight before. General Cass had been nominated for the Presidency, but his militia title had no glamour of carnage about it, and the secession of the New York Antislavery "Barnburners" from the convention was a presage of disaster which was fulfilled in the following August by the assembling of the recusant delegates at Buffalo, where they were joined by a large number of discontented Democrats and "Liberty" men, and the Free-soil party was organized for its short but effective mission. Martin Van Buren was nominated for President, and Charles Francis Adams was associated with him on the ticket. The great superiority of caliber shown in the nominations of the mutineers over the regular Democrats was also apparent in the roll of those who made and sustained the revolt. When Salmon P. Chase, Charles Sumner, Preston King, the Van Burens and Adamses, John P. Hale, Henry Wilson, William Cullen Bryant, David Wilmot, and their like went out of their party, they left a vacancy which was never to be filled. It was perhaps an instinct rather than any clear spirit of prophecy which drove the antislavery Democrats out of their party and kept the Whigs together. So far as the authorized utterances of their conventions were concerned, there was little to choose between them. They had both evaded any profession of faith in regard to slavery. The Democrats had rejected the resolution offered by Yancey committing them to the doctrine of "non-interference with the rights of property in the territories," and the Whigs had never allowed the Wilmot proviso to be voted upon. But nevertheless those Democrats who felt that the time had come to put a stop to the aggression of slavery, generally threw off their partisan allegiance, and the most ardent of the antislavery Whigs, with not many exceptions,

thought best to remain with their party. General Taylor was a Southerner and a slaveholder. In regard to all questions bearing upon slavery, he observed a discretion in the canvass which was almost ludicrous.\* Yet there was a well-nigh universal impression among the antislavery Whigs that his administration would be under influences favorable to the restriction of slavery. Clay, Webster, and Seward, all of whom were agreed at that time against any extension of the area of that institution, heartily supported him. Webster insisted upon it that the Whigs were themselves the best "Free-soilers," and for them to join the party called by that distinctive name would be merely putting Mr. Van Buren at the head of the Whig party. Mr. Seward, speaking for Taylor at Cleveland,† took still stronger ground, declaring that slavery "must be abolished"; that "freedom and slavery are two antagonistic elements of society in America"; that "the party of freedom seeks complete and universal emancipation." No one then seems to have foreseen that the Whig party—then on the eve of a great victory—was so near its dissolution, and that the bolting Democrats and the faithful Whigs were alike engaged in laying the foundations of a party which was to illustrate the latter half of the century with achievements of such colossal and enduring importance.

There was certainly no doubt or misgiving in the mind of Lincoln as to that future, which, if he could have foreseen it, would have presented so much of terrible fascination. He went into the campaign with exultant alacrity. He could not even wait for the adjournment of Congress to begin his stump-speaking. Following the bad example of the rest of his colleagues, he obtained the floor on the 27th of July, and made a long, brilliant, and humorous speech upon the merits of the two candidates before the people. As it is the only one of Lincoln's popular speeches of that period which has been preserved entire, it should be read by those who desire to understand the manner and spirit of the politics of 1848. Whatever faults of taste or of method may be found in it, considering it as a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, with no more propriety or pertinence than hundreds of others which have been made under like circumstances, it is an extremely able speech, and it is by itself enough to show how remarkably effective he must have been as a canvasser in the remoter districts of his State where means

done credit to a diplomatist, and would have proved exceedingly useful to Mr. Clay, responded, "Sir: I have the honor to inform you that I too have been all my life industrious and frugal, and that the fruits thereof are mainly invested in slaves, of whom I own *thirty* hundred. Yours, etc."—Greeley's "American Conflict," I. p. 199.

† October 26, 1848.

\* It is a tradition that a planter once wrote to him: "I have worked hard and been frugal all my life, and the results of my industry have mainly taken the form of slaves, of whom I own about a hundred. Before I vote for President I want to be sure that the candidate I support will not so act as to divest me of my property." To which the general, with a dexterity that would have

of intellectual excitement were rare and a political meeting was the best-known form of public entertainment. He begins by making a clear, brief, and dignified defense of the position of Taylor upon the question of the proper use of the veto; he then avows with characteristic candor that he does not know what General Taylor will do as to slavery; he is himself "a Northern man, or rather a Western free-State man, with a constituency I believe to be, and with personal feelings I know to be, against the extension of slavery" (a definition in which his caution and his honesty are equally displayed), and he hopes General Taylor would not, if elected, do anything against its restriction; but he would vote for him in any case, as offering better guarantees than Mr. Cass. He then enters upon an analysis of the position of Cass and his party which is full of keen observation and political intelligence, and his speech goes on to its rollicking close with a constant succession of bright, witty, and striking passages in which the orator's own conviction and enjoyment of an assured success is not the least remarkable feature. A few weeks later Congress adjourned, and Lincoln, without returning home, entered upon the canvass in New England,\* and then going to Illinois, spoke night and day until the election. When the votes were counted, the extent of the defection among the Northern Democrats who voted for Van Buren and among the Southern Democrats who had been beguiled by the epaulets of Taylor, was plainly seen. The "Free-soilers" had given several important Northern States, by small pluralities, to the Whigs, carrying no electors, but having more votes than Cass in New York, Massachusetts, and Vermont. The entire popular vote (exclusive of South Carolina, which chose its electors by the Legislature) was for Taylor 1,360,752; for Cass 1,219,962; for Van Buren 291,342. Of the electors, Taylor had 163 and Cass 137.

#### A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

WHEN Congress came together again in December, there was such a change in the temper of its members that no one would have imagined, on seeing the House divided, that it was the same body which had assembled there a year before. The election was over; the Whigs were to control the Executive Department of the government for four

years to come; the members themselves were either reelected or defeated; and there was nothing to prevent the gratification of such private feelings as they might have been suppressing during the canvass in the interest of their party. It was not long before some of the Northern Democrats began to avail themselves of this new liberty. They had returned burdened with a sense of wrong. They had seen their party beaten in several Northern States by reason of its fidelity to the South, and they had seen how little their Southern brethren cared for their labors and sacrifices, in the enormous gains which Taylor had made in the South, carrying eight out of fifteen slave States. They were in the humor to avenge themselves by a display of independence on their own account, at the first opportunity. The occasion was not long in presenting itself. A few days after Congress opened, Mr. Root of Ohio introduced a resolution instructing the Committee on Territories to bring in a bill "with as little delay as practicable" to provide territorial governments for California and New Mexico, which should "exclude slavery therefrom." This resolution would have thrown the same House into a panic twelve months before, but now it passed by a vote of 108 to 80—in the former number were all the Whigs from the North and all the Democrats but eight, and in the latter the entire South and the eight referred to.

The Senate, however, was not so susceptible to popular impressions, and the bill, prepared in obedience to the mandate of the House, never got farther than the desk of the Senate Chamber. The pro-slavery majority in that body held firmly together till near the close of the session, when they attempted to bring in the new territories without any restriction as to slavery, by attaching what is called "a rider" to that effect, to the Civil Appropriation Bill. The House resisted, and returned the bill to the Senate with the rider unheeded. A committee of conference failed to agree. Mr. McClelland, a Democrat from Illinois, then moved that the House recede from its disagreement, which was carried by a few Whig votes, to the dismay of those who were not in the secret, when Richard W. Thompson (who was thirty years afterwards Secretary of the Navy) instantly moved that the House do concur with the Senate, with this amendment, that the existing laws of those

\* Thurlow Weed says in his Autobiography, Vol. I. p. 603: "I had supposed, until we now met, that I had never seen Mr. Lincoln, having forgotten that in the fall of 1848, when he took the stump in New England, he called upon me at Albany, and that we went to see Mr. Fillmore, who was then the Whig candidate for Vice-President." The New York "Tribune," September 14, 1848, mentions Mr. Lincoln as addressing a

great Whig meeting in Boston, September 12. The Boston "Atlas" refers to speeches made by him at Dorchester, September 16; at Chelsea, September 17; by Lincoln and Seward at Boston, September 22, on which occasion the report says: "Mr. Lincoln of Illinois next came forward, and was received with great applause. He spoke about an hour and made a powerful and convincing speech which was cheered to the echo."

territories be for the present and until Congress should amend them, retained. This would secure them to freedom, as slavery had long ago been abolished by Mexico. This amendment passed, and the Senate had to face the many-pronged dilemma, either to defeat the Appropriation Bill, to consent that the territories should be organized as free communities, or to swallow their protestations that the territories were in sore need of government and adjourn, leaving them in the anarchy they had so feelingly depicted. They chose the last as the least dangerous course, and passed the Appropriation Bill in its original form.

Mr. Lincoln took little part in the discussions incident to these proceedings; he was constantly in his seat, however, and voted generally with his party, and always with those opposed to the extension of slavery. He used to say that he had voted for the Wilmot proviso, in its various phases, forty-two times. He left to others, however, the active work on the floor. His chief preoccupation during this second session was a scheme which links itself characteristically with his first protest against the proscriptive spirit of slavery ten years before in the Illinois Legislature and his immortal act fifteen years afterwards in consequence of which American slavery ceased to exist. He had long felt in common with many others that the traffic in human beings under the very shadow of the Capitol was a national scandal and reproach. He thought that Congress had the power under the Constitution to regulate or prohibit slavery in all regions under its exclusive jurisdiction, and he thought it proper to exercise that power with due regard to vested rights and the general welfare. He therefore resolved to test the question whether it were possible to remove from the seat of government this stain and offense. He proceeded carefully and cautiously about it, after his fashion. When he had drawn up his plan, he took counsel with some of the leading citizens of Washington and some of the more prominent members of Congress before bringing it forward. His bill obtained the cordial approval of Colonel Seaton, the Mayor of Washington, whom Mr. Lincoln had consulted as the representative of the intelligent slave-holding citizens of the District, and of Joshua F. Giddings,\* whom he regarded as the leading abolitionist in Congress, a fact which sufficiently proves the practical wisdom with which he had reconciled the demands of right and expediency. In the mean time, however, Mr. Gott, a member from New York, had introduced a resolution with a rhetorical preamble directing the proper committee to

bring in a bill prohibiting the slave-trade in the District. This occasioned great excitement, much caucusing and threatening on the part of the Southern members, but nothing else. In the opinion of the leading antislavery men, Mr. Lincoln's bill, being at the same time more radical and more reasonable, was far better calculated to effect its purpose. Giddings says in his diary: "This evening (January 11), our whole mess remained in the dining-room after tea, and conversed upon the subject of Mr. Lincoln's bill to abolish slavery. It was approved by all; I believe it as good a bill as we could get at this time, and was willing to pay for slaves in order to save them from the Southern market, as I suppose every man in the District would sell his slaves if he saw that slavery was to be abolished." Mr. Lincoln therefore moved, on the 16th of January, as an amendment to Gott's proposition, that the committee report a bill for the total abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, the terms of which he gave in full. They were in substance the following:

The first two sections prohibit the bringing of slaves into the district or selling them out of it, provided, however, that officers of the Government, being citizens of slave-holding States, may bring their household servants with them for a reasonable time and take them away again. The third provides a temporary system of apprenticeship and eventual emancipation for children born of slave-mothers after January 1st, 1850. The fourth provides for the manumission of slaves by the Government on application of the owners, the latter to receive their full cash value. The fifth provides for the return of fugitive slaves from Washington and Georgetown. The sixth submits this bill itself to a popular vote in the District as a condition of its promulgation as law.

These are the essential points of the measure, and the success of Mr. Lincoln in gaining the adhesion of the abolitionists in the House is more remarkable than that he should have induced the Washington Conservatives to approve it. But the usual result followed as soon as it was formally introduced to the notice of Congress. It was met by that violent and excited opposition which greeted any measure, however intrinsically moderate and reasonable, which was founded on the assumption that slavery was not in itself a good and desirable thing. The social influences of Washington were brought to bear against a proposition which the Southerners contended would vulgarize society, and the genial and liberal mayor was forced to withdraw his approval as gracefully or as awkwardly as he might. The prospects of the bill were seen to be hopeless, as the session was to end on the 4th of March, and

\* Giddings's diary, January 8, 9, and 11, 1849: published in "Cleveland Post," March 31, 1878.

no further effort was made to carry it through. Fifteen years afterwards, in the stress and tempest of a terrible war, it was Mr. Lincoln's strange fortune to sign a bill sent him by Congress for the abolition of slavery in Washington; and perhaps the most remarkable thing about the whole transaction was that while we were looking politically upon a new heaven and a new earth—for the vast change in our moral and economic condition might justify so audacious a phrase—when there was scarcely a man on the continent who had not greatly shifted his point of view in a dozen years, there was so little change in Mr. Lincoln. The same hatred for slavery, the same sympathy with the slave, the same consideration for the slaveholder as the victim of a system he had inherited, the same sense of divided responsibility between the South and the North, the same desire to effect great reforms with as little individual damage and injury, as little disturbance of social conditions as possible, were equally evident when the raw pioneer signed the protest with Dan Stone at Vandalia, when the mature man moved the resolution in 1849 in the Capitol, and when the President gave the sanction of his bold signature to the act which swept away the slave-shambles from the city of Washington.

His term in Congress ended on the 4th of March, and he was not a candidate for reelection. A year before he had contemplated the possibility of entering the field again. He then wrote to his friend and partner Herndon: "It is very pleasant for me to learn from you that there are some who desire that I should be reelected. I most heartily thank them for the kind partiality; and I can say, as Mr. Clay said of the annexation of Texas, that 'personally I would not object' to a reelection, although I thought at the time (of his nomination), and still think, it would be quite as well for me to return to the law at the end of a single term. I made the declaration that I would not be a candidate again, more from a wish to deal fairly with others, to keep peace among our friends, and keep the district from going to the enemy, than for any cause personal to myself, so that, if it should so happen that nobody else wishes to be elected, I could not refuse the people the right of sending me again. But to enter myself as a competitor of others, or to authorize any one so to enter me, is what my word and honor forbid." But before his first session ended he gave up all idea of going back, and heartily concurred in the nomination of Judge Logan to succeed him. The Sangamon district was the one which the Whigs of Illinois had apparently the best prospect of carrying, and it was full of able and ambitious men, who were nomi-

inated successively for the only place which gave them the opportunity of playing a part in the national theater at Washington. They all served with more or less distinction, but for ten years no one was ever twice a candidate. A sort of tradition had grown up, through which a perverted notion of honor and propriety held it discreditable in a member to ask for reelection. This state of things was not peculiar to that district, and it survives with more or less vigor throughout the country to this day, to the serious detriment of Congress. This consideration, coupled with what is called the claim of locality, must in time still further deteriorate and degrade the representatives of the States at Washington. To ask in a nominating convention who is best qualified for service in Congress is always regarded as an impertinence; but the question "what county in the district has had the Congressman oftenest" is always considered in order. For such reasons as these Mr. Lincoln refused to allow his name to go before the voters again, and the next year he again refused, writing an emphatic letter for publication, in which he said that there were many Whigs who could do as much as he "to bring the district right side up."

Colonel Baker had come back from the wars with all the glitter of Cerro Gordo about him, but did not find the prospect of political preferment flattering in Sangamon County, and therefore, with that versatility and sagacity which was more than once to render him signal service, he removed to the Galena district, in the extreme north-western corner of the State, and almost immediately on his arrival there received a nomination to Congress. He was doubly fortunate in this move, as the nomination he was unable to take away from Logan proved useless to the latter, who was defeated after a hot contest. Baker therefore took the place of Lincoln as the only Whig member from Illinois, and their names occur frequently together in the arrangements for the distribution of "Federal patronage" at the close of the Administration of Polk and the beginning of that of Taylor. During the period while the President elect was considering the appointment of his Cabinet, Lincoln used all the influence he could bring to bear, which was probably not very much, in favor of Baker for a place in the Government. The Whig members of the Legislatures of Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin joined in this effort, which came to nothing.\* The recommendations to office which Lincoln made after the inauguration of General Taylor are probably unique of their kind. Here is a specimen which is short enough to give entire. It is addressed to the Secretary of the Interior:

\* MS. letter from Lincoln to Schooler, Feb. 2, 1849.

"I recommend that William Butler be appointed Pension Agent for the Illinois agency when the place shall be vacant. Mr. Hurst, the present incumbent, I believe has performed the duties very well. He is a decided partisan, and I believe expects to be removed. Whether he shall be, I submit to the Department. This office is not confined to my district, but pertains to the whole State; so that Colonel Baker has an equal right with myself to be heard concerning it. However, the office is located here (at Springfield); and I think it is not probable any one would desire to remove from a distance to take it." We have examined a large number of his recommendations — for with a complete change of administration there would naturally be great activity among the office-seekers — and they are all in precisely the same vein. He nowhere asks for the removal of an incumbent; he never claims a place as subject to his disposition; in fact, he makes no personal claim whatever; he simply advises the Government, in case a vacancy occurs, who, in his opinion, is the best man to fill it. When there are two applicants, he indicates which is on the whole the better man, and sometimes adds that the weight of recommendations is in favor of the other! In one instance he sends forward the recommendations of the man whom he does not prefer, with an indorsement emphasizing the importance of them, and adding: "From personal knowledge I consider Mr. Bond every way worthy of the office and qualified to fill it. Holding the individual opinion that the appointment of a different gentleman would be better, I ask especial attention and consideration for his claims, and for the opinions expressed in his favor by those over whom I can claim no superiority." The candor, the fairness and moderation, together with the respect for the public service which these recommendations display, are all the more remarkable when we reflect that there was as yet no sign of a public conscience upon the subject. The patronage of the Government was scrambled for, as a matter of course, in the mire into which Jackson had flung it.

For a few weeks in the spring of 1849 Mr. Lincoln appears in a character which is en-

tirely out of keeping with all his former and subsequent career. He became, for the first and only time in his life, an applicant for an appointment at the hands of the President. His bearing in this attitude was marked by his usual individuality. In the opinion of many Illinoisans it was important that the place of Commissioner of the General Land Office should be given to a citizen of their State, one thoroughly acquainted with the land law in the West and the special needs of that region. A letter to Lincoln was drawn up and signed by some half-dozen of the leading Whigs of the State asking him to become an applicant for that position. He promptly answered, saying that if the position could be secured for a citizen of Illinois only by his accepting it, he would consent; but he went on to say that he had promised his best efforts to Cyrus Edwards for that place, and had afterwards stipulated with Colonel Baker that if J. L. D. Morrison, another Mexican hero, and Edwards could come to an understanding with each other as to which should withdraw, he would join in recommending the other; that he could not take the place, therefore, unless it became clearly impossible for either of the others to get it. Some weeks later, the impossibility referred to having become apparent, Mr. Lincoln applied for the place; but a suitor for office so laggard and so scrupulous as he stood very little chance of success in a contest like those which periodically raged at Washington during the first weeks of every new administration. The place came, indeed, to Illinois, but to neither of the three we have mentioned. The fortunate applicant was Justin Butterfield of Chicago, a man well and favorably known among the early members of the Illinois bar\* and an intimate friend of Lincoln. He possessed, however, too practical a mind to permit the claims of friendship to interfere with the business of office-seeking, which he practiced with fair success all his days.

It was in this way that Abraham Lincoln met and escaped one of the greatest dangers of his life. In after days he recognized the error he had committed, and congratulated himself upon the happy deliverance he had obtained through no merit of his own. The loss of at

\* Butterfield had a great reputation for ready wit and was suspected of deep learning. Some of his jests are still repeated by old lawyers in Illinois, and show at least a well-marked humorous intention. On one occasion he appeared before Judge Pope to ask the discharge of the famous Mormon Prophet Joe Smith, who was in custody surrounded by his church dignitaries. Bowing profoundly to the court and the ladies who thronged the hall, he said, "I appear before you under solemn and peculiar circumstances. I am to address the Pope, surrounded by angels, in the presence of the holy apostles, in behalf of the Prophet of the Lord." We once heard Lincoln say of Butter-

field that he was one of the few Whigs in Illinois who approved the Mexican War. His reason, frankly given, was that he had lost an office in New York by opposing the war of 1812. "Henceforth," he said with cynical vehemence, "I am for war, pestilence, and famine." He was once defending the Shawneetown Bank and advocating the extension of its charter; an opposing lawyer contended that this would be creating a new bank. Butterfield brought a smile from the court and a laugh from the bar by asking "whether when the Lord lengthened the life of Hezekiah he made a new man, or whether it was the same old Hezekiah?"

least four years of the active pursuit of his profession would have been irreparable, leaving out of view the strong probability that the singular charm of Washington life to men who have a passion for politics might have kept him there forever. It has been said that a residence in Washington leaves no man precisely as it found him. This is an axiom which may be applied to most cities in a certain sense, but it is true in a peculiar degree of our capital. To the men who come there from small rural communities in the South and the West, the bustle and stir, the intellectual movement, such as it is, the ordinary subjects of conversation, of such vastly greater importance than anything they have previously known, the daily and hourly combats on the floor of both houses, the intrigue and the struggle of office-hunting, which interest vast numbers besides the office-seekers, the superior piquancy and interest of the scandal which is talked at a Congressional boarding-house over that which seasons the dull days at a village-tavern,—all this gives a savor to life in Washington, the memory of which doubles the tedium of the sequestered vale to which the beaten legislator returns when his brief hour of glory is over. It is this which brings to the State Department, after every general election, that crowd of specters, with their bales of recommendations from pitying colleagues who have been reelected, whose diminishing prayers run down the whole gamut of supplication from St. James to St. Paul of Loando, and of whom at the last it must be said, as Mr. Evarts once said after an unusually heavy day, "Many called, but few chosen." Of those who do not achieve the ruinous success of going abroad to consulates that will not pay their board, or missions where they only avoid daily shame by hiding their penury and their ignorance away from observation, a great portion yield to their fate and join that fleet of wrecks which floats forever on the pavement of Washington.

It is needless to say that Mr. Lincoln received no damage from his term of service in Washington, but we know of nothing which shows so strongly the perilous fascination of the place as the fact that a man of his extraordinary moral and mental qualities could ever have thought for a moment of accepting a position so insignificant and incongruous as that which he was more than willing to assume when he left Congress. He would have filled the place with honor and credit—but at a monstrous expense. We do not so much refer to his exceptional career and his great figure in history; these momentous contingencies could not have suggested themselves to him. But the place he was reasonably sure

of filling in the battle of life should have made a subordinate office in Washington a thing out of the question. He was already a lawyer of skill and reputation; an orator upon whom his party relied to speak for them to the people. An innate love of combat was in his heart; he loved discussion like a medieval schoolman. The air was already tremulous with faint bugle-notes that heralded a conflict of giants on a field of moral significance to which he was fully alive and awake, where he was certain to lead at least his hundreds and his thousands. Yet if Justin Butterfield had not been a more supple, more adroit, and less scrupulous suitor for office than himself, Abraham Lincoln would have sat for four inestimable years at a bureau-desk in the Interior Department, and when the hour of action sounded in Illinois, who would have filled the place which he took as if he had been born for it? Who could have done the duty which he bore as lightly as if he had been fashioned for it from the beginning of time?

His temptation did not even end with Butterfield's success. The administration of General Taylor, apparently feeling that some compensation was due to one so earnestly recommended by the leading Whigs of the State, offered Mr. Lincoln the governorship of Oregon. This was a place more suited to him than the other, and his acceptance of it was urged by some of his most judicious friends\* on the ground that the new Territory would soon be a State, and that he could come back as a senator. This view of the matter commended itself favorably to Lincoln himself, who, however, gave it up on account of the natural unwillingness of his wife to remove to a country so wild and so remote.

This was all as it should be. The best place for him was Illinois, and he went about his work there until his time should come.

#### SIX YEARS OF LAW PRACTICE.

In that briefest of all autobiographies, which Mr. Lincoln wrote for Jesse Fell upon three pages of note-paper, he sketched the period at which we have arrived in these words: "From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, I practiced law more assiduously than ever before. . . . I was losing interest in politics, when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again." His service in Congress had made him more generally known than formerly, and had increased his practical value as a member of any law firm. He was offered a partnership on favorable terms by a lawyer in good practice in Chicago; but he declined it on the

\* Among others John T. Stuart, who is our authority for this statement.



ROBERT C. WINTHROP. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

ground that his health would not endure the close confinement necessary in a city office. He went back to Springfield, and resumed at once his practice there and in the Eighth Judicial Circuit, where his occupations and his associates were the most congenial that he could anywhere find. For five years he devoted himself to his work with more energy and more success than ever before.

It was at this time that he gave a notable proof of his unusual powers of mental discipline. His wider knowledge of men and things, acquired by contact with the great world, had shown him a certain lack in himself of the power of close and sustained reasoning. To remedy this defect, he applied himself, after his return from Congress, to such works upon logic and mathematics as he fancied would

be serviceable. Devoting himself with dogged energy to the task in hand, he soon learned by heart six books of the propositions of Euclid, and he retained through life an intimate knowledge of the principles they contain.

The outward form and fashion of every institution change rapidly in growing communities like our Western States, and the practice of the law had already assumed a very different degree of dignity and formality from that which it presented only twenty years before. The lawyers in hunting-shirts and mocasins had long since passed away; so had the judges who apologized to the criminals that they sentenced, and charged them "to let their friends on Bear Creek understand it was the law and jury who were responsible." Even the easy familiarity of a later date would no longer be tolerated. No successor of Judge Douglas had been known to follow his example by coming down from the bench, taking a seat in the lap of a friend, throwing an arm around his neck, and in that intimate attitude discussing, *coram publico*, whatever interested him.\* David Davis—afterwards of the Supreme Court and of the Senate—was for many years the presiding judge of this circuit, and neither under him nor his predecessor, S. H. Treat, was any lapse of dignity or of propriety possible. Still there was much less of form and ceremony insisted upon than is considered proper and necessary in older communities. The bar in great measure was composed of the same men who used to follow the circuit on horseback, over roads impossible to wheels, with their scanty wardrobes, their law-books, and their documents

crowding each other in their leather saddlebags. The improvement of roads which made carriages a possibility had effected a great change, and the coming of the railway had completed the sudden development of the manners and customs of the modernized community. But they could not all at once take from the bar of the Eighth Circuit its raciness and its individuality. The men who had lived in log-cabins, who had hunted their way through untrodden woods and prairies, who had thought as much about the chances of swimming over swollen fords as of their cases, who had passed their nights—a half-dozen together—on the floors of wayside hostleries, could never be precisely the same sort of

\* I. N. Arnold, in "History of Sangamon County," p. 94.



DAVID DAVIS. (1862-66.) (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

practitioners as the smug barristers of a more conventional age and place. But they were not deficient in ability, in learning, or in that most valuable faculty which enables really intelligent men to get their bearings and sustain themselves in every sphere of life to which they may be called. Some of these very colleagues of Lincoln at the Springfield bar have sat in Cabinets, have held their own on the floor of the Senate, have led armies in the field, have governed States, and all with a quiet self-reliance which was as far as possible removed from either undue arrogance or undue modesty.\*

Among these able and energetic men Lincoln assumed and held the first rank. This is a statement which ought not to be made without authority, and rather than give the common repute of the circuit, we prefer to cite the opinion of those lawyers of Illinois who are

entitled to speak as to this matter, both by the weight of their personal and professional character and by their eminent official standing among the jurists of our time. We shall quote rather fully from addresses delivered by Justice David Davis, of the Supreme Court of the United States, and by Judge Drummond, the United States District Judge for Illinois.

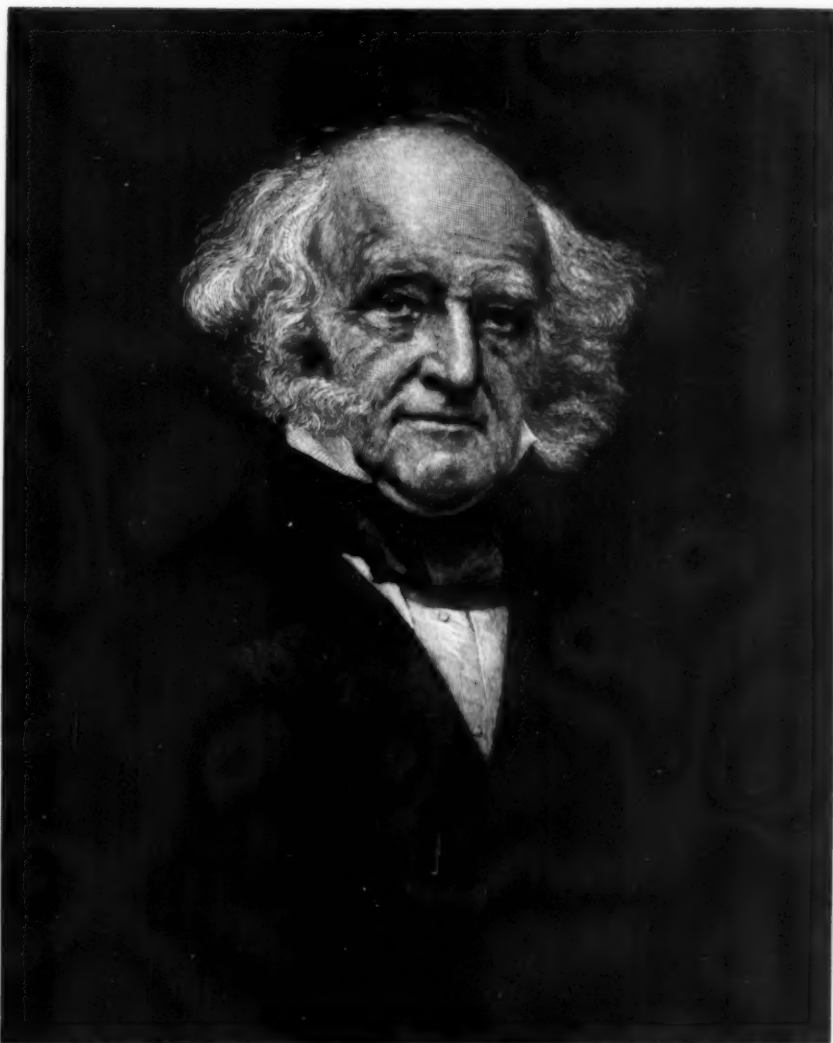
Judge Davis says:

"I enjoyed for over twenty years the personal friendship of Mr. Lincoln. We were admitted to the bar about the same time and traveled for many years what is known in Illinois as the Eighth Judicial Circuit. In 1848, when I first went on the bench, the circuit embraced fourteen counties, and Mr. Lincoln went with the court to every county. Railroads were not then in use, and our mode of travel was either on horseback or in buggies.

"This simple life he loved, preferring it to the practice of the law in a city, where, although the remuneration would be greater, the opportunity would be less for mixing with the great body of the people, who loved

\* A few of the lawyers who practiced with Lincoln, and have held the highest official positions, are Douglas,

Shields, Logan, Stuart, Baker, Treat, Bledsoe, Brown, Ing, Hardin, Trumbull, McClernand, etc.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, PRESIDENT FROM 1837-41.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SHAZ.

him, and whom he loved. Mr. Lincoln was transferred from the bar of that circuit to the office of the President of the United States, having been without official position since he left Congress in 1849. In all the elements that constitute the great lawyer he had few equals. He was great both at *nisi prius* and before an appellate tribunal. He seized the strong points of a cause, and presented them with clearness and great compactness. His mind was logical and direct, and he did not indulge in extraneous discussion. Generalities and platitudes had no charms for him. An unfailing vein of humor never deserted him; and he was able to claim the attention of court and jury, when the cause was the most uninteresting, by the appropriateness of his anecdotes.

"His power of comparison was large, and he rarely failed in a legal discussion to use that mode of reasoning. The framework of his mental and moral being was honesty, and a wrong cause was poorly defended by him. The ability which some eminent lawyers possess, of explaining away the bad points of a cause by ingenious sophistry, was denied him. In order to bring into full activity his great powers, it was necessary that he should be convinced of the right and justice of the matter which he advocated. When so convinced, whether the cause was great or small, he was usually successful. He read law-books but little, except when the cause in hand made it necessary; yet he was usually self-reliant, depending on his own resources, and rarely consulting his brother lawyers,

either on the management of his case or on the legal questions involved.

"Mr. Lincoln was the fairest and most accommodating of practitioners, granting all favors which were consistent with his duty to his client, and rarely availing himself of an unwary oversight of his adversary.

"He hated wrong and oppression everywhere, and many a man whose fraudulent conduct was undergoing review in a court of justice has writhed under his terrific indignation and rebukes. He was the most



COLONEL W. W. SKATON. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

simple and unostentatious of men in his habits, having few wants, and those easily supplied. To his honor be it said that he never took from a client, even when his cause was gained, more than he thought the services were worth and the client could reasonably afford to pay. The people where he practiced law were not rich, and his charges were always small. When he was elected President, I question whether there was a lawyer in the circuit, who had been at the bar so long a time, whose means were not larger. It did not seem to be one of the purposes of his life to accumulate a fortune. In fact, outside of his profession, he had no knowledge of the way to make money, and he never even attempted it.

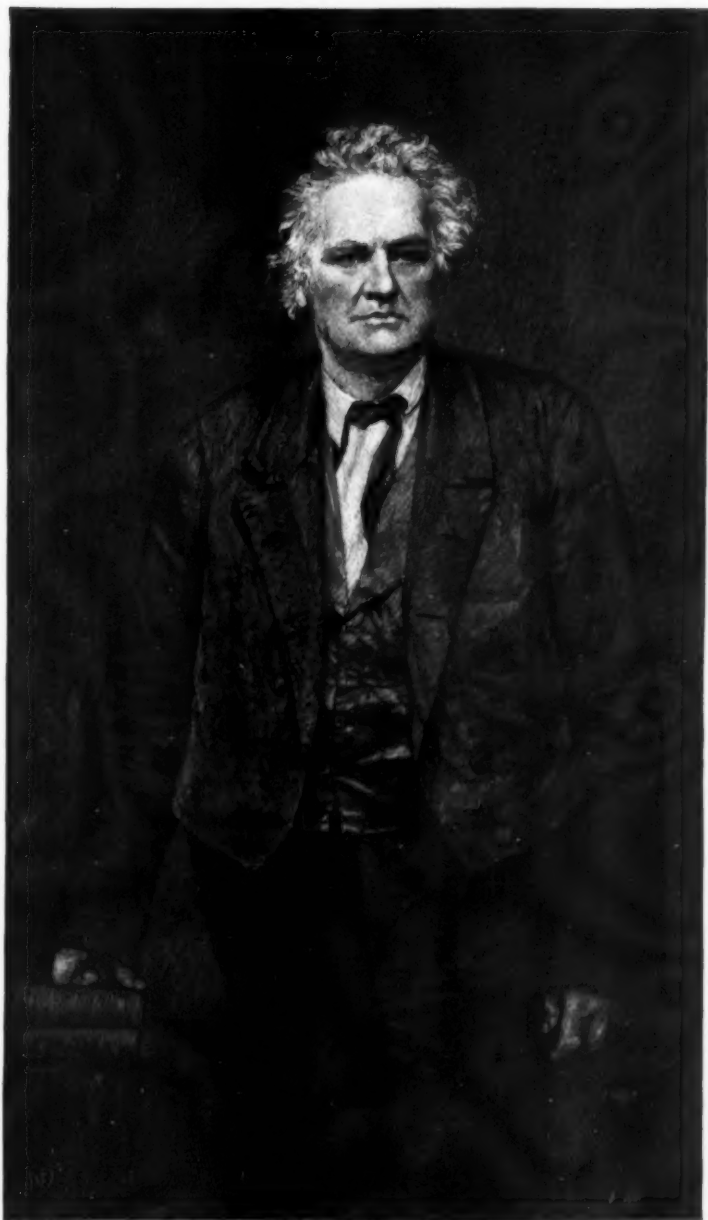
"Mr. Lincoln was loved by his brethren of the bar, and no body of men will grieve more at his death, or pay more sincere tributes to his memory. His presence on the circuit was watched for with interest, and never failed to produce joy or hilarity. When casually absent, the spirits of both bar and people were depressed. He was not fond of litigation, and would compromise a lawsuit whenever practicable."

No clearer or more authoritative statement of Lincoln's rank as a lawyer can ever be made than is found in these brief sentences, in which the warmth of personal affection is not permitted to disturb the measured appreciation, the habitual reserve of the eminent jurist. But, as it may be objected that the friendship which united Davis and Lincoln rendered the one incapable of a just judgment upon the merits of the other, we

will also give an extract from the address delivered in Chicago by one of the ablest and most impartial lawyers who have ever honored the bar and the bench in the West. Judge Drummond says:

"With a probity of character known to all, with an intuitive insight into the human heart, with a clearness of statement which was in itself an argument, with uncommon power and felicity of illustration,—often, it is true, of a plain and homely kind,—and with that sincerity and earnestness of manner which carried conviction, he was perhaps one of the most successful jury lawyers we ever had in the State. He always tried a case fairly and honestly. He never intentionally misrepresented the evidence of a witness nor the argument of an opponent. He met both squarely, and if he could not explain the one or answer the other, substantially admitted it. He never mistated the law, according to his own intelligent view of it. Such was the transparent candor and integrity of his nature, that he could not well or strongly argue a side or a cause that he thought wrong. Of course he felt it his duty to say what could be said, and to leave the decision to others; but there could be seen in such cases the inward struggle of his own mind. In trying a case he might occasionally dwell too long upon, or give too much importance to, an inconsiderable point; but this was the exception, and generally he went straight to the citadel of the cause or question, and struck home there, knowing if that were won the outworks would necessarily fall. He could hardly be called very learned in his profession, and yet he rarely tried a cause without fully understanding the law applicable to it; and I have no hesitation in saying he was one of the ablest lawyers I have ever known. If he was forcible before a jury, he was equally so with the court. He detected with unerring sagacity the weak points of an opponent's argument, and pressed his own views with overwhelming strength. His efforts were quite unequal, and it might happen that he would not, on some occasions, strike one as at all remarkable. But let him be thoroughly roused, let him feel that he was right, and that some principle was involved in his cause, and he would come out with an earnestness of conviction, a power of argument, a wealth of illustration, that I have never seen surpassed."

This is nothing less than the portrait of a great lawyer, drawn by competent hands, with the life-long habit of conscientious accuracy. If we chose to continue we could fill this volume with the tributes of his professional associates, ranging all the way from the commonplaces of condolence to the most extravagant eulogy. But enough has been quoted to justify the tradition which Lincoln left behind him at the bar of Illinois. His weak as well as his strong qualities have been indicated. He never learned the technicalities, what some would call the tricks, of the profession. The sleight of plea and demurrer, the legerdemain by which justice is balked and a weak case is made to gain an unfair advantage, was too subtle and shifty for his strong and straightforward intelligence. He met these manœuvres sufficiently well, when



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

practiced by others, but he never could get in the way of handling them for himself. On the wrong side he was always weak. He knew this himself, and avoided such cases

when he could consistently with the rules of his profession. He would often persuade a fair-minded litigant of the injustice of his case and induce him to give it up. His partner,



DAVID WILMOT. (AFTER A LITHOGRAPH BY M. H. TRAUBEL.)

Mr. Herndon, relates a speech in point\* which Lincoln once made to a man who offered him an objectionable case: "Yes, there is no reasonable doubt but that I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars, which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to them as it does to you. I shall not take your case, but I will give a little advice for nothing. You seem a sprightly, energetic man. I would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way." Sometimes, after he had entered upon a criminal case, the conviction that his client was guilty would affect him with a sort of panic. On one occasion he turned suddenly to his associate and said, "Swett, the man is guilty; you defend him, I can't," and so gave up his share of a large fee. The same thing happened at another time when he was engaged,

\* Lamon, p. 317.

† As a specimen of these stories we give the following, well vouched for, as apocrypha generally are: Lincoln met one day on the court-house steps a young lawyer who had lost a case—his only one—and looked very disconsolate. "What has become of your

with Judge S. C. Parks, in defending a man accused of larceny. He said, "If you can say anything for the man, do it, I can't; if I attempt it, the jury will see I think he is guilty, and convict him." Once he was prosecuting a civil suit, in the course of which evidence was introduced showing that his client was attempting a fraud. Lincoln rose and went to his hotel in deep disgust. The judge sent for him; he refused to come. "Tell the judge," he said, "my hands are dirty; I came over to wash them." We are aware that these stories detract something from the character of the lawyer; but this inflexible, inconvenient, and fastidious morality was to be of vast service hereafter to his country and the world.

The Nemesis which waits upon men of extraordinary wit or humor has not neglected Mr. Lincoln, and the young lawyers of Illinois, who never knew him, have an endless store of jokes and pleasantries in his name; some of them as old as Howleglass or Rabelais.† But the fact is that with all his stories and jests, his frank companionable humor, his gift of easy accessibility and welcome, he was, even while he traveled the Eighth Circuit, a man of grave and serious temper and of an unusual innate dignity and reserve. He had few or no special intimates, and there was a line beyond which no one ever thought of passing. Besides, he was too strong a man in the court-room to be regarded with anything but respect in a community in which legal ability was the only especial mark of distinction. Few of his forensic speeches have been preserved, but his contemporaries all agree as to their singular ability and power. He seemed absolutely at home in a court-room; his great stature did not encumber him there; it seemed like a natural symbol of superiority. His bearing and gesticulation had no awkwardness about them; they were simply striking and original. He assumed at the start a frank and friendly relation with the jury which was extremely effective. He usually began, as the phrase ran, by "giving away his case"; by allowing to the opposite side every possible advantage that they could honestly and justly case?" Lincoln asked. "Gone to h—," was the gloomy response. "Well, don't give it up," Lincoln rejoined cheerfully; "you can try it again there"—a quip which has been attributed to many wits in many ages, and will doubtless make the reputation of jesters yet to be.

claim. Then he would present his own side of the case, with a clearness, a candor, an adroitness of statement which at once flattered and convinced the jury, and made even the bystanders his partisans. Sometimes he disturbed the court with laughter by his humorous or apt illustrations; sometimes he excited the audience by that florid and exuberant rhetoric which he knew well enough how and when to indulge in; but his more usual and more successful manner was to rely upon a clear, strong, lucid statement, keeping details in proper subordination and bringing forward, in a way which fastened the attention of court and jury alike, the essential point on which he claimed a decision. "Indeed," says one of his colleagues, "his statement often rendered argument unnecessary, and often the court would stop him and say, 'if that is the case, we will hear the other side.'"\*

Whatever doubts might be entertained as to whether he was the ablest lawyer on the circuit, there was never any dissent from the opinion that he was the one most cordially and universally liked. If he did not himself enjoy his full share of the happiness of life, he certainly diffused more of it among his fellows than is in the power of most men. His arrival was a little festival in the county-seats where his pursuits led him to pass so much of his time. Several eye-witnesses have described these scenes in terms which would seem exaggerated if they were not so fully confirmed. The bench and bar would gather at the tavern where he was expected, to give him a cordial welcome; says one writer,† "He brought light with him." This is not hard to understand. Whatever his cares, he never inflicted them upon others. He talked singularly well, but never about himself. He was full of wit which never wounded, of humor which mellowed the harshness of that new and raw life of the prairies. He never asked for help, but

was always ready to give it. He received everybody's confidence, and rarely gave his own in return. He took no mean advantages in court or in conversation, and, satisfied with the respect and kindness which he everywhere met, he sought no quarrels and never had to decline them. He did not accumulate wealth; as Judge Davis said, "he seemed never to care for it." He had a good income from his profession, though the fees he received would bring a smile to the well-paid lips of the great attorneys of to-day. The largest fee he ever got was one of five thousand dollars from the Illinois Central Railway, and he had to bring suit to compel them to pay it. He spent what he received in the education of his children, in the care of his family, and in a plain and generous way of living. One‡ who often visited him writes, referring to "the old-fashioned hospitality of Springfield," "Among others I recall with a sad pleasure, the dinners and evening parties given by Mrs. Lincoln. In her modest and simple home, where everything was so orderly and refined, there was always on the part of both host and hostess a cordial and hearty Western welcome which put every guest perfectly at ease. Their table was famed for the excellence of many rare Kentucky dishes, and for the venison, wild turkeys, and other game, then so abundant. Yet it was her genial manner and ever-kind welcome, and Mr. Lincoln's wit and humor, anecdote and unrivaled conversation, which formed the chief attraction."

Here we leave him for a while, in this peaceful and laborious period of his life; engaged in useful and congenial toil; surrounded by the love and respect of the entire community; in the fullness of his years and strength; the struggles of his youth, which were so easy to his active brain and his mighty muscles, all behind him, and the titanic struggles of his manhood yet to come. We shall now try to sketch the beginnings of that tremendous controversy which he was in a few years to take up, to guide and direct to its wonderful and tragical close.

\* Raymond's "Life of Lincoln," p. 32.

† I. N. Arnold, Speech before State Bar Association, January 7, 1881.

‡ *Ibid.*

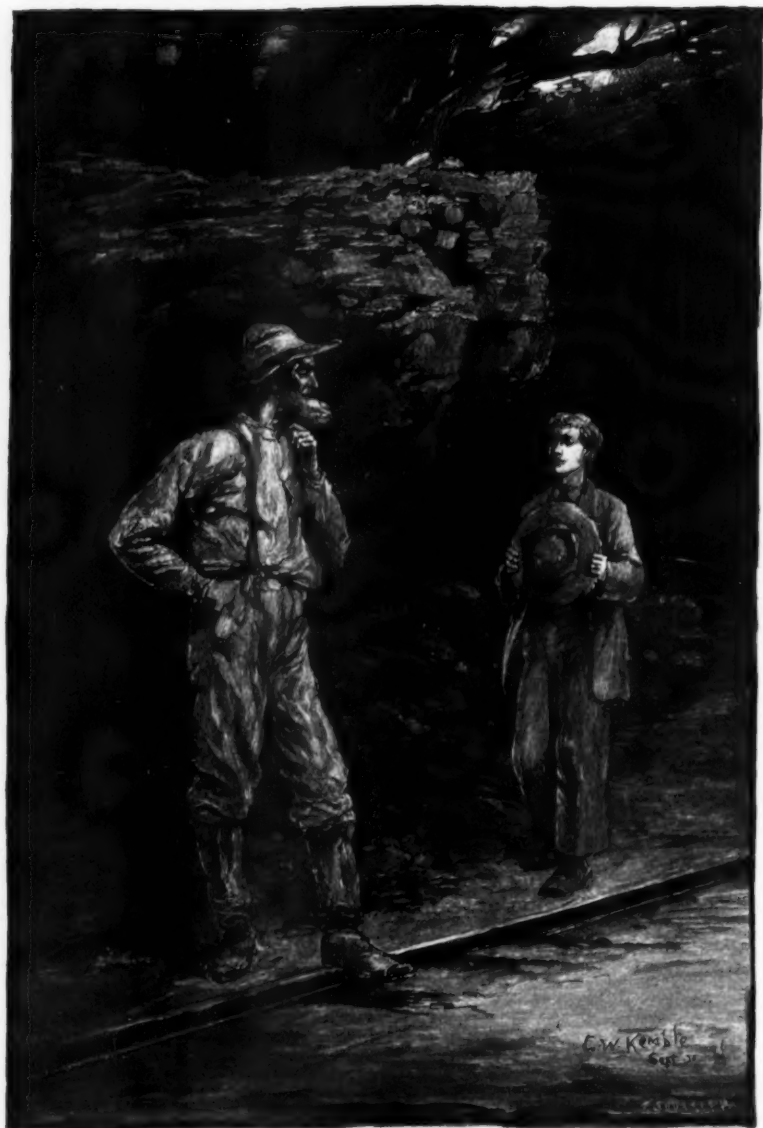
## THE STRONG.

DOST deem him weak that owns his  
strength is tried?  
Nay, we may safest lean on him that grieves:  
The pine has immemorially sighed,  
Th' enduring poplar's are the trembling leaves.

To feel and bow the head is not to fear;  
To cheat with jest—that is the coward's  
art.  
Beware the laugh that battles back the tear;  
He's false to all that's traitor to his heart.

He of great deeds does grope amid the throng  
Like him whose steps toward Dagon's temple bore;  
There's ever something sad about the strong—  
A look, a moan, like that on ocean's shore.

John Vance Cheney.



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUBSLER.

"MAKES A FIDDLE THESS TALK AN' CRY?" (SEE PAGE 548.)



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## CARANCRO.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Dr. Sevier," etc.

IN TWO PARTS: PART II.

### VI. MISSING.



HE war was in its last throes even when *'Thanase* enlisted. Weeks and months passed. Then a soldier coming home to Carancro—home-comers were growing plentiful—brought the first news of him. An officer making up a force of picked men for an expedition to carry important dispatches eastward across the Mississippi and far away into Virginia had chosen *'Thanase*. The evening the speaker left for home on his leave of absence *'Thanase* was still in camp, but was to start the next morning. It was just after Sunday morning mass that *Sosthène* and *Chaouache*, with their families and friends, crowded around this bearer of tidings.

"Had *'Thanase* been in any battles?"

"Yes, two or three."

"And had not been wounded?"

"No, although he was the bravest fellow in his company."

*Sosthène* and *Chaouache* looked at each other triumphantly, smiled, and swore two simultaneous oaths of admiration. *Zoséphine* softly pinched her mother, and whispered something. Madame *Sosthène* addressed the home-comer aloud:

"Did *'Thanase* send no other message except that mere 'how-d'ye all do'?"

"No."

*Zoséphine* leaned upon her mother's shoulder and softly breathed:

"He is lying."

The mother looked around upon her daughter in astonishment. The flash of scorn was just disappearing from the girl's eyes. She gave a little smile and chuckle and murmured, with her glance upon the man:

"He has no leave of absence. He is a deserter."

Then Madame *Sosthène* saw two things at once: that the guess was a good one, and that *Zoséphine* had bidden childhood a final "adieu."

The daughter felt *Bonaventure's* eyes upon her. He was standing only a step or two away. She gave him a quick, tender look that thrilled him from head to foot, then lifted her brows and made a grimace of pretended

weariness. She was growing prettier almost from day to day.

And *Bonaventure*, he had no playmates—no comrades—no amusements. This one thing, which no one knew but the curé, had taken possession of him. The priest sometimes seemed to himself cruel, so well did it please him to observe the magnitude *Bonaventure* plainly attributed to the matter. The boy seemed almost physically to bow under the burden of his sense of guilt.

"It is quickening all his faculties," said the curé to himself. *Zoséphine* had hardly yet learned to read without stammering when *Bonaventure* was already devouring the few French works of the curé's small bookshelf. Silent on other subjects, on one he would talk till a pink spot glowed on either cheek-bone and his blue eyes shone like a hot noon sky;—casuistry. He would debate the right and wrong of anything—everything, and the rights and wrongs of men in every relation of life.

Blessed was it for him then that the tactful curé was his father and mother in one, and the surgeon and physician of his mind. Thus the struggle brought him light. To the boy's own eyes it seemed to be bringing him only darkness, but the priest saw better.

"That is but his shadow; he is standing in it; it is deepening; that shows the light is increasing." Thus spake the curé to himself as he sat at *solitaire* under his orange-tree one afternoon.

The boy passed out of sight, and the curé's eyes returned to his game of *solitaire*; but as he slowly laid one card upon another, now here, now there, he still thought of *Bonaventure*.

"There will be no peace for him, no sweetness of nature, no green pastures and still waters, within or without, while he seeks life's adjustments through definitions of mere right and rights. No, boy; you will ever be a restless captive pacing round and round those limits of your inclosure. Worse still if you seek those definitions only to justify your overriding another's happiness in pursuit of your own." The boy was not in hearing; this was apostrophe.

"*Bonaventure*," he said, as the boy came by again; and *Bonaventure* stopped. The player pushed the cards from him, pile by pile, leaned back, ran his fingers slowly through his thin, gray hair, and smiled.

"Bonaventure, I have a riddle for you. It came to me as I was playing here just now. If everybody could do just as he pleased; if he had, as the governor would say, all his rights, life, liberty, pursuit of happiness—if everybody had this, I say, why would we still be unhappy?"

The boy was silent.

"Well, I did not suppose you would know. Would you like me to tell you? It is because happiness pursued is never overtaken. And can you guess why that is? Well, never mind, my son. But—would you like to do something for me?"

Bonaventure nodded. The curé rose, taking from his bosom as he left his chair a red silk handkerchief and a pocket-worn note-book. He laid the note-book on the table, and drawing back with a smile said:

"Here, sit down in my place and write what I tell you, while I stretch my legs. So; never mind whether you understand or not. I am saying it for myself: it helps *me* to understand it better. Now, as I walk you write. 'Happiness pursued is never overtaken, because'—have you written that?—'because, little as we are, God's image makes us so large that we cannot live within ourselves, nor even for ourselves, and be satisfied.' Have you got that down? Very well—yes—the spelling could be improved, but that is no matter. Now wait a moment; let me walk some more. Now write: 'It is not good for man to be alone, because'—because—let me see; where—ah, yes!—'because rightly self is the'—Ah! no, no, my boy; not a capital S for 'self'—Ah! that's the very point—small s, 'because rightly self is the smallest part of us. Even God found it good not to be alone, but to create'—got that?—'to create objects for his love and benevolence.' Yes—'And because in my poor, small way I am made like Him, the whole world becomes a part of me'—small m, yes, that is right!" From bending a moment over the writer the priest straightened up and took a step backward. The boy lifted his glance to where the sunlight and leaf-shadows were playing on his guardian's face. The curé answered with a warm smile, saying:

"My boy, God is a very practical God—no, you need not write it; just listen a moment. Yes; and so when He gave us natures like His, He gave men not wives only, but brethren and sisters and companions and strangers, in order that benevolence, yes, and even self-sacrifice,—mistakenly so called,—might have no lack of direction and occupation, and then bound the whole human family together by putting every one's happiness into some other one's hands. I see you do not understand: never mind; it will come to

you little by little. It was a long time coming to me. Let us go in to supper."

The good man had little hope of such words taking hold. At school next day there was Zoséphine with her soft electric glances to make the boy forget all; and at the Saturday night balls there she was again.

"Bonaventure," her manner plainly said, "did you ever see anything else in this wide world so tiresome as these boys about here? Stay with me; it keeps them away." She never put such thoughts into words. With an Academic girl such a thing was impossible. But girls do not need words. She drew as potently, and to all appearances as impassively, as a lodestone. All others than Bonaventure she repelled. If now and then she toyed with a heart it was but to see her image in it once or twice and toss it aside. All got one treatment in the main. Any one of them might gallop by her father's veranda seven times a day, but not once in all the seven would she be seen at the window glancing up at the weather or down at her flowers; nor on the veranda hanging up fresh hanks of yarn, nor at the well with the drinking-pail, getting fresh water, as she might so easily have been, had she so chosen. Yonder was Sosthène hoeing leisurely in the little garden, and possibly the sunbonnet of *la vieille* half seen and half hidden among her lima beans; but for the rest there was only the house, silent at best, or, worse, sending out through its half-open door the long, scornful No-o-o! of the maiden's unseen spinning-wheel. No matter the fame or grace of the rider. All in vain, my lad: pirouette as you will; sit your gallantest; let your hat blow off, and turn back and at full speed lean down from the saddle and snatch it airily from the ground, and turn again and gallop away; all is in vain. For by her estimate either you are living in fear of the conscript officer; or, if you are in the service, and here only transiently on leave of absence, your stay seems long, and it is rumored your leave has expired; or, worse, you cannot read; or, worst, your age, for all your manly airs, is so near Zoséphine's as to give your attentions strong savor of presumption. But let any fortune bring Bonaventure in any guise—sorriest horseman of all, youngest, slenderest, and stranger to all the ways that youth loves—and at once she is visible; nay, more, accessible; and he, welcome. So accessible she, so welcome he, that more than once she has to waft aside her mother's criticisms by pleading Bonaventure's foster-brotherhood and her one or two superior years.

"Poor 'Thanase!' said the youths and maidens.

And now the war came to an end. Bona-

venture was glad. "Thanase was expected home, but—let him come. If the absent soldier knew what the young folks at the balls knew, he would not make haste in his return. And he did not, as it seemed. Day after day, in group after group, without shouting and without banners, with wounds and scars and tattered garments, some on horses, but many more on foot, the loved ones—the spared ones, remnants of this command and that command and "Thanase's command—came home. But day by day brought no "Thanase.

Bonaventure began to wish for him anxiously. He wanted him back so that this load might be lifted. Thus the bitter would pass out of the sweet; the haunting fear of evil tidings from the absent rival would haunt no more. Life would be what it was to other lads, and Zoséphine one day fall to his share by a better title than he could ever make with "Thanase in exile. Come, "Thanase, come, come!

More weeks passed. The youth's returned comrades were all back at their plows again and among their herds. "Thanase would be along by and by, they said; he could not come with them for he had not been paroled with them; he had been missing—taken prisoner, no doubt—in the very last fight. But presently they who had been prisoners were home also; and still "Thanase had not come. And then, instead of "Thanase coming, Chaouache died.

A terror took up its home in the heart of Bonaventure. Everything he looked upon, every creature that looked upon him, seemed to offer an unuttered accusation. Least of all could he bear the glance of Zoséphine. He did not have to bear it. She kept at home now closely. She had learned to read, and Sosthène and his *vieille* had pronounced her education completed.

In one direction only could the eyes of Bonaventure go and meet nothing that accused him: that was into the face of the curé. And lest accusation should spring up there, he had omitted his confession for weeks. He was still child enough not to see that the priest was watching him narrowly and tenderly.

One night, away in the small hours, the curé was aroused by the presence of some one in his room.

"Who is that?" He rose from his pillow.

"It is I, father," said a low voice, and against the darkness of an inner door he saw dimly the small, long night-dress of the boy he loved.

"What gets you up, Bonaventure? Come here. What troubles you?"

"I cannot sleep," murmured the lad, noiselessly moving near. The priest stroked the lad's brow.

"Have you not been asleep at all?"

"Yes."

"But you have had bad dreams that woke you?"

"Only one."

"And what was that?"

There was a silence.

"Did you dream about—" "Thanase, for example?"

"Yes."

The priest reached out and took the boy's small, slender hands in his. They were moist and cold.

"And did you dream—"

"I dreamed he was dead. I dream it every night."

"But, my child, that does not make it so. Would you like to get into bed here with me? No?—or to go back now to your own bed? No? What, then?"

"I do not want to go back to bed any more. I want to go and find "Thanase."

"Why, my child, you are not thoroughly awake, are you?"

"Yes, I want to go and find "Thanase. I have been thinking to-night of all you have told me—of all you said that day in the garden,—and—I want to go and find "Thanase."

"My boy," said the priest, drawing the lad with gentle force to his bosom, "my little old man, does this mean that you have come to the end of all self-service?—that self is never going to be spelt with a capital S any more? Will it be that way if I let you go?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, my son—God only knows whether I am wise or foolish, but—you may go."

The boy smiled for the first time in weeks, then climbed half upon the bed, buried his face in the priest's bosom, and sobbed as though his heart had broken.

"It has broken," said the curé to himself as he clasped him tightly. "It has broken—thank God."

#### VII. A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK.

IN such and such a battle, in the last charge across a certain cornfield, or in the hurried falling back through a certain wood, with the murderous lead singing and hitting from yonder dark mass descending on the flank, and the air full of imperious calls—"halt!"—"surrender!" a man disappeared. He was not with those who escaped, nor with the dead, when they were buried, nor among the wounded anywhere, nor in any group of prisoners. But long after the war was over, another man, swinging a bush scythe among the overgrown corners of a worm fence, found the poor remnant of him, put it scarcely underground, and that was the end. How many times that happened!

Was it so with 'Thanase? No. For Sosthène's sake the ex-governor had taken much pains to correspond with officials concerning the missing youth, and had secured some slender reassurances. 'Thanase, though captured, had not been taken to prison. Tidings of general surrender had overhauled him on the way to it, near, I think, the city of Baltimore—somewhere in that region, at any rate; and he had been paroled and liberated, and had started, penniless and on foot, south-westward along the railway tracks.

To find him Bonaventure must set out, like him on foot, eastward over some fifty miles of wagon-road to the nearest railway; eastward again over its cross-ties eighty miles to *la ville*, the great New Orleans, there to cross the Mississippi. Then away northward, through the deep, trestled swamps, leagues and leagues across Bayou La Branche and Bayou Desair, and Pass Manchac and North Manchac, and Pontchatouia River two or three times; and out of the swamps and pine barrens into the sweet pine hills, with their great resinous boles rising one hundred—two hundred feet overhead, over meadows and fields and many and many a beautiful clear creek, and ten or more times over the winding Tangipahoa, by narrow clearings, and the old tracks of forgotten hurricanes, and many a wide plantation; until more than two hundred miles from the great city, still northward across the sinking and swelling fields, the low, dark dome of another State's capitol must rise amid spires and trees into the blue, and the green ruins of fortifications be passed, and the iron roads be found branching west, north, and east.

Thence all was one wide sea of improbability. Even before a quarter of that distance should have been covered, how many chances of every sort there were against the success of such a search.

"It is impossible that he should find him," said the ex-governor.

"Well,"—the curé shrugged,— "if he finds no one, yet he may succeed in losing himself." But in order that Bonaventure in losing himself should not be lost, the priest gave him pens and paper and took his promise to write back as he went step by step out into the world.

"And learn English, my boy; learn it with all speed; you will find it vastly, no telling how vastly, to your interest—I should say your usefulness. I am sorry I could not teach it to you myself. Here is a little spelling-book and reader for you to commence with. Make haste to know English; in America we should be Americans; would that I could say it to all our Acadian people; but I say it to you; learn English. It may be that by not knowing it you may fail, or by knowing it succeed in

this errand. And every step of your way let your first business be the welfare of others. Hundreds will laugh at you for it; never mind; it will bring you through. Yes, I will tell Sosthène and the others good-bye for you. I will tell them you had a dream that compelled you to go at once. Adieu." And just as the rising sun's first beam smote the curé's brimming eyes, his "little old man" turned his face toward a new life and set forward to enter it.

"Have you seen anywhere, coming back from the war, a young man named 'Thanase Beausoleil?'—This question to every one met, day in, day out, in early morning lights, in noonday heats, under sunset glows, by a light figure in thin, clean clothing, dusty shoes, and with limp straw hat lowered from the head. By and by, as first the land of the Acadians and then the land of the Creoles was left behind, a man every now and then would smile and shake his head to mean he did not understand—for the question was in French. But then, very soon it began to be in English too, and by and by not in French at all.

"Sir, have you seen anywhere, coming back from the war, a young man named 'Thanase Beausoleil?'"

But no one had seen him.

Travel was very slow. Not only because it was done afoot. Many a day he had to tarry to earn bread; for he asked no alms. But after a while he passed eastward into a third State, and at length into the mountains of a fourth.

Meantime the weeks were lengthening into months; the year was in its decline. Might not 'Thanase be even then at home? No. Every week Bonaventure wrote back, "Has he come?" and the answer came back, "He is not here."

But one evening, as he paced the cross-ties of a railway that hugged a huge forest-clad mountain side, with the valley a thousand feet below, its stony river shining like a silken fabric in the sunset lights, the great hillsides clad in crimson, green, and gold, and the long, trailing smoke of the last train—a rare, motionless blue gauze—gone to rest in the chill mid-air, he met a man who suddenly descended upon the track in front of him from higher up the mountain,—a great, lank mountaineer. And when Bonaventure asked the apparition the untiring question to which so many hundreds had answered no, the tall man looked down upon the questioner, a bright smile suddenly lighting up the unlovely chin-whiskered face, and asked:

"Makes a fiddle thess talk an' cry?"

"Yes."

"Well, he hain't been gone from hyer two weeks."

It was true. Only a few weeks before, gaunt, foot-sore, and ragged, tramping the cross-ties yonder where the railway comes from the eastward, curving into view out of that deep, green, and gray defile, 'Thanase had come into this valley. So short a time before, because almost on his start homeward illness had halted him by the way and held him long in arrest. But at length he had reached the valley and had lingered here for days; for it happened that a man in bought clothing was there just then, roaming around and hammering pieces off the rocks, who gave 'Thanase the chance to earn a little something from him, with which the hard-marched wanderer might take the train instead of the cross-ties for as far as the pittance would carry him.

## VIII.

## THE QUEST ENDED.

THE next sunrise saw Bonaventure, with a new energy in his step, journeying back the way he had come. And so anew the weeks wore by. Once more the streams ran southward, and the landscapes opened wide and fertile.

"Sir,—pardon your stopping,—in what State should I find myself at the present?"

The person inquired of looked blank, examined the questioner from head to foot, and replied:

"In what—oh! I understand; yes. What State—Alabama, yes, Alabama. You must excuse me, I didn't understand you at first. Yes, this is Alabama."

"Thank you, sir. Have you seen anywhere, coming back from the war, a young man named 'Thanase Beausoleil?"

"Back from the war! Why, everybody done got back from the war long ago." "Lawng ago-o-o," the speaker pronounced it, but the pronunciation could not be as untrue as the careless assertion.

A second time, and again a third, Bonaventure fell upon the trail. But each time it was colder than before. And yet he was pushing on as fast as he dared. Many a kind man's invitation to tarry and rest was gratefully declined. Once, where two railways parted, one leading south, the other west, he followed the southern for days, and then came back to the point of separation, and by and by found the lost thread again on the more westward road. But the time since 'Thanase had past was the longest yet. Was it certainly 'Thanase? Yes; the fiddle always settled that question. And had he not got home? He had not come. Somewhere in the long stretch between Bonaventure and Carancro there must be strange tidings.

On the first New Year's eve after the war,

as the sun was sinking upon the year's end, Bonaventure turned that last long curve of the New Orleans, Jackson, and Great Northern Railroad, through the rushes, flags, willows, and cypress-stumps of the cleared swamp behind the city of the Creoles, and passing around the poor shed called the depot, paused at the intersection of Calliope and Magnolia streets, waiting the turn of chance.

Trace of the lost 'Thanase had brought him at length to this point. The word of a fellow-tramp, pledged on the honor of his guild, gave assurance that thus far the wanted man had come in strength and hope—but more than a month before.

The necessity of moving on presently carried Bonaventure aimlessly into the city along the banks of the New Canal. The lad had shot up in these few months into the full stature, without the breadth, of manhood. The first soft, uneven curls of a light-brown beard were on his thin cheek and chin. Patient weariness and humble perseverance were in his eyes. His coarse, ill-matched attire was whole and, but for the soiling of foot-travel, clean. Companioning with nature had browned his skin and dried his straight, fine hair. Any reader of faces would have seen the lines of unselfish purpose about his lips, and when they parted nervously for speech, the earnest glow of that purpose in a countenance that neither smiled nor frowned, and though it was shaded, cast no shadow.

The police very soon knew him. They smiled at one another and tapped the forehead with one finger as he turned away with his question answered by a shake of the head. It became their habit. They would jerk a thumb over a shoulder after him facetiously.

"Goes to see every unknown white man found dead or drowned. And yet, you know, he's happy. He's a heap sight"—sometimes they used other adjectives—"a heap sight happier than us, with his trampin' around all day and his French and English books at night, as old Tony says. He bunks with old Tony, you know, what keeps that little grocery in Solidelle street. Tony says his candles comes to more than his bread and meat, or, rather, his rice and crawfish. He's the funniest crazy I ever see. All the crazies I ever see is got some grind for pleasing number one; but this chap is everlastin'ly a-lookin' out for everybody *but* number one. Oh, yes, the candles and books,—I reckon they are for number one,—that's so; but anyhow, that's what I hear Madame Tony allow."

The short, wet winter passed. The search stretched on into the spring. It did not, by far, take up the seeker's whole daily life. Only it was a thread that ran all through it,

a dye that colored it. Many other factors—observations, occupations, experiences—were helping to make up that life, and to make it, with all its pathetic slenderness, far more than it was likely ever to have been made at Carancro. Through hundreds of miles of tramping the lad had seen, in a singularly complete yet inhostile disentanglement from it, the world of men; glimpses of the rich man's world with its strivings, steadier views of the poor man's world with its struggles. The times were strong and rude. Every step of his way had been through a land whose whole civil order had been condemned, shattered, and cast into the mill of revolution for a total remolding. Every day came like the discharge of a great double-shot gun. It could not but be that, humble as his walk was, and his years so few, his fevered mind should leap into the questions of the hour like a naked boy into the surf. He made mistakes, sometimes in a childish, sometimes in an older way, some against most worthy things. But withal he managed to keep the main direction of truth, after his own young way of thinking and telling it. He had no such power to formulate his large conclusions as you or even I have, but whatever wrought to enlighten the unlettered, whatever cherished manhood's rights alike in lofty and lowly, whatever worked the betterment of the poor, whatever made man not too much and not too little his brother's keeper,—his keeper not by mastery, but by fraternal service,—whatever did these things was to him good religion, good politics. So, at least, the curé told the ex-governor, as from time to time they talked of the absent Bonaventure and of his letters. However, they had to admit one thing: all this did not find *'Thanase*.

And why, now, should *'Thanase* longer be sought? Was there anything to gain by finding him dead? Not for Bonaventure; he felt, as plainly as though he had seen an angel write the decree, that to Bonaventure Deschamps no kind of profit or advantage under the sun must come by such a way. But was there anything to be gained in finding that *'Thanase* still lived? The police will tell you, as they told Bonaventure, that in these days of steam and steel and yoked lightning a man may get lost and be found again; but that when he stays lost, and is neither dead nor mad, it is because he wants to be lost. So where was to be the gain in finding *'Thanase* alive? O much, indeed, to Bonaventure! The star of a new hope shot up into his starless sky when that thought came, and in that star trembled that which he had not all these weary months of search dared see even with fancy's eye,—the image of *Zoséphine*! This

—this! that he had never set out to achieve—this! if he could but stand face to face with evidence that *'Thanase* could have reached home and would not.

This thought was making new lines in the young care-struck face, when—

"See here," said a voice one day. Bonaventure's sleeve was caught by the thumb and forefinger of a man to whom, in passing, he had touched his hat. The speaker was a police captain.

"Come with me." They turned and walked, Bonaventure saying not a word. They passed a corner, turned to the right, passed two more, turned to the left,—high brick walls on either side, damp, ill-smelling pavements under foot,—and still strode on in silence. As they turned once more to the right in a dim, narrow way, the captain patted the youth softly on the back, and said:

"Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies."

So Bonaventure asked none. But presently, in one of those dens called sailors' boarding-houses, somewhere down on the water-front near the mint, he was brought face to face with a stranger whose manner seemed to offer the reverse proposition. Of him the youth asked questions and got answers.

*'Thanase* Beausoleil still lived, far beyond seas. How? why? If this man spake truly, because here in New Orleans, at the last turn in the long, weary journey that was to have brought the young volunteer home, he had asked and got the aid of this informant to ship—before the mast—for foreign parts. But why? Because his ambition and pride, explained the informant, had outgrown Carancro, and his heart had tired of the diminished memory of the little *Zoséphine*.

Bonaventure hurried away. What storms buffeted one another in his bosom!

Night had fallen upon the great city. Long stretches of street lay now between high walls and now between low-hanging eaves, empty of human feet and rife with solitude. Through long distances he could run and leap and make soft, mild pretense of shouting and smiting hands. The quest was ended! rivalry gone of its own choice, guilt washed from the hands, love returned to her nest! *Zoséphine*! *Zoséphine*! Away, now, away to the reward of penance, patience, and loyalty! Unsought, unhopd-for reward! As he ran, the crescent moon ran before him in the sky, and one glowing star, dipping low, beckoned him into the west.

And yet that night a great riot broke out in his heart; and in the morning there was a look on his face as though in that tumult conscience had been drugged, beaten, stoned, and left for dead outside the gate of his soul.

There was something of defiance in his eye, not good to see, as he started down the track of the old Opelousas railroad, with the city and the Mississippi at his back. When he had sent a letter ahead of him, he had no money left to pay for railway passage. Should he delay for that or aught else, he might never start; for already the ghost of conscience was whispering in at the barred windows of his heart.

"It is not true. The man has told you falsely. It is not true."

And so he was tramping once more — toward Carancro. And never before with such determined eagerness. Nothing could turn him about now. Once a train came in sight in front of him just as he had started across a trestle-work; but he ran forward across the open ties and leaped clear of the track on the farther side, just when another instant would have been too late. He stood a moment, only half-pausing among the palmettoes and rushes as the hurtling mass thundered by; then pushed quickly into the whirling dust of the track and hurried on between the clicking rails, not knowing that yonder dark, dwindling speck behind was bearing away from him strange tidings from the curé.

The summer was coming on; the suns were hot. There were leagues on leagues of unbroken, shaking prairie with never a handbreadth of shade, but only the glowing upper blue, with huge dazzling clouds moving, like herds of white elephants pasturing across heavenly fields, too slowly for the eye to note their motion; and below, the far-reaching, tremulous sheen of reed and bulrush, the wet lair of serpent, wild-cat, and alligator. Now and then there was the cool blue of sunny, wind-swept waters winding hither and thither toward the sea, and sometimes miles of deep forest swamp through which the railroad went by broad, frowzy, treeless clearings flanked with impassable oozy ditches; but shade there was none.

Nor was there peace. Always as he strode along, something he could not outgo was at his side, gaunt, wounded, soiled, whispering: "Turn back; turn back and settle with me," and ever put off with promises — after that fashion as old as the world — to do no end of good things if only the one right thing might be left undone.

And so because there were no shade, no peace, and no turning back, no one day's march made him stronger for the next; and at length, when he came to the low thatch of a negro cabin, under the shadow of its bananas he sank down in its doorway, red with fever.

There he had to stay many days; but in the end he was up and on his way again. He left the Atchafalaya behind him. It was easier going now. There was shade. Under his

trudging feet was the wagon-road along the farther levee of the Teche. Above him great live oaks stretched their arms clad in green vestments and gray drapings, the bright sugar-cane fields were on his left, and on his right the beautiful winding bayou. In his face, not joy, only pallid eagerness, desire fixed upon fulfillment, and knowledge that happiness was something else; a young, worn face with hard lines about the mouth and neck; the face of one who had thought self to be dead and buried, and had seen it rise to life again, and fallen captive to it. So he was drawing near to Carancro. Make haste, Bonaventure.

## IX.

## THE WEDDING.

A HORSE and buggy have this moment been stopped and are standing on a faint rise of ground seven miles out beyond the southwestern outskirts of Carancro. The two male occupants of the vehicle are lifting their heads and looking with well-pleased faces at something out over the plain. You know the curé? — and the ex-governor.

In the far distance, across the vast level, something that looks hardly so large on the plain as an ant on the floor is moving this way across it. This is what the curé and his friend are watching. Open in the curé's hand, as if he had just read it aloud again, is that last letter of Bonaventure's, sent ahead of him from New Orleans and received some days ago. The governor holds the reins.

What do they see? Some traveler afoot? Can it be that Bonaventure is in sight? That is not even the direction from which Bonaventure, when he comes, will appear. No, speck though it is, the object they are looking at is far larger than a man afoot, or any horse, or horse and cakeche. It is a house. It is on wheels, and is drawn by many yoke of oxen. From what the curé is saying we gather that Sosthène has bought this very small dwelling from a neighbor, and is moving it to land of his own. Two great beams have been drawn under the sills at each end, the running gear of two heavy ox-wagons is made to bear up the four ends of these beams, all is lashed firmly into place, the oxen are slowly pulling, the long whips are cracking, the house is answering the gentle traction, and, already several miles away from its first site, it will to-morrow settle down upon new foundations, a homely type of one whose wreath will soon be a-making and who will soon after come to be the little house's mistress.

But what have we done — let time slip backward? A little; not much; for just then, as the ex-governor said, "And where is

Bonaventure by this time?" Bonaventure had been only an hour or two in the negro cabin where fever had dragged him down.

Since then the house had not only settled safely upon its new foundations, but Sosthène, in the good, thorough way that was his own, had carried renovation to a point that made the cottage to all intents and purposes a new house. And the curé had looked upon it again, much nearer by; for before a bride dared enter a house so nearly new, it had been deemed necessary for him to come and, before a temporary altar within the dwelling, to say mass in the time of full moon. But not yet was the house really a dwelling; it, and all Carancro, were waiting for the wedding. Make haste, Bonaventure.

He had left the Teche behind him on the east. And now a day breaks whose sunset finds him beyond the Vermilion River. He cannot go aside to the ex-governor's, over yonder on the right. He is making haste. This day his journey will end. His heart is light; he has thought out the whole matter now; he makes no doubt any longer that the story told him is true. And he knows now just what to do: this very sunset he will reach his goal; he goes to fill 'Thanase's voided place; to lay his own filial service at the feet of the widowed mother; to be a brother in the lost brother's place; and Zoséphine? — why, she shall be her daughter, the same as though 'Thanase, not he, had won her. And thus, too, Zoséphine shall have her own sweet preference — that preference which she had so often whispered to him — for a scholar rather than a soldier. Such is the plan, and Conscience has given her consent.

The sun soars far overhead. It, too, makes haste. But the wasted, flushed, hungry-eyed traveler is putting the miles behind him. He questions none to-day that pass him or whom he overtakes; only bows, wipes his warm brow, and presses on across the prairie. Straight before him, though still far away, a small, white, wooden steeple rises from out a tuft of trees. It is *la chapelle*!

The distance gets less and less. See! the afternoon sunlight strikes the roofs of a few unpainted cottages that have begun to show themselves at right and left of the chapel. And now he sees the green window-shutters of such as are not without them, and their copperas- or indigo-dyed curtains blowing in and out. Nearer; nearer; here is a house, and yonder another, newly built. Carancro is reached.

He enters a turfey, cattle-haunted lane between rose-hedges. In a garden on one side, and presently in another over the way, children whom he remembers — but grown like weeds since he saw them last — are at play;

but when they stop and gaze at him it is without a sign of recognition. Now he walks down the village street. How empty it seems; was it really always so? Still, yonder is a man he knows — and yonder a woman — but they disappear without seeing him.

How familiar everything is. There are the two shops abreast of the chapel, Marx's on this side, Lichtenstein's that, their dingy false fronts covered with their same old huge rain-faded words of promise. Yonder, too, behind the blacksmith's shop is the little school-house, dirty, half-ruined, and closed — that is, wide-open and empty — it may be for lack of a teacher, or funds, or even of scholars.

"It shall not be so," said the traveler to himself, "when *she* and I —"

His steps grow slow. Yet here, not twenty paces before him, is the home of the curé. Ah! that is just the trouble. Shall he go here first? May he not push on and out once more upon the prairie and make himself known first of all to *her*? Stopping here first, will not the curé say tarry till to-morrow? His steps grow slower still.

And see, now. One of the Jews in the shop across the street has observed him. Now two stand together and scrutinize him; and now there are three, looking and smiling. Plainly, they recognize him. One starts to come across, but on that instant the quiet of the hamlet is broken by a sound of galloping hoofs.

Bonaventure stands still. How sudden is this change! He is not noticed now; everything is in the highest animation. There are loud calls and outcries; children are shouting and running, and women's heads are thrust out of doors and windows. Horsemen come dashing into the village around through the lanes and up the street. Look! they wheel, they rein up, they throw themselves from the rattling saddles; they leave the big wooden stirrups swinging and the little unkempt ponies shaking themselves, and rush into the *boutique* de Monsieur Lichtenstein, and are talking like mad and decking themselves out on hats and shoulders with ribbons in all colors of the rainbow!

Suddenly they shout, all together, in answer to a shout outside. More horsemen appear. Lichtenstein's store belches all its population.

"*La calèche! La calèche!*" The caleche is coming!

Something, he knows not what, makes Bonaventure tremble.

"Madame," he says in French to a chattering woman who has just run out of her door and is standing near him tying a red Madras kerchief on her head as she prattles to a girl, — "Madame, what wedding is this?"

"*C'est la noce à Zoséphine,*" she replied, without looking at him, and goes straight on

telling her companion how fifty dollars has been paid for the pope's dispensation, because the bridal pair are first cousins.

Bonaventure moves back and leans against a paling fence, pallid and faint. But there is no time to notice him — look, look!

Some women on horseback come trotting into the street. Cheers! cheers! and in a moment louder cheers yet — the caleche with the bride and groom and another with the parents have come!

Throw open the church door!

Horsemen alight, horsewomen descend, down, also, come they that were in the caleche. Look, Bonaventure! They form by twos — forward — in they go. "Hats off, gentlemen! Don't forget the rule! — Now — silence! softly, softly; speak low — or speak not at all; sh-sh! Silence! The pair are kneeling. Hush-sh! Frown down that little buzz about the door! Sh-sh!"

Bonaventure has rushed in with the crowd. He cannot see the kneeling pair; but there is the curé standing over them and performing the holy rite. The priest stops — he has seen Bonaventure! He stammers, and then he goes on. Here beside Bonaventure is a girl so absorbed in the scene that she thinks she is speaking to her brother, when presently she says to the haggard young stranger, letting herself down from her tiptoes and drawing a long breath:

*"La sarimonic est fait."*

It is true; the ceremony is ended. She rises on tiptoe again to see the new couple sign the papers.

Slowly! The bridegroom first, his mark. Step back. Now the little bride — steady! Zoséphine, *sa marque*. She turns; see her, everybody; see her! brown and pretty as a doe! They are kissing her! — Hail, Madame Thanase!

"Make way, make way!" The man and wife come forth. — Ah! Thanase Beausoleil, so tall and strong, so happy and hale, you do not look to-day like the poor decoyed, drugged victim that woke up one morning out in the Gulf of Mexico to find yourself, without foreintent or knowledge, one of a ship's crew bound for Brazil and thence to the Mediterranean! — "Make way, make way!" They mount the caleches, Sosthène, Madame Sosthène; Thanase and Madame Thanase. "To horse, ladies and gentlemen!" Never mind now about the youth who has been taken ill in the chapel, and whom the curé has borne almost bodily in his arms to his own house. "Mount! Mount! Move aside for the wedding singers!" — The wedding singers take their places, one on this side the bridal caleche, the other on that, and away it starts, creaking and groaning.

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"*Mais, arrêtez!* — Stop, stop! Before going, *passez le 'nissette!* — pass the anisette!" May the New Orleans compounder be forgiven the iniquitous mixture! "*Boir les dames avant!* — Let the ladies drink first!" Aham! straight from the bottle.

Now, go. The caleche moves. Other caleches bearing parental and grandparental couples follow. And now the young men and maidens gallop after; the cavalcade stretches out like the afternoon shadows, and with shout and song and waving of hats and kerchiefs, away they go! while from window and door and village street follows the wedding cry:

"*Adieu, la calèche! Adieu, la calèche!* — God speed the wedding pair!"

Coming at first from the villagers, it is continued at length, faint and far, by the attending cavaliers. As mile by mile they drop aside, singly or in pairs, toward their homes, they rise in their stirrups, and lifting high their ribbon-decked hats, they shout and curvette and curvette and shout until the eye loses them and the ear can barely catch the faint farewell:

"*Adieu, la calèche! Adieu, les mariées!*"

X.

AFTER ALL.

ADIEU; but only till the fall of night shall bring the wedding ball.

One little tune — and every Acadian fiddler in Louisiana knows it — always brings back to Zoséphine the opening scene of that festive and jocund convocation. She sees again the great clean-swept seed-cotton room of a cotton-gin house belonging to a cousin of the ex-governor lighted with many candles stuck into a perfect wealth of black bottles ranged along the beams of the walls. The fiddler's seat is mounted on a table in the corner, the fiddler is in it, each beau has led a maiden into the floor, the sets are made for the contra-dance, the young men stand expectant, their partners wait with downcast eyes and mute lips, as Acadian damsels should, the music strikes up and away they go.

Yes, Zoséphine sees the whole bright scene over again whenever that strain sounds.



It was fine from first to last! The ball closed with the bride's dance. Many a daughter Madame Sosthène had waltzed that farewell measure with, and now Zoséphine was the last. So they danced it, they two, all the crowd looking on: the one so young and lost in self, the other so full of years and lost to self; eddying round and round each other in this last bright embrace before they part, the mother to swing back into still water, the child to enter the current of a new life.

And then came the wedding supper! At one end of the long table the bride and groom sat side by side, and at their left and right the wedding singers stood and sang. How everybody ate, that night! Rice! beef-balls! pass them here! pass them there! help yourself! reach them with a fork! *des riz! des boulettes!* more down this way! pass them over heads! *des riz! des boulettes!* And the anisette!—bad whisky and oil of anise—never mind that; pour, fill, empty, fill again! Don't take too much—and make sure not to take too little! How merrily all went on. How gay was Zoséphine!

"Does she know that Bonaventure, too, has come back?" the young maidens whisper, one to another; for the news was afloat.

"Oh, yes, of course; some one had to let it slip. But if it makes any difference she is only brighter and prettier than before. I tell you—it seems strange, but I believe, now, she never cared for anybody but 'Thanase. When she heard Bonaventure had come back she only let one little flash out of her eyes at the fool who told her, then said it was the best news that could be, and has been as serene as the picture of a saint ever since."

The serenity of the bride might have been less perfect and the one flash of her eyes might have been two, had she known what the curé was that minute saying to the returned wanderer, with the youth's head pressed upon his bosom, in the seclusion of his own chamber:

"It is all for the best, Bonaventure. It is not possible that thou shouldst see it so now, but thou shalt hereafter. It is best this way." And the tears rolled silently down his cheek as the weary head in his bosom murmured back:

"It is best. It is best."

The curé could only press him closer then. It was much more than a year afterward when he for the first time ventured to add:

"I never wanted you to get her, my dear boy; she is not your kind at all—nay, now, let me say it, since I have kept it unsaid so long and patiently. Do you imagine she could ever understand an unselfish life, or even one that tried to be unselfish? She makes an excellent Madame 'Thanase. 'Thanase is a good, vigorous, faithful, gentle animal that knows how to graze and

lie in the shade and get up and graze again. But you—it is not in you to know how poor a Madame Bonaventure she would have been; not now merely, but poorer and poorer as the years go by.

"And so I say, do not go away. I know why you want to go; you want to run away from a haunting thought that some unlikely accident or other may leave Madame 'Thanase a widow and you step into his big shoes. They would not fit. Do not go. That thing is not going to happen; and the way to get rid of the troublesome notion is to stay and see yourself outgrow it—and her."

Bonaventure shook his head mournfully, but staid. From time to time Madame 'Thanase passed before his view in pursuit of her outdoor and indoor cares. But even when he came under her galerie roof he could see that she never doubted she had made the very best choice in all Carancro.

And yet people knew—she knew—that Bonaventure not only enjoyed the acquaintance but sometimes actually went from one place to another on the business of the great ex-governor. Small matters they may have been, but, anyhow, just think!

Sometimes as he so went or came he saw her squatting on a board at the edge of a *coolée*, her petticoat wrapped snugly around her limbs, and a limp sunbonnet hiding her nut-brown face, pounding her washing with a wooden paddle. She was her own housekeeper, chambermaid, cook, washerwoman, gooseherd, seamstress, nurse, and all the rest. Her floors, they said, were always *bien fourbissée* (well scrubbed), her beds were high, soft, snug, and covered with the white mesh of her own crochet needle.

He saw her the oftener because she worked much out on her low veranda. From that place she had a broad outlook upon the world, with 'Thanase in the foreground, at his toil, sometimes at his sport. His cares as a herder, *vacheur*,—*vaché*, he called it,—were wherever his slender-horned herds might roam or his stallions lead their mares in search of the sweetest herbage; and when rains filled the *marais* and the cold nor'westers blew from Texas and the sod was spongy with much water, and he went out for feathered game, the numberless mallards, black ducks, gray ducks, teal—with sometimes the canvas-back—and the *poules-d'eau*—the water-hens and the rails, and the *cache-cache*—the snipe—were as likely to settle or rise just before his own house as elsewhere, and the most devastating shot that hurtled through those feathered multitudes was that sent by her husband—hers—her own—possessive case—belonging to her. She was proud of her property.

Sometimes *la vieille* — for she was *la vieille* from the very day that she counted her wedding presents, mostly chickens, and turned them loose in the dooryard — sometimes she enjoyed the fine excitement of seeing her *vieux* catching and branding his yearling colts. Small but not uncomely they were: tougher, stronger, better, when broken, than the mustang, though, like the mustang, begotten and foaled on the open prairie. Often she saw him catch two for the plow in the morning, turn them loose at noon to find their own food and drink, and catch and work another pair through the afternoon. So what did not give her pride gave her quiet comfort. Sometimes she looked forth with an anxious eye, when a colt was to be broken for the saddle; for as its legs were untied, and it sprang to its feet with 'Thanase in the saddle, and the blindfold was removed from its eyes, the strain on the young wife's nerves was as much as was good, to see the creature's tremendous leaps in air and not tremble for its superb, unmovable rider.

Could scholarship be finer — or as fine — as such horsemanship? And yet, somehow, as time ran on, Zoséphine, like all the rest of Carancro, began to look up with a certain deference, half-conscious, half-unconscious, to the needy young man who was nobody's love or lover and yet, in a gentle, unimpassioned way, everybody's. Landless, penniless, artless Bonaventure, who honestly thought there was no girl in Carancro who was not much too good for him, and of whom there was not one who did not think him much too good for her. He was quite outside of all their gossip. How could they know that with all his learning — for he could read and write in two languages and took the Vermilionville newspaper — and with all his books, almost an entire mantel-shelf full — he was feeling heart hunger the same as any ordinary lad or lass unmated. Zoséphine found her eyes, so to speak, lifting, lifting more and more as from time to time she looked upon the inoffensive Bonaventure. But so her satisfaction in her own husband was all the more emphatic. If she had ever caught a real impulse toward anything that even Carancro would have called culture, she had cast it aside now — as to herself; her children — oh! yes; but that would be by and by.

Even of pastimes and sports she saw almost none. For 'Thanase there was, first of all, his fiddle; then *la chasse*, the chase; the *papegaie*, or, as he called it, *pad-go* — the shooting-match; *la galloche*, pitch-farthing; the cock-fight; the five-arpent pony-race; and too often, also, *chin-chin*, twenty-five-cent poker, and the gossip and glass of the roadside "store." But for Madame 'Thanase there was

only a seat against the wall at the Saturday-night dance, and mass *à la chapelle* once in two or three weeks; these, and infant baptisms. These showed how fast time and life were hurrying along. The wedding seemed but yesterday, and yet here was little Sosthène, and tiny Marguerite, and cooing Zoséphine the younger — how fast history repeats itself!

But one day, one Sunday, it repeated itself in a different way. He was in gay humor that morning. He kissed his wife, tossed his children, played on his fiddle that tune they all liked best, and, while Zoséphine looked after him with young zest in her eye, sprang into the saddle and galloped across the prairie *à la chapelle* to pass a jolly forenoon at *chin-chin* in the village grocery.

Since the war almost every one went armed — not for attack, of course; for defense. 'Thanase was an exception.

"My fists," he said, in the good old drawling Acadian dialect and with his accustomed smile — "my fists will take care of me."

One of the party that made up the game with 'Thanase was the fellow whom you may remember as having brought that first news of 'Thanase from camp to Carancro, and whom Zoséphine had discredited. The young husband had never liked him since.

But, as I say, 'Thanase was in high spirits. His jests came thick and fast, and some were hard and personal, and some were barbed with truth, and one, at length, ended in the word "deserter." The victim grew instantly fierce and red, leaped up, crying "liar," and was knocked backward to the ground by the long-reaching fist of 'Thanase. He rose again and dashed at his assailant. The rest of the company hastily made way to right and left, chairs were overturned, over went the table, the cards were underfoot. Men ran in from outside and from over the way. The two foes clash together, 'Thanase smites again with his fist, and the other grapples. They tug and strain —

"Separate them!" cry two or three of the packed crowd in suppressed earnestness. "Separate them! Bonaventure is coming! And here from the other side the curé too! Oh, get them apart!" But the half-hearted interference is shaken off. 'Thanase sees Bonaventure and the curé enter; mortification smites him; a smothered cry of rage bursts from his lips; he tries to hurl his antagonist from him; and just as the two friends reach out to lay hands upon the wrestling mass, it goes with a great thud to the ground. The crowd recoils and springs back again; then a cry of amazement and horror from all around, the arm of the under man lifted out over the back of the other, a downward flash of steel — another — and another! the long, subsiding wail of a



"GO TELL GOD I WANT MY HUSBAND!"

strong man's sudden despair, the voice of one crying,—

"Zoséphine! Ah! Zoséphine, *ma vieille! ma vieille!*"—one long moan and sigh, and the finest horseman, the sweetest musician, the bravest soldier, yes, and the best husband, in all Carancro was dead.

Poor old Sosthène and his wife! How hard they tried, for days, for weeks, to comfort their widowed child. But in vain. Day and night she put them away in fierce grief and silence, or if she spoke wailed always the one implacable answer,—

"I want my husband!" And to the curé the same words,—

"Go tell God I want my husband!"

But when at last came one who, having come to speak, could only hold her hand in his and silently weep with her, she clung to his with both her own, and looking up into his young, thin face, cried,—not with grace of words, and yet with some grace in all her words' Acadian ruggedness,—

"Bonaventure! Ah! Bonaventure! thou

who knowest the way—teach me, my brother, how to be patient."

And so—though the ex-governor had just offered him a mission in another part of the Acadians' land, a mission, as he thought, far beyond his deserving, though, in fact, so humble that to tell you what it was would force your smile—he staid.

A year went by, and then another. Zoséphine no longer lifted to heaven a mutinous and aggrieved countenance. Bonaventure was often nigh, and his words were a deep comfort. Yet often, too, her spirit flashed impatience through her eyes when in the childish philosophizing of which he was so fond he put forward—though ever so impersonally and counting himself least of all to have attained—the precepts of self-conquest and abnegation. And then, as the flash passed away, with a moisture of the eye repudiated by the pride of the lip, she would slowly shake her head and say:

"It is of no use; I can't do it! I may be too young—I may be too bad, but—I can't learn it!"

At last, one September evening, Bonaventure stood at the edge of Sosthène's galerie, whither Zoséphine had followed out, leaving *le vieux* and *la vieille* in the house. On the morrow Bonaventure was to leave Carancro. And now he said,—

"Zoséphine, I must go."

"Ah, Bonaventure!" she replied, "my children—what will my children do? It is not only that you have taught them to spell and read, though God will be good to you for that! But these two years you have been everything to them—everything. They will be orphaned over again, Bonaventure." Tears shone in her eyes, and she turned away her face with her dropped hands clasped together.

The young man laid his hand upon her drooping brow. She turned again and lifted

her eyes to his. His lips moved silently, but she read upon them the unheard utterance: it was a word of blessing and farewell. Slowly and tenderly she drew down his hand, laid a kiss upon it, and said,—

"*Adieu—adieu*," and they parted.

As Zoséphine went with erect form and firm, clear tread by her parents and into the inner room where her children lay in their trundle-bed, the old mother said to *le vieux*,—

"You can go ahead and repair the school-house now. Our daughter will want to begin, even to-morrow, to teach the children of the village—*les zonzants a la chapelle*."

"You think so?" said Sosthène, but not as if he doubted.

"Yes; it is certain now that Zoséphine will always remain the Widow "Thanase."

G. W. Cable.

## THE OLDEST CHURCH IN LONDON.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT.



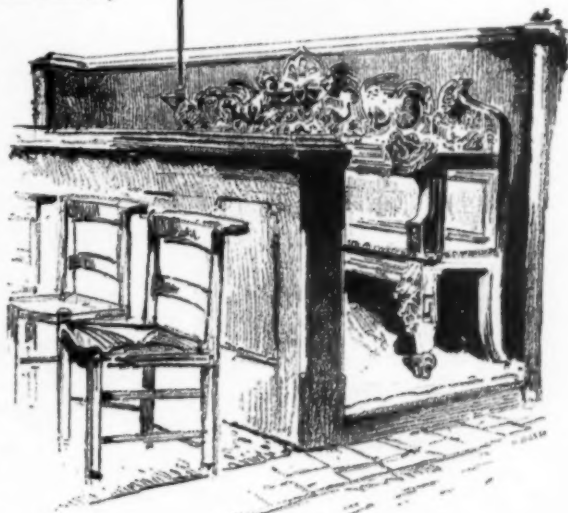
Rahere.

THE oldest ecclesiastical edifice in London is the church of St. Bartholomew the Great. It stands in Smithfield, so closely surrounded by houses that visitors ask where it is when within a few yards of it, and often fail to find it. The church itself is well worth the trouble of finding, and it has a history

worthy of its noble structure.

Smithfield, of which a large paved space still remains open, though included in the jurisdiction of the city was outside the walls of London, and this extramural position is commemorated in the name of the ward, which is to this day called Farringdon Without. The Romans, obeying the law of the twelve tables, which prescribes that dead men shall be neither burnt nor buried within the city, used Smithfield as a cemetery; and both the urns of the period of cremation and the great stone sarcophagi of the later years of Roman dominion have been discovered in digging the foundations of the buildings which stand on the edges of the open space. The last discovery was in 1877, when two Roman sarcophagi were found where the

library of St. Bartholomew's Hospital now stands. They were of Oxfordshire oolite, and must have been brought to London in earlier and more peaceful years than those which immediately preceded the withdrawal of the Roman legions. The skeletons still lodged within them, and the gravel on each side of the sarcophagi remained in its



THE LORD MAYOR'S PEW.

## THE OLDEST CHURCH IN LONDON.



THE GATEWAY.

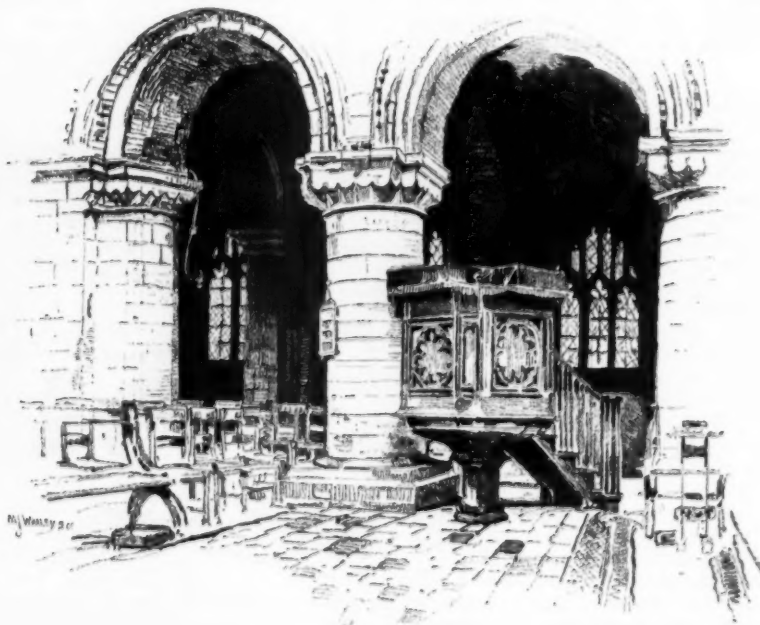
undisturbed original layers. These citizens of London had rested in Smithfield for fifteen hundred years. In the time of their grandchildren, the warlike tribes which were to found

the greatness of England and of America poured into Britain, and, confident of the present and the future, swept away the past.

The burial-ground of the Romans continued open country outside the walls of London for several centuries. The citizen journeying by the New Gate could say prayers for a safe journey at St. Sepulchre's Church, and he going out by Aldersgate might ask the blessing of the clergy of Great St. Martin's; but between these churches and the highways near which they stood the land was bare. It was called Smethefeld, or Smithfield, and was reputed the king's property. On this open ground in the reign of King Henry I. the original building of St. Bartholomew's Hospital and the existing priory church of St. Bartholomew the Great were built.

Rahere was the founder of both, and he lies in his original tomb under the arches of the magnificent church.

A dilapidated but still beautiful early English gateway near the end of Duke street, Smithfield, leads to the church. The pointed arch is overhung by a red brick house of the seventeenth century, a building modern compared to that on which it encroaches, but interesting when one reflects that from its window the flames of the great fire of London may have been watched dying out in Pie corner, on the other side of Smithfield. The pil-



THE PULPIT.

The Counter-Seal of St. Bartholomew



The PRAYSE of Bartholomew

Seal of the Convent of St. Bartholomew



Seal of Convent of St. Bartholomew, showing church as it stood in 1837.



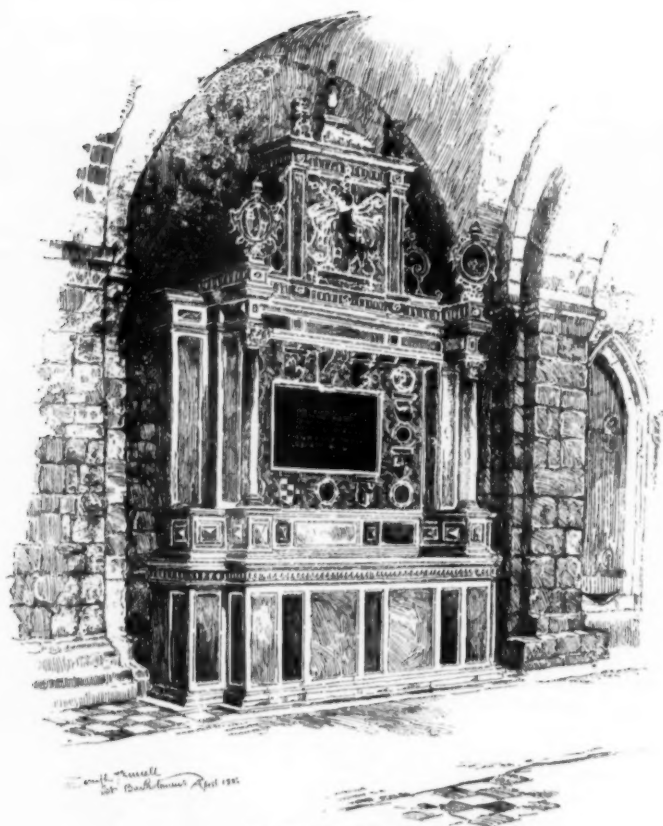
lars of the archway have disappeared, but parts of their circular capitals remain, and the dog-tooth moldings which adorn the graceful, sharp-pointed arch show that this venerable entrance is as old as the Barons' War. Thomas Fitz Thomas, the mayor of London who lost all for liberty and Simon de Montfort, knew it while its carvings were fresh.

A few steps within this gateway is a dreary church-yard, overlooked on the left by the gables of a row of houses which date from before the fire. The bases of some early English pillars on the right of the church-yard path show that there was once a continuous building from the gateway in Smithfield to the church, and this ruined aisle leads to a doorway in the west end of the church, beside a brick tower of late date. This entrance is dark and unpromising. Striking indeed is the transition, on passing it, from the squalid, modern exterior to the spacious internal grandeur of a Norman church. Of the four styles of Gothic architecture to be seen in England, none is more impressive than the earliest. The grand succession of round arches with huge circular piers produces a solemnity which is the greatest of architectural effects. The style is that of reverence and of faith, and expresses the feelings of

men who had death, the last judgment, the punishment of wickedness, and the reward of the blessed always in their thoughts. The steadfastness of the faith comes at once to the mind: this is the house built upon a rock, which will stand firm against rain and floods and winds.



FONT WHERE HOGARTH WAS BAPTIZED.



THE MILDEY TOMB.

The present parish church is the choir of the church of the Augustinian priory. The choir screen, as in Norwich Cathedral and other English conventual churches, was placed west of the central tower. It is known that the nave which extended over the existing churchyard was in the early pointed style, so that all that has been destroyed was more modern than what remains, and we see the church much as it was at the time of its founder's death, in 1143. There is no external central tower, but all the internal work for it remains, and is beautifully adorned with zigzagged arches and lozenge-shaped panels of foliage carved in low relief. The north and the south arches of the tower are pointed, while the east and the west are circular, showing that the transition to the pointed style had begun when it was built. East of the tower there are five bays of circular arches with a complex triforium, the capitals of which are beautifully varied, while above there is a clerestory of somewhat later date. The church

is terminated at the east by the remains of a beautiful apse, but this part was seriously injured by a prior who wished to change the Norman into the Perpendicular edifice, as William of Wykeham did Winchester Cathedral. The prior's work was stopped before it had put anything in place of what it had destroyed, and later times have aggravated the defect. The arches and the piers on the ground, the whole triforium, and the vaulting of the aisles are of the best period of the Norman style. The piers are circular, with short, solid-cushioned capitals; the arches of the triforium have zigzag and billet moldings, and each includes four small arches on long pillars, with a broad tympanum above them. The height of the tower arches shows that the original clere-story was as high as the present one, while the absence of vaulting-shafts suggests that there was a painted wooden ceiling as at Peterborough Cathedral. Such are the main features of the church; its details afford material for endless study.

The tomb of Rahere stands in the easternmost bay before the apse on the north side. Over the tomb is some tabernacle work of the fifteenth century, there are four panels of the same date on the base, and the inscription was perhaps recut when these were placed in position, but the effigy is probably original. When the tomb was opened, some twenty years ago, a sandal was found lying with the skeleton. The inscription has all the brevity

he will comfort all her waste places and he will make her wilderness like Eden and her desert like the garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." Smithfield was the wilderness which Rahere had cultivated. There his dust remains undisturbed, and around spring the blossoms of his good actions,—

"Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."



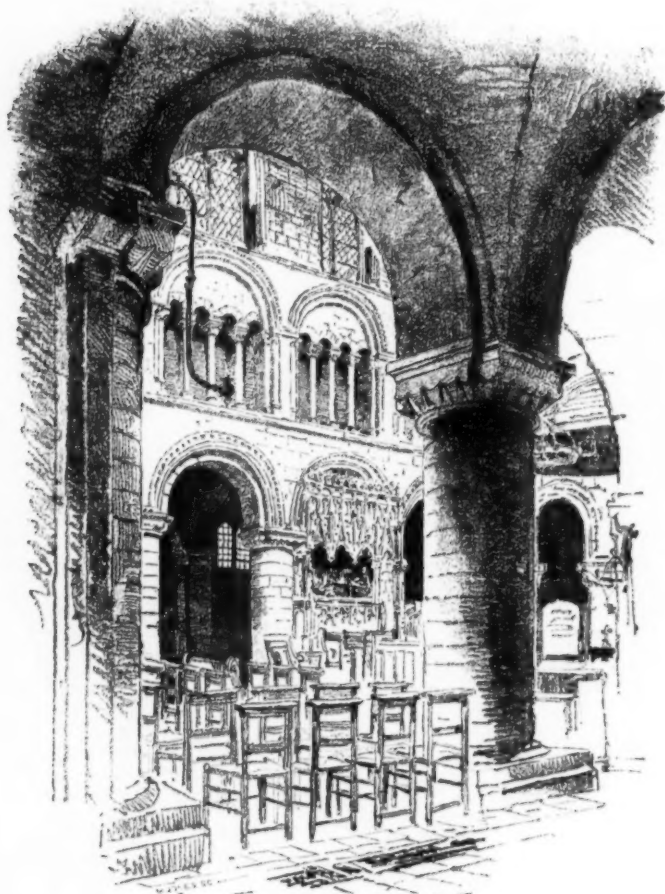
THE APSE.

of an early age: "*Hic jacet Raherus, primus canonicus et primus prior hujus ecclesiae.*"

The effigy of the first canon and first prior is of wood, and represents him with shaven crown and in the black robe of an Augustinian canon. A crowned angel at his feet holds a shield bearing two lions passant guardant and two crowns. At each side of him is a small kneeling figure of a monk reading from a book. The effigy has well-marked features, and is certainly a portrait of Rahere. His hands are in the attitude of prayer, his features are straight and prominent, and his countenance has the cheerful expression of one who rests in peace. His generous heart would have liked to hear the passage from Isaiah at which the Latin Bibles of the little kneeling monks are open: "For the Lord shall comfort Zion;

He changed Smithfield from waste into useful ground, and the region owes its present features to this ecclesiastic of the reign of Henry Beauchere.

A life of Rahere was written in the twelfth century, and a manuscript copy of this made at a later date belonged to the priory at the time of its dissolution, and is still preserved. Most of the accounts of him have been drawn from this manuscript. The writer was an Augustinian canon living at St. Bartholomew's, and he had talked with those who remembered Rahere. In his first chapter he says: "This church Raherus founded in honor of the blessed apostle Bartholomew, and there he brought together religious men serving God according to the rule of the most holy Father Augustine, and in the same he ruled in the

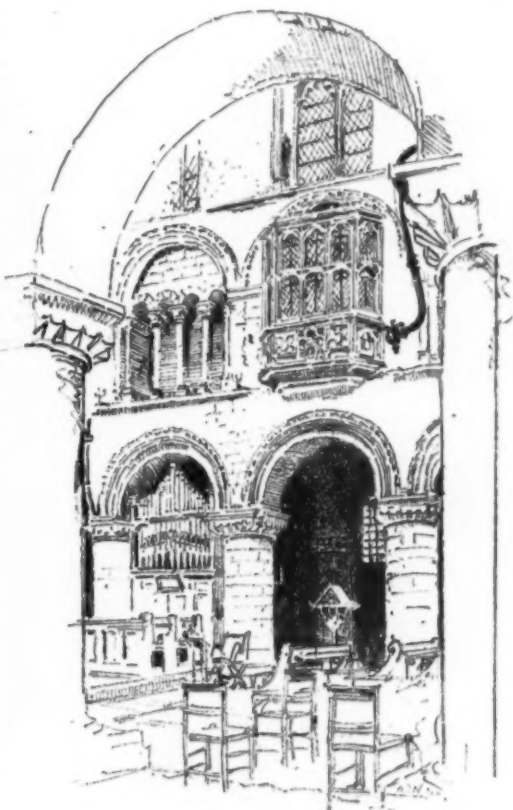


THE FOUNDER'S TOMB.

rank of prior and discharged that office for twenty-two years." In a subsequent chapter the biographer mentions that the church was founded in the year from the incarnation of our Saviour one thousand one hundred and twenty-three. Calixtus II., he says, was Pope, and William was Archbishop of Canterbury; while Richard, Bishop of London, consecrated the site, and gave up some rights of ownership which he himself had in it. This passage is important as fixing the exact date of the foundation, as to which some confusion has arisen owing to a blunder which exists in the transcript. The original manuscript said the foundation was in the twenty-third year of the reign of King Henry. The transcriber copying the Latin wrote an x too much, thus changing "XX et III," twenty-third, into "XXX et III," thirty-third, and then, to try and

square matters, made the *thirty years* apply to the king's age and the *third year* to his reign. Hence the statement of many books on London that the church was founded A. D. 1103. An examination of the account as a whole shows that the original writer referred to a time later than 1103, and that the earliest year he could have meant was 1123. Richard was not Bishop of London till 1108, and he died in 1127, and, what is conclusive, William was not consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury till February 18, 1123. Henry I. was, moreover, thirty years of age in the first year of his reign. The Augustinian canon's life of Rahere does not give many more dates. His object was to write the spiritual history of the founder, and not to chronicle the early history of his foundation. He tells how in his youth Rahere used to frequent the houses of nobles and the

king's court and cared chiefly to praise and divert his associates. But a change came over him, and he determined to spend his days better. His first step was a pilgrimage to Rome, where he visited the places of martyrdom of the apostles Peter and Paul. The latter place has always been notorious for its malaria. Rahere fell ill and vowed, if he recovered, to found a hospital for the poor in his own country. He did recover, and on his journey home had a vision in which a winged beast seemed to carry him aloft and to place him on a crag. In terror he called out, when, behold, a form of royal mien and wondrous beauty appeared to him. "I," said the form, "am Bartholomew, the apostle of Jesus Christ, and I have come to help thee in thy need and to instruct thee in hidden things of heavenly mystery. Know, then, by the will of the Trinity on high, and the universal will and command of the heavenly kingdom, that thou shalt choose a place in the outskirts of London, at Smedhfeld, where in my name thou shalt found a church, and it shall there be a house of God, a tabernacle of the Lamb, a temple of the Holy Ghost. Almighty God will dwell in this spiritual house, he will sanctify it, glorify it, and keep it spotless forever, and his eyes shall be open and his ears intent upon that house day and night, so that he who asks thence shall receive, he who seeks thence shall find, and he who knocketh thence shall he let in. They who pray there with contrite hearts shall be heard in heaven, and angels shall open the gates of heaven to vows and prayers coming thence. Therefore lift up thy hands, and, having faith in the Lord, work like a man. Be not troubled as to the means. Thou art to be the servant in this work; I will discharge the office of lord and patron." Thereupon the vision disappeared. Rahere mused upon it as he traveled on. Was it a fantastic illusion such as men often have in their sleep, or was it a message from heaven? How could he be worthy of such a communication, and yet, having received it, how dreadful to neglect it. Humility and fear, says his biographer, strove in his heart. God's will, he reflected, has often been made known to men in dreams, as may be read in both the Old and the New Testament. Daniel learnt the king's dream from his own and recognized God's revelation. Joseph was



A PRIVATE PEW.

not afraid to accept as true the exhortation of a dream. Rahere made up his mind that his was a true vision, and decided to fulfill its command as well as his former vow. On his return, his friend Richard, Bishop of London, spoke for him to the king, and he set to work on both foundations. He accomplished both, and the canon tells of several of his further good deeds during his life, and how he died on September 20, 1143, and what wonders were wrought at his tomb after his death. The canon's account of Rahere's life is confirmed in many important particulars by independent evidence. This has never been fully set forth, and the statements of the canon with regard to Rahere's fondness for gossip and jocularly before his pilgrimage have led to a groundless but often-repeated statement that he was the king's jester. The assertion is as unjustifiable as the archbishop's mistake about Mr. Yorick.

It can be shown that Rahere filled the stall of Chamberlayne's Wood in St. Paul's Cathedral about 1116, and an old French charter

proves that he was a Frenchman, and makes it probable that he came, like his friend and patron Bishop Richard, from the Duchy of Maine. It is further probable that he made his pilgrimage about 1120, at the time when the king and his friends were lamenting the untimely death of Prince Henry in the white ship. At the Three Fountains Rahere got Roman fever. It is very likely that he may have been tended during his illness on the Island of St. Bartholomew, where the old temple of Æsculapius, turned into a Gothic church, had recently been made celebrated by its reception of a famous relic stated to be the body of St. Bartholomew the apostle. The hospital now upon the island is of later date than the twelfth century, but it is probable that it had an earlier representative, and there Rahere may actually have been treated as well as the times allowed. Quinine was unknown, and Al Rhazis, whose treatise was the medical text-book of the day, knew no real cure for malarial fever. A homeward journey, with a mind bent on accomplishing a great

work, was the best treatment to be had for intermittent fever in the twelfth century. The vision and its results—were they merely part of the fever? Rahere was himself in doubt, but his grateful heart decided that they had a deeper meaning, and we may rest content to judge them by their abundant good fruits. The ancient seal of the priory, on which is engraved a church standing on a ship, with the words, "*Navis celi*," while of course pointing to the ship of the church, may have been adopted in allusion to the form of the island of St. Bartholomew in Rome, the travertine cliff of which is carved into the shape of a Roman galley.

Rahere came back from Rome in the habit of a canon regular of St. Austin. He had some companions who chose him for their head, and he built his hospital and his church, and ten years later obtained a charter of privileges from the king. The original has disappeared, but the enrolled copy was preserved in the Tower of London, and is now in the public record office. It is clear that the prior

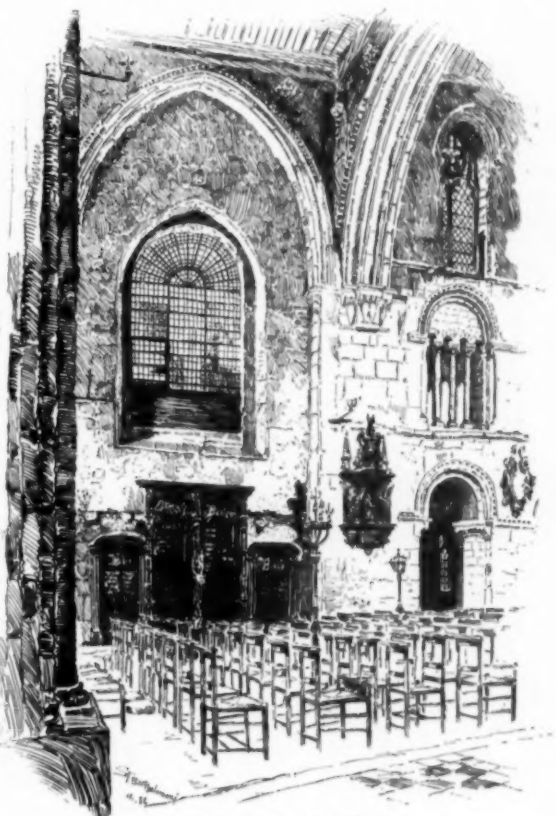


REAR ENTRANCE.

and his foundation enjoyed the royal favor, for the king says: "I will maintain and defend this church even as my crown," and "I adjure all my heirs and successors in the name of the Holy Trinity that they maintain and defend this sacred place by royal authority, and that they grant and confirm the liberties by me granted to it." A still more interesting document of Rahere's time has been preserved. It is of the year 1137, and was executed by Rahere himself. It has been kept in St. Bartholomew's Hospital ever since Rahere's time, and was first noticed in modern times by Dr. Powell, physician to the hospital, who published an excellent account of it, with its text, about sixty years ago. This charter of Rahere's is a small piece of parchment, written in a beautifully clear hand, and two large seals in good preservation remain attached. Its words are so few and so much to the point that it is worth translating at length.

"Be it known to all the faithful that I, Raherus of St. Bartholomew's which is in Smethefield Prior, and the whole convent of our church have granted as a benefice the church of St. Sepulchre to Hagno the clerk so long as he shall not enter the rule of another order to the end of his days. Moreover, know ye that the aforesaid Hagno shall every year render to the use of the canons and of the poor in the hospital fifty shillings; at the feast of Saint Michael twenty-five shillings, and at Easter twenty-five shillings. In the year of the Lord's incarnation eleven hundred and thirty-seven, the second year moreover of the reign of King Stephen in England. These were the witnesses: Haco, the dean; Hugh, canon of St. Martin's; Walter, brother of William the archdeacon; Tybold, the canon; Ralph, the master; Gilbert, the priest; Osbert, the priest; Robert, of St. Mary's; Algar, the priest; Godfrey, son of Baldwin the treasurer; Roger Black; Alexander; Odo; Geoffrey Conestable; Richard, the priest; Burdo, the clerk; Geoffrey, of Oheli."

The witnesses were churchmen, Rahere's neighbors and friends. The first is Haco, Dean of St. Martin's, a canon of which is the second witness. St. Martin's is as well known now as in the days of Rahere. He knew it as a collegiate church, the quiet home of a college of learned priests, founded before the conquest, respected and augmented by the Conqueror. In our day it is the General Post-office, the busiest center of the farthest extended business in the world. William, whose brother Walter is the next witness, is the first



TABLETS TO BENEFACTORS.

archdeacon of London whose name has been preserved. The list contains several members of the chapter of the great cathedral which is, in this day as in that, the central ornament of London. Godfrey, son of Baldwin, is the first-recorded treasurer of St. Paul's. Osbert was a royal chaplain who held the prebendal stall of Consumpta-per-mare. Geoffrey Conestable was one of Rahere's successors in the stall of Chamberlayne's Wood, the sixth upon the south side of the choir. From the masses of documents preserved in the city of London, it is possible to learn where most of these witnesses lived, and an ancient deed shows that Algar, the priest, had his house in the line of the present Thames street. Hagno, to whom the grant of St. Sepulchre's Church is made in this deed, succeeded Rahere, first as master of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and afterwards as head of the priory. "He was a cheerful man," says a chronicler, "who could make verses off-hand while preaching, and to hear whose sermons crowds did flock."

Two seals are attached to the deed, one

round, the other oval. The round one is that of the priory, the other one, that of Rahere, at once prior of St. Bartholomew's and master of the hospital. On the seal of the priory is engraved the church as built by its founder. There are three towers—a solid one resting on the west end of the roof, a bell turret on the east end, and a great tower standing free of the church and surmounted by a cross. A chapel projects at the east end, of which traces may still be noticed behind the apse of the church, while more will certainly be found when the fringe-factory which at present occupies the site of this chapel is restored to ecclesiastical uses. The Latin legend on the seal reads, "The seal of the convent of the church of God and of St. Bartholomew of Smethefelde." The other seal bears the figure

of a canon of St. Austin with his hood over his head. On the margin most of the letters of Rahere's name are still distinct. Its back is plain, but on the reverse of another very early seal of a master of the hospital is a smaller impression bearing the words, "Sigill. hospital. S. Barthol." surrounding the figure of an eagle, with curved beak, spread tail, partly expanded wings, and finely engraved feathers. The convent seal and that of Rahere are examples of English art of the beginning of the twelfth century, but this eagle is a piece of ancient Roman work, and the outline of the gem from which it was impressed may be traced within the inscribed border. It was cut by some Roman artist not long after the time of the Cæsars, and was at least eight hundred years old when it was fixed in the seal of the



CLOTH FAIR.



IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

hospital. Perhaps Rahere himself had brought it from Rome; at any rate it was religiously preserved in the hospital for four centuries; for while the seal which Rahere used is replaced in deeds of the end of the twelfth century and the beginning of the thirteenth by one bearing a noble standing figure of St. Bartholomew, staff in hand, and that in the fourteenth century by a more conventional figure of the saint holding a flaying-knife and with armorial bearings on each side, on the reverse of all is the impression of this ancient classical gem.

It was the last prior but one who spoiled the apse. He, too, cut the corbels of the western tower arch into perpendicular moldings, destroying the bolder and more appropriate Norman corbel table which matched that fortunately preserved in the eastern arch.

"Prior Bolton with his bolt in tun," as Ben Jonson calls him, has, however, left one picturesque bit—a little bow-window which projects from the triforium into the church, and has his rebus, a cross-bow bolt piercing a wine-tun, carved on its middle panel. In the buildings surrounding the church, and which it is hoped may soon be removed, fragments will probably be found of the work of priors intermediate between Rahere and Bolton. As it is, there are only two; one is a lovely triple

Purbeck marble shaft and fragment of vault of the decorated period, in the south aisle, and the other is the early English doorway in Smithfield.

There are many fine tombs of the period succeeding the dissolution of the priory, and the handsomest of all is that of Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Elizabeth and founder of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where Harvard was educated. This tomb is a fine piece of renaissance work in colored marble. Its decorations are columns, borders, and panels, with armorial bearings, and the absence of figures of any kind reminds us of Mildmay's rigid Puritanism. A great many Puritans seem to have lived in the parish in the seventeenth century, and a manuscript book preserved in the vestry, recording the preachers and the collections made in the church after sermons, and on other occasions, shows that they gave often towards the support of their friends during the great rebellion. Between February, 1642, and March, 1645, there were thirty-one collections for sick and maimed soldiers; a collection "for those souldiers that ware listed to goe for Ireland"; a collection to raise a troop of horse for service in Ireland; besides £1. 12s. 4d. for Sir Thomas Fairfax, and a great many collections for those injured or impoverished by the

rising in Ireland. The parishioners often gave for the relief of distant towns and countries, and curious fragments of the life of that time come out in these terse, business-like entries. To be carried into slavery by the corsairs of Algiers or of Tunis was not uncommon then, and we read:

"Collected this 20 of Aprill, 1645, for Bridget Tookey, which was taken by the Turkes, the sum £1.3.2.", and

"Collected this 14 of February, 1646, for Henry Smart, being a captive in Tunis. The monies collected was to be paid to Joyce Smart, his sister, the sum of £1.2.6."

Nor were the friends of the Puritans across the ocean forgotten, for there was

"Collected for the children of New England uppon 2 Sabbath daies following in february, 1643—£2.8.9."

The priory at the dissolution was sold to Sir Richard Rich on condition that he should preserve the choir as a parish church. He made what he could of the materials and of the land, but the signs of its old use are still well marked in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great. Iron gates at the entrances of Cloth Fair and of Bartholomew Close are

still shut at midnight, and recall the days when the building and grounds of the priory covered the whole parish. The close is still an open space. The last tree of the mulberry garden was cut down in the present century. Many narrow, tortuous, paved paths mark lines originally laid down by the canons regular of St. Austin. Among the buildings which abut on the church, one of which has till lately been a fringe-factory, while another is still a forge, may be traced remains of the library, the refectory, the chapter-house, the lady chapel, and the cloister. The present rector and church-wardens, aided by the liberality of the patron of the living, of the inhabitants of the parish, and of many of the citizens, have already bought part of these buildings, and hope soon to buy them all. It will then be possible to preserve this venerable church and what remains of its ancient ecclesiastical surroundings from further dilapidation, so that many generations yet to come may be affected and delighted by its venerable architecture, and taught at once the beauty and the permanence of good deeds as they visit the tomb and admire the work of its generous builder and founder.

*Norman Moore.*

## WOULD WE RETURN?

WOULD we return

If once the gates which close upon the past

Were opened wide for us and if the dear

Remembered pathway stretched before us clear

To lead us back to youth's lost land at last,

Whereon life's April shadows lightly cast

Recalled the old sweet days of childish fear

With all their faded hopes and brought anear

The far-off streams in which our skies were glassed;

Did these lost dreams which wake the soul's sad yearning

But live once more and waited our returning,

Would we return?

Would we return

If love's enchantment held the heart no more

And we had come to count the wild sweet pain,

The fond distress, the lavish tears—but vain;

Had cooled the heart's hot wounds amidst

the roar

Of mountain gales, or, on some alien shore

Worn out the soul's long anguish and had slain

At last the dragon of despair—if then the train

Of vanished years came back, and, as of yore,

The same voice called, and with soft eyes beguiling,

Our lost love beckoned, through time's gray veil smiling,

Would we return?

Would we return

Once we had crossed to death's unlvely land

And trod the bloomless ways among the dead

Lone and unhappy; after years had fled

With twilight wings along that glimmering strand,

If then—an angel came with outstretched hand

To lead us back, and we recalled in dread

How soon the tears that once for us are shed

May flow for others—how like words in sand

Our memory fades away—how oft our waking

Might vex the living with the dead heart's breaking,

Would we return,—

Would we return?

*Robert Burns Wilson.*

## THE HUNDREDTH MAN.\*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null,"  
"The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," etc.

### IX.



HEN Mr. Enoch Bullripple found himself with the Vatoldi establishment upon his hands, with John People steaming southward down

the coast, and an unknown proprietor far away in some hazy distance, he rubbed those horny hands with much satisfaction. He had never managed a restaurant, and under ordinary circumstances, he would not have considered himself competent to undertake such responsibility; but this was a peculiar case, and Enoch believed himself fully able to treat it in the peculiar fashion which he had in view. He was a shrewd, quick-witted man, and in the course of his varied life had adapted himself to a great many out-of-the-way circumstances.

He had but a single object in this scheme of getting control of Vatoldi's, and that was to discover the owner, the man behind the scenes. That this owner was determined not to come forward into public view was plain enough, for if anything would have brought him forward, it would have been the recent disturbance of his business. That for some reason John was determined not to reveal the identity of this person was equally plain.

That John himself was at the head of affairs was a supposition well enough suited to the public mind, but Mr. Bullripple's mind would not entertain it for a moment. In the first place, he knew that his nephew had not the capital nor the interest to control such a business, and that he did not enjoy the income nor the independence which it would have given him; and, more than this, he did not believe that John had the ability to plan and carry on the admirable organization which had given Vatoldi's its reputation and its success. That John had abilities of a high order, his uncle did not doubt, but these, in Enoch's belief, were the abilities to do well what he was told to do. If he could find out the man who told his nephew what he was to do, and who rewarded him so indifferently for doing it, he did not doubt but

he could make a very considerable revolution in the state of affairs, and one which would result to John's advantage. He had his nephew's welfare very much at heart, and he did not share his sister's opinion that the young man should return to them and become a farmer. From his own experience and observation he believed that there was more money in restaurant-keeping than in farming.

When Mrs. People heard that her son had gone off on a sea trip, she was glad of it, of course, because she believed he needed such a trip, but she was very much disturbed that he had not taken leave of her. Of the means employed to send John away Enoch told her nothing. She was not a person who could prevent the outside world from sharing in any information which she possessed, and besides, she would have been very much troubled, and might have, therefore, very much interfered with her brother's plans had she known that John had gone off against his will.

"You see, Hannah," said Mr. Bullripple, when he communicated the fact of John's departure, "there wasn't no time for good-byes. The steamer started off sooner than he expected, and it was lucky I had packed his valise for him and sent it down. But now he's off all right, with the best kind of weather, and he'll be back in about a week, well set up with good sea air. And what's more, if he's got his wits about him, he ought to do a little profitable tradin' down there, if it's nothin' but early peaches."

"Does Mr. Vatoldi know he has gone?" asked Mrs. People.

"No, he don't," said Enoch. "And if he wants to know anythin' about it, let him come and ask me; that's all he's got to do. And now, Hannah," continued Mr. Bullripple, "as long as you and me has got charge here, there's goin' to be a change in this restaurant. Things is goin' to be twisted around, and made very different from what they was before."

"What's the good of twistin' 'em?" asked Mrs. People. "I'm sure John's ways was all very good ways."

"That's all jus' so," replied her brother, "when the business was on its legs. But now it's flat on its back we've got to put a pillow under

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its head, and do a lot of things to make it comfortable. I don't suppose there'll be more customers than you and me can manage to do for, and if we jus' keep ourselves bold and chipper, and let people see that we're afraid of nobody, and that we're goin' to do what we please without carin' what anybody thinks about it, it won't be long before them old waiters will git tired howlin' for their coat-tails, and they'll all be beggin' to be took back. And when John comes home we can jus' hand over the place to him, and let him run it along as he used to."

"But I should think Mr. Vatoldi would have somethin' to say to all this," said Mrs. People.

"Very good," replied her brother; "and all he's got to do is to come and say it."

Vatoldi's was closed early that evening, and Mr. Bullripple went to work to inaugurate the new system by which the establishment was to be conducted. By the end of the following day the place was in pretty good running order. All the recently engaged waiters, many of whom showed signs of faint-heartedness and might be at any time frightened away by the boycotters, were discharged, and their places were supplied by a body of men whose training had been received at what is known as the cheap American restaurant.

If there remained extant anything of the spirit which used to animate the volunteer firemen of our city, the "Jakeys" and the "Sykeses" who "ran with the machine," and considered that banging each other over the head with their brass horns was one of the necessary accompaniments of a conflagration, it remained in these men. With a bold, undaunted air they strolled up and down the rows of tables with the peculiar intrepidity of shuffle known only to waiters of this class. In strong untrammelled tones they rang out the orders of the customers, sounding startling changes brought about by continued repetition upon the names of standard dishes and viands, and tossing to each diner his pasteboard check with an accuracy of aim which was sure to deposit it upon some retentive article of food.

These men had never worn dress-coats, and the army and navy would have to march over their dead bodies before they could be made to wear them. If a strike were on foot in which they sympathized, not a fallen spoon would they pick up from the floor until the matter in dispute had been settled; but in a strike like this at Vatoldi's they could see no sense, and if a boycotter had attempted to tamper with one of them, he might have imagined that the volunteer fire department had been revived, and that he and the waiter ran with rival companies.

The class of restaurant to which these men belonged was a very familiar one to Mr. Bull-

ripple. When he was in business in the city he took his meals in such places, and many of their prominent features were fixed in his memory. In its palmy days, when everything was flowing smoothly at Vatoldi's, Enoch would never have advised his nephew to adopt any of these familiar features; but now there had been a great change in the conditions of the place, and the old man seemed to think it necessary to act in harmony with this fact; and he therefore set about making everything as different as possible from what it used to be. Placards were hung on the walls on which prominent articles of the ordinary bill of fare were inscribed in large letters of black and red.

Mrs. People was very proud of her ability in the manufacture of various kinds of pie, and as soon as she found she could do what she pleased in the kitchen, she went to work with radiant delight to make and bake pies. Many of the largest placards were emblazoned with the legend, "Home-made Pies," followed by an enumeration of varieties, and the price per slice. A table near the door was covered with cans, jars, and bottles, selected from the store-room on account of the brightness of their labels; and on an adjoining table—there were plenty of them to spare just now—were specimens of cheese, pastry, fruit, cakes, etc., all covered with gauze netting to keep off the flies. In the two large show windows, which had never before contained anything but some luxuriant and handsome specimens of tropical plants in aesthetically decorated jars, now appeared some of the aforementioned placards, together with plates of uncooked chops or steaks, a box of live crabs packed in seaweed, a few particularly resplendent tin cans, with other objects of the sort adapted to catch the eye of the passer-by.

When the boycotters discovered John's absence, and noticed the great alteration in the aspect of Vatoldi's, they naturally supposed that the place had changed hands, and that in this way their oppressors had eluded the punishment which was being dealt out to them. But a few inquiries made to Mr. Bullripple by an emissary soon dispelled this notion, and they found that Mr. People was only temporarily absent, and that the establishment had not been sold, and that they could expect no favors from the parties in charge. They therefore continued their annoyances, and endeavored, by every method with which they did not expect police interference, to create a public feeling in favor of themselves, and against the heel-grinding practiced in the den called Vatoldi's.

When Mr. Bullripple and Mrs. People first appeared at Vatoldi's, that constant customer,

J. Weatherby Stull, met them as he would have met any man or woman whom, years ago, he had been in the habit of occasionally meeting in the neighborhood of Cherry Bridge, where he then lived. He spoke to them with a good-natured condescension, into which he infused enough cold dignity to show them the immense distance between their station and his own. He asked a few questions in regard to crops, etc., and then ordered his meal, and took out his newspaper. When he first discovered John's absence from his accustomed post, he was surprised and uneasy; and although he was careful not to show any interest in the matter, he could not avoid asking Mr. Bullripple what had become of his nephew, adding that he was so accustomed to seeing him there that the place appeared odd without him.

Enoch replied that John had gone away to make arrangements for regular supplies from the South, and that he would not be back for several days, perhaps a week.

"But that won't hinder this place from goin' all right," added Mr. Bullripple. "John's mother and me will run the place, and you can always git your breakfast, dinner, and supper here, Mr. Stull, with somethin' to eat between meals, if you want it."

There was not a more astounded person in the city of New York than the proprietor of Vatoldi's when he received this information. A hundred questions rushed towards his tongue, but he could ask none of them. His long-continued habit of guarded non-interest when performing his part of a regular patron of the establishment had made him very prudent, and he could not help feeling that more than ordinary caution would be required in dealing with a sharp-witted old man like Enoch Bullripple. So he contented himself with some simple remark, paid his bill, and went away.

But his way was not a quiet one. His mind was troubled and tossed by conjectures regarding John's amazing stupidity at leaving his post, and, without consultation with himself, putting Vatoldi's in charge of those two country clodhoppers. To be sure, John had spoken to him about supplies from the South, but nothing had been said which could possibly lead him to suppose that that young man would actually leave the city for several days, or perhaps a week. Such idiocy, such criminal insubordination, he had never heard of! He could not understand it, and no supposition in regard to the matter which he brought before his reasoning powers was able to satisfy them.

But this state of mind was oil-smoothed tranquillity compared to the typhoon of emo-

tions which swept through him when he perceived the changes which Mr. Bullripple had wrought in Vatoldi's—that ideal restaurant, which was at once his pride, his profit, and his closet skeleton. When he saw the firemen-like waiters striding up and down among his tables; when he saw the black-and-red-lettered placards, bearing the words, "Clam Chowder," "Golden Buck," "A Fry in a Box," "A Stew in a Pail"; but particularly when he saw the sign, "Home-made Pies, Five Cents a Slice," did the blood of Mr. Stull run in his veins like trickling streams from a glacier. He was so much astonished by the aspect of the place that he forgot to sit down, and stood almost motionless at the end of a table, until one of the new waiters strode up to him, and in a correspondingly strident voice inquired, "Have ye give ye'r order?"

For a few minutes Mr. Stull felt as if his whole nature demanded that he should rise up and assert himself; that then and there he should announce that he, J. Weatherby Stull, was lord and king of this establishment, and thereupon drive out the rowdy waiters, pack off to their homes the execrable Bullripple and his sister, tear down those vile placards, and, if necessary, shut up the place until the time should come when it could be restored to its former high position.

But he did not rise and speak. Even this soul-harrowing desecration could not give enough courage to this bank president, to this owner of the highest-priced pew, to this dignified condescender in society to avow to the world that, besides all this, he was a restaurant-keeper, and that that was the income from the sale of beefsteaks and mutton chops, tea, coffee, and ice-cream that had enabled him to establish the bank, to hire the pew, and to reach that high position in society from which he was accustomed to condescend. No, he could not do it. For too many years had he kept this vulgar source of wealth concealed from the public eye to allow it now to appear and stain with its gravies and its soups that unblemished eminence on which he believed himself to stand.

There was nothing for him to do but to sit dumb and see all this ruinous profanation of Vatoldi's without lifting a finger to prevent it. But if ever the time came when he could grind into dust the heart and fortunes of that rascally old farmer and his nephew, to whose treachery the present state of affairs was due, Mr. Stull swore to himself that with a firm and rapid hand he would grind.

He could not eat the meal he had ordered, and when he had sat over it long enough, he went up to the desk behind which Mr. Bullripple stood. As a well-known and regular

customer, Mr. Stull thought he might speak without exciting suspicion.

"You have made great changes here, Mr. Bullripple," he said. "I have been a patron of this establishment for some years, and I have never seen anything like this before. I am not accustomed to being waited upon by men of this class, and I do not like to sit in a room surrounded by such placards as I see upon these walls. The place, has fallen very much from its former condition, which was highly creditable to its managers and its proprietors. Was it your nephew who decided to make these changes?"

"Now look here, Mr. Stull," said Enoch, leaning forward on the desk, and speaking in a conciliatory tone of voice, "John hasn't got nothin' to do with all this. John's away on business, and till he comes back, I'll have to run the consarn. I've got head enough on my shoulders, Mr. Stull, to know that a place that's bein' boycotted can't be run like a place that everybody's got good words and good money for. Now till John gits home I'm goin' to let them strikin' waiters see that neither them nor their coat-tails is needed here. And let me give you a piece of advice, Mr. Stull. It's easy enough to see that the kind of restaurant I'm goin' to run isn't suited to you and your likin's, and, if I was you, I'd keep away for a time. There's other restaurants that would suit you better, and if things ever gits round to the way they used to be, you might come back ag'in."

It was difficult for Mr. Stull to control his voice and his manner, but he did it. "I am not accustomed," he said in a tone as cold and disinterested as he could command, "to change the place where I take my meals. I have been coming here for a long time, and I shall continue to do so. By the way,"—and here Mr. Stull determined to make a somewhat hazardous stroke,— "do the proprietors of this establishment approve of these changes?"

Mr. Bullripple leaned farther over the desk, and his tone became very confidential. "John never told me what sort of man Vatoldi is, and I've never asked him anythin' about him. But it's my opinion, Mr. Stull, that he is a mean, sneakin' hound who gits as much as he can out of other people, and gives 'em jus' as little as he can make 'em take, and when any trouble comes up he puts his tail between his hind legs and sneaks off like a dog that's been whipped fur stealin' victuals off the kitchen table, and keeps out of sight and hearin' till everythin' is all right ag'in, leavin' other people to stand up and be boycotted and abused. Now, if that coward of a proprietor, with a ham sandwich for a soul, and a stale one at that, don't like the way things are being managed here, let him come out of his hole and say so to me. That's

all I want. Let him come and tell *me* what he thinks about it!" And, with that, the old man brought his hand heavily down on the desk.

Mr. Stull was a strong man, especially in those mental faculties whose duty it was to guard his long-preserved secret, but his strength was scarcely equal to this occasion. If he had spoken a word he would have exploded like a dynamite bomb. All that he did was to turn away suddenly with a "Humph!" as if he had been wasting his valuable time in listening to this talk about matters in which he took no interest. He then stalked off, the condescension with which he stepped out of the way of an incoming customer being mingled with a ferocity, which, had it been observed, must have been considered a singular combination.

Furious as was the mind of Mr. Stull, raging as it did by day and by night against the cruel fate which obliged him to bear these insults, these wrongs, and these treacheries without opening his mouth or moving his hand in his own defense, his mental turmoil did not prevent his regular attendance at Vatoldi's. He might, he thought, have staid away without exciting remark, for his absence would naturally be attributed to his disgust at the present state of affairs. But he could not stay away. He must go there, he must see what that black-hearted scoundrel of a farmer was doing with his property. Since the departure of John People no money had been paid in at the bank, the manager having probably neglected to inform his uncle of that part of the daily duties of the establishment. But Mr. Stull was not disturbed on this account. Monstrous as he considered Enoch Bullripple's conduct to be, he knew that the old man was perfectly honest, and he felt sure that he would account to John for all moneys expended, and hand over the surplus. That John himself was a defaulter was out of the question. Mr. Stull's constant supervision never gave him a chance to be dishonest, and he had made his regular deposit on the day he left. Stull also believed Enoch's statement that the young man had not betrayed his secret. No matter to what height his manager's stupid folly might rise, he still felt sure that he was to be trusted in this.

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MR. CRISMAN spent a very pleasant Sunday at Cherry Bridge, and he detailed to the ladies, with much more satisfaction than if Mr. Stratford had been present, his yachting experiences of the previous week. These were by no means extraordinary experiences, but they were rather novel to Mr. Crisman, and he talked about them to his heart's content. Mrs. Justin's heart was content before she had heard the half

of them; and Gay sometimes caught herself wondering if some of the things her lover told were of sufficient importance to deserve so much careful elucidation on his part and attention on her own. Of course she wanted to hear his adventures, but she was not very desirous to be told precisely how Pete Cummins and Charley Slocum sat together in the stern, and how Abe Henderson, who was just abaft the mast trying to smoke out one of those smuggled cigars which he had bought from a sailor on the Battery, sung out that there was a squall coming and would strike them on the port quarter in about six minutes, and that the best thing they could do was to put into the island until the blow was over, if they staid all night; and how everybody aboard, except Tom Wilson, knew that there was no likelihood of a squall, or, if there was, Abe didn't know anything about it, and that Abe was just trying on the nautical to torment Tom Wilson, who was making himself comfortable on a roll of sail-cloth in the bow—this comical Tom Wilson having on a blue flannel shirt which he bought too big by mistake, and full nineteen inches in the collar, giving him the air of a lady going out to an evening party, and causing him to be particularly anxious not to go on shore and make a guy of himself, which, of course, he would be obliged to do if a squall came up.

It was not that this, and similar incidents, possessed no interest for her, but Gay's mind was a quick one, and could comprehend situations upon very terse presentations. Mr. Crisman's elaboration of minutiae became, therefore, a little tiresome to her, although she did not acknowledge this to herself, and listened with such gentle attention that Mr. Crisman felt it was almost as pleasant to tell about these things as to be at the happening of them.

On Sunday morning he went to church with the two ladies, and in the afternoon he strolled with one, but the scent of the yacht trip hung around his conversation still. But he was so good-humored, so buoyant and hearty in his talk and manner, and withal so handsome, that Gay reproached herself every time there came stealing into her mind a sense of distaste for small vessels on salt water. It was a quiet, uneventful day, but Mrs. Justin and Gay Armatt enjoyed it very much. The conditions for enjoyment were so exactly what they ought to be, and it appeared so just, right, and perfectly natural that the presence of Mr. Crisman should give pleasure not only to Gay, but to her dear friend, that the pleasure came to these two ladies as the delightful consciousness of virtue comes to the virtuous.

When Gay took her charming, beaming face upstairs that night, she sat by the window and looked out into her future—her future

with Charley Crisman. It was very bright, brighter than the sunset. It was full of glowing visions of a voyage, not in a little boat upon a bay, but in a great ship upon the rolling ocean; of far-away and lovely lands; of the weird charms of foreign life, and the mountains and plains whence trickled the headwaters of literature; and through these visionary scenes she moved with Charley, hand in hand, until at last they came to a lovely rural home, which, after all, would be more charming than the ruins of the past or the palaces of to-day.

And then she rose, and the future faded, and in its stead she saw the sky, and there were some stars there which reminded her of the stars which had come twinkling out the week before, when she had walked home after dark from the hill where she had seen the sunset. And now it came into her mind that, for some reason or other, she did not know exactly why, it was more pleasant for Mr. Stratford not to be here on the Sundays Charley was here. This was very odd, and she did not try to explain it to herself. And so, with the Charley-smile still upon her lips, she went to bed.

Mr. Crisman did not immediately retire, but, lighting a cigar, he went out on the piazza to have a walk and a smoke, and to build some castles in the air. His thoughts went immediately forth to a medium-sized frame house, probably in the Queen Anne style, somewhere in the suburbs of the city. From the parlor and dining-room floor to a room in the attic which he intended to fit up with a work-bench, at which he could make all sorts of little things that would be needed about the house, he furnished this home. To be sure, he could not expect to be in it very much on week-days; for, as he had to be at the store at nine o'clock in the morning, and as it would take him at least an hour to reach the city, he would have to have his breakfast at half-past seven, and therefore get up at seven; and, as for coming home, he could not hope to reach the house before dark, except in the long summer days. But then there would be Sundays and holidays; and even on ordinary days, if they did not sit up too late, he could rise in the morning quite early enough to have a good time working in the garden and getting an appetite for his breakfast. He knew lots of fellows who lived out of town who did that. In some way or other, they really seemed to have more time to do things than his friends who lived in the city.

As to Gay, he pictured her as the most charming mistress of a house that the world ever saw. He did not suppose that she had any domestic abilities, for she could gain nothing of these while she was grinding away at school and at college; but all that sort of

thing would soon come to her, as it does to every woman who is worth anything. Of course they would have a servant, but there would be lots for Gay to do to keep her busy and contented while he was away. For one thing, he would have a poultry house and yard, and the care of the hens and chickens would give Gay no end of fun and occupation. He saw her, in his mind's eye, collecting the snow-white eggs, and tenderly caring for the downy little chicks. If his circumstances improved,—and there was reason to believe that, if he married, he would be promoted into the foreign woollens department,—he would have a cow, although, now he came to think of it, a good cow ought to give at least ten quarts of milk a day, and what he and Gay were to do with ten quarts of milk he could not see, unless, indeed, they churned, and, by George! that was a jolly idea! They would make their own butter, and Gay should have charge of it. He was glad Gay was not a rich girl, because she would take so much more pleasure in all this sort of thing than she would if she had been rich. She would find that she would have a lot to learn that they didn't teach in college. But, when she once came to give her mind to it, he knew very well that she would get along splendidly.

And then, throwing away the stump of his cigar, Mr. Crisman danced twice up and down the piazza, holding out his arms as if he were waltzing with Gay. And having finished this exercise, he went into the house, locked the hall-door, and betook himself to bed.

Mrs. Justin did not have a very long rest that night. She never could sleep when any one was walking up and down the piazza under her window; and when Gay married Mr. Crisman—and to-day Mrs. Justin had no doubt that this would happen—she hoped that she would cure him of this practice.

When Mr. Crisman had gone, and the week of ordinary life had begun again at Cherry Bridge, Gay let one day pass without saying anything on the subject, and then she asked Mrs. Justin if she did not think it somewhat strange that Mr. Stratford had not called upon them since he went back to the farmhouse.

"It has been scarcely three days since he was here," said Mrs. Justin, "and I do not think that can be considered a very long absence."

"That depends," said Gay. "It is only a half-hour drive for him. Have the people at the farm returned yet?"

"I have not heard that they have returned," said Mrs. Justin.

"Well, then," said Gay, thoughtfully, "from what you said about the state of the farm household when you invited the two gentle-

men here, I should think he must be having a very uncomfortable time of it."

Mrs. Justin possessed an excellent temper, but this remark irritated her. She felt that Gay was not called upon to interest herself in Mr. Stratford's welfare. And, more than that, she perceived in Gay's words something of a reproach to herself. Her conscience told her that this was not altogether undeserved. Affairs must be going on roughly at the farm, with no one but a very incompetent woman to manage the household, and it did not at all conform to her high ideas of hospitality to allow an old friend, such as Mr. Stratford was, to remain in discomfort with her own large house so near. But Stratford's intentions and conduct made it impossible for her to have him at her house while Gay was there. But that was no reason why the duties of friendship should be entirely neglected. She then remarked that she intended to drive over to the farm and find out when Mrs. People was expected back and how matters were going on there.

"I will go with you," said Gay.

Now did the irritation of Mrs. Justin increase so much that she was unable to conceal it, and she answered in a tone more severe than she had ever before used towards her young friend:

"It is not at all necessary, Gay, that you should visit the farm. I am going to the village this morning, and will then drive over and see if Mr. Stratford needs anything that I can do for him."

Gay could not fail to perceive that Mrs. Justin did not approve of her putting herself forward in the cause of Mr. Stratford's welfare, but she was not offended, though she said no more upon the subject. It might be that her friend was sensitive about having other people interfere in a case like this, which was clearly within her own province; and as Gay considered the matter, she thought of several other things which might have induced Mrs. Justin to set her aside in this affair. But Gay's considerations of these possible reasons did not in the slightest degree diminish her interest in Mr. Stratford.

Mrs. Justin was not only irritated but disappointed. Mr. Crisman's last visit had produced the impression upon her that perhaps, after all, there was no reason for her fears in regard to Stratford. The lovers appeared so happy and content in each other's company that even if Mr. Stratford found further opportunities of interfering with their engagement, he would discover that he had no ground to work on. As soon as he had gone Gay had ceased to think of him, and had returned to her allegiance to the man she was to marry. But now Crisman was scarcely out of the house when Gay was filled with anxiety about Mr. Stratford's

domestic comfort, and with disappointment that he did not come to see her. All this was very disheartening to Mrs. Justin. Mr. Stratford was out when she called at the farm-house, but her inquiries convinced her that he was probably doing very well, as it was evident that he had taken the general direction of his domestic economies into his own hands. She gave the woman in charge some advice in regard to the gentleman's comfort, but she made no report of her proceedings when she returned.

Gay asked no further questions about Mr. Stratford, and she and her friend soon returned to their ordinary condition of amicable intercourse. It was Mrs. Justin's custom to leave her visitors free to spend the mornings as they best pleased, and to claim that privilege for herself. The next morning Gay pleased not to read or study. She was restless and thoughtful, and concluded that she would take a walk. So she walked over the fields and hills to the little eminence where she had seen the sunset. She climbed up to the broad rail where she had sat, and she sat there again and looked at the sky. The sky was blue now, with white clouds floating over it, but it was not a very interesting sky, and Gay got down from the fence on the other side from that on which she had climbed up. Then she walked on into a country which was new to her, and in which she experienced some of the sensations of the adventurer, for she knew she was not now on Mrs. Justin's land.

She kept on until she came to the bottom of a hill, where there was a little brook; and when she had rested herself by its banks a few minutes, watching the hurrying water as it pushed around and between and over the big stones which lay in its course, she stepped upon one or two of the driest of these stones, and was over the brook in a flash. She followed the opposite bank of the stream around the end of a low hill, and then she found herself in a pretty little valley with this mountain stream running down the middle of it. Not far away there was a clump of trees by the side of the brook, and just above these a man was fishing.

Almost as soon as she saw this man Gay knew it was Mr. Stratford. She stopped, uncertain whether or not to go on. Before the conversation of yesterday she would not have hesitated for a moment, but would have hurried, as fast as she could run, to see Mr. Stratford fish; but now a recollection of the words and, still more, the manner, of Mrs. Justin produced a vague impression upon her mind that she ought, perhaps, to turn around and go back the way she came. But instantly she began to ask herself what possible reason there

was for this impression? What was there in Mrs. Justin's words or manner which should prevent her from speaking to Mr. Stratford when she saw him? If he happened to turn his head she would be full in his view, and if he saw her going away what would he think of her? She would be treating him as if he were some stranger to be avoided. It would be most unkind and improper in her to behave to him in an unfriendly way, and so she would go on and speak to him.

This she did, but she did not run. She walked very sedately over the grass; and when she came near him he heard the slight rustling of her dress, and turned.

"Good-morning, Mr. Stratford," she said. "Shall I frighten the fish if I come there?"

Mr. Stratford was surprised, but very glad to see Gay. He put down his rod, and came forward to greet her. He said it did not matter in the least whether she frightened the fish or not, and wanted to know how she had happened to come this way.

When this had been explained, Gay begged him to go on with his fishing, because nothing would so much delight her as to see how he caught a trout. Thereupon they both approached the brook, and while Gay stood a little to one side, Mr. Stratford took up his rod and began with much dexterity to throw his fly among the ripples at the bottom of a tiny waterfall. In a few moments he caught a trout and threw it out upon the grass; then Gay ran up to it, dropped down on her knees, and was full of admiration for its beautiful colors and spots. If it had been Mr. Crisman who was fishing, Gay would have implored him to throw the poor little thing back into the water, but in regard to a fish hooked by Mr. Stratford she had no such thought. If he caught it, it was of course quite right that he should do so.

And now Mr. Stratford asked her if she would like to fish. Gay declared that she would be perfectly delighted to do so, but unfortunately she did not know how; she had never fished since she was a little girl, and then in the most primitive way, with worms. She had heard and read a good deal about artificial flies, but she had never before seen any one use them. Thereupon Mr. Stratford took out his book of flies, and showed Gay the various kinds of feather insects, and told her when and why he used this variety or that. Then she was very anxious to begin, and Stratford put the rod into her hands, explained the use of the reel, and going a little farther along the brook he began to give her lessons in managing the rod, throwing the fly, and in various other branches of trout-fishing. Gay's business in life was to learn, and she was so bright

and quick at seeing what ought to be done, and Stratford was so earnest and patient in teaching her, that after half an hour's practice she could make a fly skim above the surface of the water with something that resembled in a certain degree the skill of a practiced fisher.

In the course of time a trout actually rose to her fly, and she hooked it. With a wild, spasmodic jerk, which would have broken her tackle had the fish been a large one, she threw it far out on the grass, the line just grazing Mr. Stratford's hat as it flew over his head. She was now in raptures, and she fished on with much zest, although her success was small.

And so Gay did all the fishing, for Mr. Stratford assured her that he could fish any day, and that it was ever so much more pleasure to show her how to use the rod than to use it himself. And they walked and they talked, and Gay declared that she had found out something which was not taught in colleges, and that was that the way to superoxygenate the air was to fish. The atmosphere seemed truly full of exhilaration, and not only she herself, but everything else, seemed to be breathing it with delight.

"I wish Izaak Walton had written his book in Greek," cried Gay, "for then I would put it among my Greek reading next winter, and in that way keep before my mind this fussy little brook with real fishing fish in it. And now won't you show me again how to give that little wobble to the fly as I wave it?"

And so Mr. Stratford took Gay's little hand into his own, she still holding the rod, and the fly on the end of the line began to wobble itself more over the water, and less over the grass.

At length Stratford stopped and took out his watch. "I think, Miss Armatt," he said, "that we must now give up fishing for to-day. You will have just time enough to get home to lunch."

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed Gay, "that it is near one o'clock!"

"It is half-past twelve," said Stratford, "but I can show you a much shorter way to Mrs. Justin's house than that by which you came."

And now the little feather fly was put away with its brothers, the rod was disjoined and packed up, and Gay and Stratford walked along one edge of the stream until they came to a good place to cross, when he, with one foot upon a rock and the other on the bank, took both her hands in his, and she made a flying skip over the brook without any need of a stepping-stone. They now followed the course of the valley until they came to a fence, in one panel of which were movable bars, and these being taken down by Mr. Stratford, Gay passed

through. Then he put them up again, but remained on the other side from her.

"Now all you have to do," he said, "is to keep straight on until you get to the corner of that bit of wood. When you have turned that, you will see the house before you at the bottom of a long hill."

"But are you not coming to take lunch with us?" exclaimed Gay. "I thought, of course, you'd do that!"

"Oh, no," replied Stratford with a smile. "I couldn't lunch with ladies in these fishing clothes and muddy boots."

"The clothes are plenty good enough," said Gay; "and I am sure that Mrs. Justin won't like it at all when she hears you have been so near and wouldn't stop to lunch."

Stratford smiled, but shook his head.

"Then you will come to-morrow?" said Gay. "You haven't been to see us for ever so long; and I have six pages marked, on which there are things I want to ask you about."

Mr. Stratford stood by the fence, leaning on the upper rail. "Miss Armatt," he said, "I shall not be able to visit you to-morrow. In fact, as I am going to the city in a day or two, it will be some time before I can give myself the pleasure of calling at Mrs. Justin's house."

"I don't see what going to the city in a day or two has to do with it," said Gay, "when you live so near."

Stratford laughed, but made no answer to this remark. "You must not think, Miss Armatt," he said, "that I have any intention of evading those six marked pages. But I must not keep you here any longer, or Mrs. Justin will think you are lost. Good-bye, for just now." And he reached out his hand over the fence.

Gay put her hand in his, and as she did so she said nothing, but looked straight into his eyes with an expression full of interrogation.

"Good-bye," he said again. And then he gently dropped her hand, and she went her way.

Gay's way was now a thoughtful one, and her thoughts could have been formulated to express the idea that the best plan to expel the oxygen from the air was to have Mr. Stratford say the things he had been saying. There was something wrong, and she could not understand it. In fact, she soon gave up trying to understand it; and her mind, for the greater part of the walk home, was entirely occupied with the contemplation of the fact that never in her life had she met any one who, in certain respects, could be compared to Mr. Stratford as a companion. It was not merely that he knew so much about all sorts of things; it was a good deal more than that. His mind seemed to possess the quality of hospitality; it seemed

to open its doors to you, to ask you to come in and make yourself at home; and you could not help going in and making yourself at home—at least Gay could not. And she did not want to help it either. She had never known any one on whom, in certain respects, it was such a pleasure to depend as Mr. Stratford. Even when he helped her over the brook, or showed her how to use a fishing-rod, there was something encouraging and inspiring in his very touch.

And yet Gay's thoughts and sentiments in regard to Mr. Stratford did not interfere in the least with her thoughts and sentiments regarding Mr. Crisman. These were on a different plane, and in a different sphere. She did not exactly say this to herself, but reflections of similar significance passed across her mind, and being of such easy comprehension were not detained for consideration.

When Mrs. Justin heard where Gay had been, with whom she had met, how she had fished, how she had enjoyed it, what a perfectly lovely morning it had been, what a charming thing it was to have a man like Mr. Stratford teach one how to fish, how Mr. Stratford had declined to come to lunch, and a good deal of what he had said on this and other subjects, that lady listened in silence; her face was grave, and her heart was pained. She felt that Fate was against her in the effort she was making in behalf of the right. When she spoke she said a few words in regard to Mr. Stratford's visit to the city, and then changed the subject. In the course of an hour or two a basket of trout was sent over from the Bull-ripple farm, and they were cooked for supper; but Gay noticed that Mrs. Justin, who, as she knew, was very fond of trout, partook not of this dish.

Mrs. Justin's peace of mind was not increased when, next morning, she received a letter from Arthur Thorne requesting her permission to address Miss Armatt. Mr. Thorne wrote that he was aware that Mrs. Justin was not related to Miss Armatt, nor was she that young lady's guardian, but as Miss Armatt was at present a member of her family, he would consider it an instance of bad social faith were he to carry out his present intention of securing board in her neighborhood for the express purpose of visiting Mrs. Justin's house and endeavoring to win favor in the eyes of Miss Armatt, without frankly apprising Mrs. Justin of said intention. The letter closed with an earnest hope that this proposed step would meet with Mrs. Justin's approval.

"Is it possible," exclaimed the lady as she rose to her feet, with this letter crushed in her hand, "that Stratford has never told his friend of Mr. Crisman!"

For an hour Mrs. Justin walked the floor, this matter galloping through her mind, and then she sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Thorne informing him of Gay's engagement to Mr. Crisman. She did not allude to the strangeness of the fact that he had not heard of this, and she made her letter as kind and as appreciative of honorable motives as she believed such a truly honorable man as Arthur Thorne deserved.

# XI.

THE cyclones and the typhoons still continued to rage through the soul of J. Weatherby Stull as he daily visited Vatoldi's and beheld the performances of Enoch Bullripple. Whatever deed an absolute fool might do, that, in the eyes of Mr. Stull, did Enoch, and whatever a wise man might perform, that thing Enoch left undone. With John People gone he knew not whither, and not a soul on earth with whom he could share his misery and rage, Mr. Stull's condition was such that every hour threatened the downfall of Mr. Bullripple, and the simultaneous toppling over of the lofty social pedestal of the Stull family. But the head of the family had made that pedestal his only object of adoration, and it was that adoration which time after time saved the pedestal from the destruction threatened by its builder.

As has been said, Mr. Stull came every day to Vatoldi's, but he no longer brought his family, nor urged them to come. That restaurant, with its swaggering waiters and its flaunting placards of "Chowder" and "Golden Buck," was no place for them. In its present condition he did not wish to see the place patronized. He went there himself because he must know what was going on, but he would have been very glad if no one else had gone. Attracted by Enoch's showy inducements, and by the notoriety which the boycotters had given to the place, a great many persons took their meals at Vatoldi's. But they were not the former patrons of the establishment. They belonged to a much lower social sphere; and, had circumstances permitted, it would have delighted the soul of Mr. Stull to take each one of them by the neck and put him out into the street, and then to close the shutters of Vatoldi's and lock and bar its doors, keeping them closed and barred until affairs could be so ordered that he could reopen his establishment upon its old basis of order, propriety, and systematic excellence.

One afternoon Mr. Horace Stratford arrived in town, and being very desirous to obtain news of his landlord and landlady, from whom he had received but two very unsatisfactory notes, he repaired directly to Vatoldi's. When he reached the place he was surprised

to see quite a crowd before the door, who regarded with much lively interest a man who was taking a meal at a small table placed on the sidewalk directly in front of one of the large windows. Over this man's head hung a placard, on which was inscribed:

"YESTERDAY THE BOYCOTTERS GAVE ME  
TWO DOLLARS  
TO PLAY SHAM, AND TO-DAY I AM PAID  
THREE DOLLARS  
TO EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY."

Mr. Stratford did not stop to ask questions; but, seeing Mrs. People inside the door, he immediately walked in and accosted her.

The good woman's face was beaming with the pleasure which frequently follows a benevolent action. A big policeman—all sorts of people now came to Vatoldi's—had just been partaking of a repast at a table near the door, and Mrs. People, who had been temporarily left in charge of the cashier's desk, and who liked to encourage the patronage of policemen in these troublous times, had cut a large slice of one of her own cherry pies, and had taken it to him with her own hands as a gratuitous addition to his meal.

"That's from me," she said, in her brusque, cheerful way. "It's all right. Don't mention it." And then she bustled back to the desk.

When the policeman came up to pay the amount of his check, Mrs. People, who was not an adept at addition and subtraction, gave him his change with a deficiency in the amount which was larger than the price of the piece of pie. The good policeman perceived the error, but hesitated a little before mentioning it to a person who had just been so generous to him. He stood for a moment undecided whether to speak or not, when Mrs. People exclaimed:

"Now don't say anythin' about that pie. That's all right. Did you think it was good? It ought to be, for I made it myself." And then, with a jolly little nod, she turned aside to speak to a waiter, and the policeman, in a state of uncertain gratefulness, departed.

The glow of kindness upon Mrs. People's countenance brightened into the radiance of joy when she beheld Mr. Stratford. With outstretched hand she hurried to meet him, and poured forth an instantaneous torrent of questions regarding his welfare at the farm, broken by great bowlders of regret at the unfortunate state of affairs which obliged her to leave him there alone.

It was an hour when there were few persons in the long room, but had the place been crowded it would have been all the same to Mrs. People.

After a time Mr. Stratford began to ask questions. "This place seems very much changed," he said, looking about him. "Has boycotting done all this?"

"The dear knows what it has done, and what it hasn't done," said Mrs. People. "Enoch attends to the upstairs business, and I have my hands full tryin' to keep things straight in the kitchen. He is out now, and so I had to come up here; but he'll be back directly, and mighty glad he'll be to see you."

"What is the meaning," asked Stratford, "of that man eating at a table outside, with the people standing along the curb-stone looking at him?"

"Oh, that's one of Enoch's contrivances," said Mrs. People with a laugh. "Yesterday the boycotters hired that man to come in here and get somethin' to eat; and, dear knows, they didn't give him money to git much; and when he had finished he went out on the pavement right in front of the door, and bent himself nearly double, and began to howl as if he was suff'rin', and to holler out that he'd been p'izenin' by what had been given him to eat in here. As true as I live, sir, 'twasn't more'n half a minute before there was a crowd outside, a-blockin' up the pavement; and where they came from so quick I don't know; and that man in the middle of them a-howlin' and groanin' and shakin' his fist at the people in here for p'izenin' of him. It wouldn't 'a' been two minutes before there'd been a row, and windows broke, for all I know, but the very second that Enoch set eyes on the man and saw what was up, he made one dash out the front door, and grabbed the feller by the collar, and pulled him inside in no time. Then two of the waiters they took the man one by each arm and Enoch pushin' behind, and they whisked him out lively into the little back-yard, and then they got him down right flat on the bricks, and Enoch he called for a big bottle of olive oil to give to him quick to stop the p'izen. Then the feller he got frightened, not knowin' what he'd be made to take, and he sung out that he wasn't p'izenin' at all, and that 'twas all sham. Then Enoch he sent the waiters away and let the man up, and then and there he made a bargain with him; and as he had been hired yesterday to make believe he was sick, Enoch hired him to come to-day and set out in front of the shop and eat, and let people see that the victuals we furnish here agree with him. Enoch has give orders that they're to take victuals out to him a little at a time, so's he can be kep' eatin' all day. This mornin' some boycotter's boys threw mud at him, but the perlice ketched 'em, and there was an end to that. And here comes Enoch now."

Mr. Bullripple was quite as glad to see his

boarder as Mrs. People had been, and the two sat down at a table and had a long talk on the state of affairs. Mr. Stratford was greatly interested in Enoch's account of what he had done, for the old man told him everything, even to his method of getting rid of John People in order to have a clear field to work in.

"You see, sir," said Enoch, "what I'm about is a good sight deeper than what folks is likely to think that jus' looks at it from the outside. There's a rat in a hole in this Vatoldi business, and all these things that surprise you about the place is the stick that I'm tryin' to punch him out with; and I think that feller eatin' outside has just made the stick about long

enough to reach the mean, sneakin' varmint at the bottom of his hole. I'm almost dead sure I tetched him, for if he didn't stick out his head this mornin', I'm wuss mistaken than I ever was before in my life. I'm pretty sure that it won't be long now before I'll have him. And then, if I choose, Mr. Stratford,—I don't say that I'm goin' to do it, but I can do it, if I like,—I'm of the opinion I can show you your hundredth man. For if there's one man that sticks out sharp from any hundred people you know, it's this one I'm after."

"I have a very strong notion, Enoch," said Mr. Stratford, "if you catch the person you call your rat, and bring him to me yourself, that I shall see my hundredth man."

(To be continued.)

Frank R. Stockton.

## EDWARD THOMPSON TAYLOR,

### THE BOSTON BETHEL PREACHER.

THIS evangelist of the sea was born in Richmond, Virginia, December 25, 1793. He was a Christmas present of then unknown worth. He was a ruddy child; as of red earth the first Adam is fabled to have been made. As he grew up his brown hair had in it a tint of fire, as if from an ever-burning flame in his breast. He was a possessed man. To the credit of what was afterwards the Confederate capital, we must pass this great nativity. His mother was Scotch, a governess in what, from something of superior rank recognized at that time in the homestead, was called "the great house," from which his father was banished for making such a supposed inferior match. The mother expired as the son came into the world. The little "bundle of baby" fell into the hands of a negro mammy, whose love and care ever after haunted his heart. Like Moses, drawn out of the bulrush ark in Egypt, or like Jesus in the manger, he was a foundling of providence, and foreordained to the business of preaching. It is a curious parallel between him and the elder Booth that as the distinguished actor wanted prayers over some dead pigeons, so Taylor held funeral services for chickens and kittens that had departed this life, and used not only persuasion, but even the whip, to gather his mourning audience of negro boys and girls, though the lash may have been as gentle as the oratory was wonderful in the six-year-old boy. When he was about seven, living near the city with a lady to whom the charge of him had been consigned, he was one day out picking up chips. A sea-captain passing by asked him if he did

not want to be a sailor. He instantly left his chips, as the first disciples did their nets and money-changers' tables. He did not even go back to the house to say good-bye, but, readily impressed, ran away with the free-spoken stranger, embarked on the sea and upon the for him wilder ocean of human life.

In the biography of Taylor, prepared by the Reverend Gilbert Haven and the Honorable Thomas Russell, one of his sons-in-law, the next ten years are called "a blank," and they were no doubt a hard experience, to which he was seldom inclined to refer. But void of instruction and discipline, that rough decade could not have been any more than were the "three years in Arabia" of the Apostle Paul. In his later ministry, having been taken to visit the famous Dr. Channing, on leaving the house he observed to the friend who had introduced him: "Channing' has splendid talents; what a pity he had not been educated!" No school, academy, or college could equal in Taylor's mind that university of wind and wave through whose long and trying curriculum with many a sharp examination, for at last such triumphant graduation, he had passed. But he never forgot the rock he was hewn from in Virginia, the mother of States. A feeling, though no doctrine, of State sovereignty or State rights may have been at the bottom of his opposition to abolitionists, and of his resentment of John Brown's raid. But his abode in North Square would have been the quickest to open to a fugitive and the hardest out of which to get a runaway slave. He was a patriotic American, but his

yearning for native soil led him, when he was physically far past his prime, to make a pilgrimage to the old birthplace, and afterwards at a religious festival in Boston the tale of his travels was told. He had been anxious, he said, above all, to find one of his playmates, little Johnny by name. But he hunted the town after him in vain, until at length an old, white-headed, stooping man was discovered and brought to him; and that was all that was left of "little Johnny."

The present writer's recollection of this pathetic speech of reminiscence, which carried away a thousand hearers as with a flood of tears, advises him how impotent must be any attempt to expound the method of this "walking Bethel," as by Edward Everett he was called. It were as easy to describe the method of a cyclone, water-spout, or thunder-cloud. He was a piece of nature, yet also of perfect, marvelous, half-unconscious art. When an actor from New York went to see "how he did it," having heard of the effect he produced, all the watching of tone and gesture was foiled; and the curious expert had at length to retreat behind his pocket-handkerchief to hide his sobs. Like a rocket which, as it rises and blazes, unwraps manifold hues, and drops through the sky bewildering showers of sparks whose shapes are gone ere they can be marked and described, such was his spontaneous rhetoric, surprising nobody more than it did himself. In his bronzed and scarred face, that did not appear to have found itself in a looking-glass, and in the mellow voice, so musical unawares, was never an atom of pretense, artifice, or intoning affectation. When his own eyes were streaming, and the congregation's cheeks were wet, he would keep straight on without a quaver, and not break down, though everybody else was melted and overwhelmed. Once I asked Emerson to dine with him, and Emerson hesitated, saying he feared "Taylor was a cannon, better on the Common than in a parlor." But at the table what a flute, harp, or viol he proved to be! He represented, in New England, the tropical zone. He was a creature no less real than strange, as we have to take into our natural history not only the lark and robin and sparrow, but also the gait and flight and splendor of the parrot, oriole, and flamingo. But no repeater was he of other people's speech. Of all eminent Americans he was the most original and inimitable in his genius and style. Like his Master, he never wrote. He said he shivered from hand to foot at the sight of an inkstand and pen. If he undertook composition he was bereft of his power. He prepared himself after his own fashion for the pulpit; yet, if a text was handed

in at the last moment, it was like a drill-borer on a sudden touching deep in earth an oil or gas-well, which bursts up, perhaps, in flame. His most overcoming eloquence in public or private was provoked by a question on the spot. When the Methodist ministry, to which he had belonged, was ridiculed as deserving but small pay, he answered that the circuit-rider, with his Bible in his hand and before him "a wilderness of human souls," would be a match for any divinity-school graduate. He was an extemporizer, who did not, however, slight his task. He compared getting ready for the desk to fermentation: "When the liquor begins to swell and strain and groan and hum and fizz, then pull out the bung!" No idler or lounging, he observed closely and mused deeply. He was perpetually alert with look and ear and thought. He leaped in humor and sparkled with wit. He was not partial, but threw his span across the broad stream of human life. He was the parallax of this solar system of society. He presided at all boards, as he would have walked the quarter-deck of a ship, a commander sympathetic with his crew, having the courage of a lion and the tenderness of a lamb or a dove. When one of his daughters remonstrated with him about something he was doing, he replied he "had not sailed so long, to be run down by a schooner." At his conference meetings, which were more entertaining than a museum or theater, he would cry out to the slow speaker, "The King's business requires haste"; to the irrelevant, "Too far off"; to those of laborious utterance, "Lubricate"; and when there had been any impertinent or insolent display of declamation, a green, tigerish light came into his untamed eye, the signal of seizing on his prey and omen of self-assured victory. "How long shall we compass this Jericho before the walls tumble!" he cried out in my vestry. I hinted that if conversion may be immediate, the formation of character is a process. He "got mad" with me in a moment, and bounced out of the room. But the next time we met he hugged and kissed me in the street.

His method, or rather God's method with him, did not exclude study or books. But he was not a peruser of literature. He listened while one of his daughters read to him for long hours, day after day. He admired the sermons of South. But he never quoted anybody. He assimilated and reproduced. He said of those constant at the church prayer-meetings, "These are the absorbents"; and he was himself a huge absorbent from all that the world of knowledge and action had to give. It was a normal school of the whole creation he went to, and which he never could get

through the lessons of, till he had been at the head of every class.

His mode was not learned, logical, or dogmatic, but so impassioned that the wonder is that his spontaneous combustion should not have brought his constitution to ashes ere he was nearly seventy-eight years old. Before his imagination, ever on fire, heaven and hell lost their substance, fled as fading views or fugitive shows, while in the horizon arose or lowered only the saint's or sinner's spiritual state. "Walking large" like the Indian and treading disrespectfully over all denominational lines, this indeed catholic preacher judged nothing and nobody by sectarian rules. He transcended the transcendentalists,—he dug with his garden shovel under all the radical growths. He was the only speaker among us that could hold scholars and authors, farmers and sailors under the same spell. After he had addressed once our Boston Philosophic Club, Emerson said, "When the spirit has orb'd itself in a man, what is there to add?" When a brother begged of him a subject, he answered, "It would be too hot for you to hold."

In his rapt discourse he seemed to have no mortal body but what served for expression and was the medium of his mind; his eye, his hand, his very foot spoke. In the midst of other talkers he was like a President in his cabinet. What great orators we have had,—Everett with his studious grace and melodious voice, Webster the resistless and majestic, the oriental fancy of Choate and the silver trumpet of Phillips blazing against slavery the blast of doom! But in none of them was a power to fuse, blend, and kindle so divine as that of Taylor. His chimney did not smoke. His gun carried its charge without any stain in the barrel. If eloquence be clear delivery of the highest emotions and a communication so complete, through look and account, that the manner and gesture disappear in the lodging of sentiment and truth in the hearers' breasts, then this man succeeded. He was a live transparency and a self-operating telephone. How supple to the spirit and without a speck, to obscure or thwart, in himself!

He was in earnest. He said, "When I am full of grace, my voice is thunder." Dante was painted in the streets of Florence as "the man who had seen hell." Taylor beheld heaven and hell, like Swedenborg, as both alike eternal states in the soul. They were to him but the picture-book of its condition. Daniel Webster he called the best of bad men—but he wanted to see him again beyond! If Emerson should go to hell, he said, "it would change the climate, and the emigration would be that way." Parker, he declared, would have been in hell so long he would not know

he had ever been out of it, before he could even "mar the gilding on the Bible lids." To astonish a stagnant preacher, he said that his own dearly beloved wife was in hell, but that she was having a good time there, as the church formulary teaches that Christ "descended into hell." When one affirmed of a desperate transgressor that he would "go to the devil," Taylor stretched out his hand and exclaimed, "farther than that," meaning that the wicked have a worse fate than is implied in meeting any visible Satan, in the grapple they were sentenced to with their own remorse.

The pit played no such part as did the celestial region in the drama which this exhorter's sermons were. When he heard a liberal Christian, in a May-meeting speech, make much ado about evil and dwell with long and painful patience on the subject of sin, he compared him to "a beetle rolling his ball of dung to his hole in the sand." "The good Samaritan," he said, "did not maul the wounded Jew with texts." I cite but a few samples from memory, out of the thousand-fold repertory of illustration which no record of a verbal herbarium would be big enough to hold, even pressed and dry.

It is fifteen years since, on April 6, 1871, the man passed on, or over, as the French say, whom we cannot conceive to be dead or to have any goal or term. When he was about to go, drawing his last breath, as it is said the majority of persons do, at the turn or ebbing of the tide, he was told that he would soon be among the angels. He replied, "Folks are better than angels."

He was an opposer of Spiritualism. In a call which I made upon him with William Lloyd Garrison and George Thompson, the English abolitionist, he denounced the doctrine of ghostly manifestations which they zealously upheld; he averred that where he, Taylor, was, the spirits never came to stay. They must have been indeed very lively to have had or been of spirit more than he was himself. Infinite love with imperial will was in this apocalyptic angel "standing on the land and on the sea."

Most men who have been famous in the clerical profession live in their works, as we so politely call their printed words. But no scrap of his writing is to be found. Paul said his converts were his "epistle." Father Taylor's letters were the sailors, who carried his name and lessons to every shore and port of the globe. As seeds of plants are transported by insects or in the bodies of larger beasts, and as germs float, as in thistle-down, on every breeze, so by whoever touched or heard this minister-at-large and by every wind under the

whole heaven his teachings were borne to sow the world.

He was a moralist; he taught temperance. "I would put all the alcohol in a cave and roll a planet to the door."

The main argument for religion is such a man who is by its realities so inspired that he feels like the prophet who had "fire enough in his belly to burn up all the sins of mankind." But Taylor was not a man of vagaries, the heat-lightning of the mind. His peculiar faculty was to bring ideas into contact with life. "Higher law," he said, "it means stand from under." With the odd phrasing of transcendentalism he was offended; and he branded that new philosophy, of fifty years ago, as "a gull, with long wings, lean body, poor feathers, and miserable meat." A bright man said he was afraid of Taylor's wit, knowing he would make him cry before he got through. No error or iniquity could cloud or disperse the positive glory he saw or hush the hosannas he sang. So, without written register, he liveth evermore. His enthusiasm many floods of opposition or fogs of doubt or indifference could not quench or dim. To his thought the heavens were less than the human soul. There were no dimensions to his heart. He too was "greater than the temple." "O Lord," he once prayed for an old man, "take him to heaven, if his friend be there; but, at any rate and in all events, take him where his friend is!" That petition many friends of Taylor's, still in the flesh, are disposed for themselves to adopt and repeat.

No early Christianity, no medieval theology, or so-called ages of faith, could yield a better specimen than this man of trust, whether in a present providence or a future life. As he was leaving Boston, to journey for health in the East, he said to his friends, "I commit to you my wife, my children, and my church. But He, who gives a ton of herring for breakfast to the young whales, will take care of my children." When he was discoursing once to me about the Trinity and the only-begotten Son of God, I asked him if he thought there ever was a time when God had but one child, or when his family could be counted. He flushed and cried out, "There you are at your metaphysics!" The metaphysicians stood not high in his esteem. He said, "They are like fire-flies in a southern swamp—Flash, flash, and all is dark again." He tried to be a stanch Methodist in his creed. But no pulpit of his day showed a catholicity to match his own. When a denominational brother declined to enter his desk because a Unitarian had been in it, he left him at the end of the aisle, fell on his knees at the foot of the pulpit-stairs and exclaimed, "O Lord, deliver us, here in

Boston, from bigotry and from bad rum; thou knowest which is worst, for I do not." The Reverend Doctor Lyman Beecher, meeting him one day in the street, said humorously, "Well, Brother Taylor, who is cheating? Are you cheating the Unitarians, or are the Unitarians cheating you?" Instantly came the reply, "The fact is, Brother Beecher, a third party has come in that wants to have all the cheating to itself." He loved Ralph Waldo Emerson, as Emerson did him, they being clerical cotemporaries. But he said, "Emerson knows nothing more about Christianity than Balaam's ass did of Hebrew; but I have watched him, and I find in him no fault. I have laid my ear close to his heart, and cannot detect any jar in the machinery." Of another person, nearly connected with himself, being asked if his friend had been converted to religion, he answered, "No, he is not a saint, but he is a very sweet sinner." As he was dining at my table with Doctor William Ellery Channing and my dear colleague, Doctor Charles Lowell, the latter inquired about a famous preacher of Taylor's acquaintance at the North End in Boston, where the Sailors' Bethel was, adding, "I should like very much to see him." Taylor broke out with, "You cannot see him, sir; he is behind his Master."

But for his unsurpassed independence of will and character, Taylor would have melted and been dissolved in his rarely equaled sympathies for every living creature. As I walked with him on the public garden in Boston, a sparrow, startled from a clump of bushes by our tread, flew in fright away. He stopped on the gravel path, looked and stretched his hand after the bird, squeezing his fingers gently together in a sort of caress, and said to the sparrow, "I would not hurt you." But, on another occasion, he declared to me, "If there were in the Boston Port Society any discontent, I would show them the back seams of my stockings very quick." It would have been hard to tell whether he most loved Boston, or Boston most loved him. Never was any morose or gloomy expression caught on his face. His charm was that he was a cheerful Christian. He said of believers of the long-visaged type, "They seem to have killed somebody and just come back from burying the body." On the doorstep of my house, as he went out to make a call, he turned and said, "Laugh till I get back." When John Quincy Adams had addressed the company at a Unitarian festival as "brothers and sisters," Taylor said, "My ears have heard and mine eyes have seen a wondrous thing,—the man with the army and navy of the United States at his nod and beck, saying here, 'brothers and sisters.'" He was not only a preacher, of

genius unlike any other, but a faithful pastor to visit the needy of the flock. But he said of a certain member of it who kept continually falling back into drunken ways, "He is an expensive machine; I have to keep mending him all the time; but I will never give him up."

In extemporaneous utterance Taylor has in no community ever been excelled. His was indeed a marvelous fervor and flow. He made an assembly of the clergy shake with irresistible laughter, as with perfect mimicry he took off their own manner of preaching, with the hand and arm stretched one way in gesture, and their eye in another direction hunting after the place on the manuscript page. But seldom indeed has any actor or orator been possessed in like measure, or rather beyond all calculable degree, with the dramatic gift. He astonished the late Dr. Belows, with whom he sat at my board, as, without rising from his chair, he enacted the spinning dervish, a figure he had himself seen in his travels abroad, and which he made us see, though not stirring from the room where we sat and ate. It could not have been done by Kean or Booth. In the Revelation it is written, "And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them." Reverently we may apply this sublime verse to illustrate how, before a divinely inspired human imagination,

sublunary things flee and become as chaff in the wind from the threshing-floor, or put on new shapes as symbols and ciphers of realities which with the soul abide forever.

"Can a Calvinist be a Christian?" asked Taylor of Doctor Horace Bushnell. "Certainly he can," Bushnell replied. "Not so fast," rejoined Taylor. "Suppose, to the elect in heaven by sovereign decree with no claim beside, the Lord should come and say, 'Let us turn this stick round, and give the doomed at the other end a chance, while you take a spell in their torment, would the saints by arbitrary favor submit?' " Bushnell laughed, but offered no rebuttal to the query. Yet Taylor was not a Universalist in the sense of making the inner door of the tomb open into paradise immediately for all. When one scouted, in his presence, the notion of a retribution to come, he remarked, lifting his thumb and finger significantly to his nose, "We all have a sentimentality of that sulphur." But he was hospitable to any stranger, lay or clerical, in his church. "Come up," he cried to them; "my pulpit has no doors."

Perhaps these memorial fragments may hint a consistent whole. They may be formed into an image of the great friend and servant of the mariners, their priest without cowl or frock; or revive for some the actual traits in him which no abstract or analytic disquisition could clearly and fully set forth.

*C. A. Bartol.*

## FATHER TAYLOR AND ORATORY.

I HAVE never heard but one essentially perfect orator — one who satisfied those depths of the emotional nature that in most cases go through life quite untouched, unfed — who held every hearer by spells which no conventionalist, high or low — nor any pride or composure, nor resistance of intellect — could stand against for ten minutes.

And by the way, is it not strange, of this first-class genius in the rarest and most profound of humanity's arts, that it will be necessary (so nearly forgotten and rubbed out is his name by the rushing whirl of the last twenty-five years) to first inform current readers that he was an orthodox minister, of no particular celebrity, who during a long life preached especially to Yankee sailors in an old fourth-class church down by the wharves in Boston — had practically been a sea-faring man through his earlier years — and died April 6, 1871, "just as the tide turned, going out with the ebb as an old salt should"? His name is now comparatively unknown outside

of Boston, and even there (though Dickens, Mrs. Jameson, Dr. Bartol, and Bishop Haven have commemorated him) is mostly but a reminiscence.

During my visits to "the Hub," in 1859 and '60 I several times saw and heard Father Taylor. In the spring or autumn, quiet Sunday forenoons, I liked to go down early to the quaint ship-cabin-looking church where the old man ministered — to enter and leisurely scan the building, the low ceiling, everything strongly timbered (polished and rubbed apparently), the dark rich colors, the gallery, all in half-light, and smell the aroma of old wood, to watch the auditors, sailors, mates, "matlows," officers, singly or in groups, as they came in, their physiognomies, forms, dress, gait, as they walked along the aisles, their postures, seating themselves in the rude, roomy, undoorred, uncushioned pews, and the evident effect upon them of the place, occasion, and atmosphere.

The pulpit, rising ten or twelve feet high,

against the rear wall, was backed by a significant mural painting, in oil—showing out its bold lines and strong hues through the subdued light of the building—of a stormy sea, the waves high-rolling, and amid them an old-style ship, all bent over, driving through the gale, and in great peril—a vivid and effectual piece of limning, not meant for the criticism of artists (though I think it had merit even from that standpoint), but for its effect upon the congregation, and what it would convey to them.

Father Taylor was a moderate-sized man, indeed, almost small (reminded me of old Booth, the great actor, and my favorite of those and preceding days), well advanced in years, but alert, with mild blue or gray eyes, and good presence and voice. Soon as he opened his mouth I ceased to pay any attention to church or audience or pictures or lights and shades; a far more potent charm entirely swayed me. In the course of the sermon (there was no sign of any MS., or reading from notes), some of the parts would be in the highest degree majestic and picturesque. Colloquial in a severe sense, it often leaned to Biblical and oriental forms. Especially were all allusions to ships and the ocean and sailors' lives of unrivaled power and life-likeness. Sometimes there were passages of fine language and composition, even from the purist's point of view. A few arguments, and of the best, but always brief and simple. In the main, I should say, of any of these discourses, that the old Demosthenean rule and requirement of "action, action, action," first in its inward and then its outward sense, was the quality that had leading fulfillment.

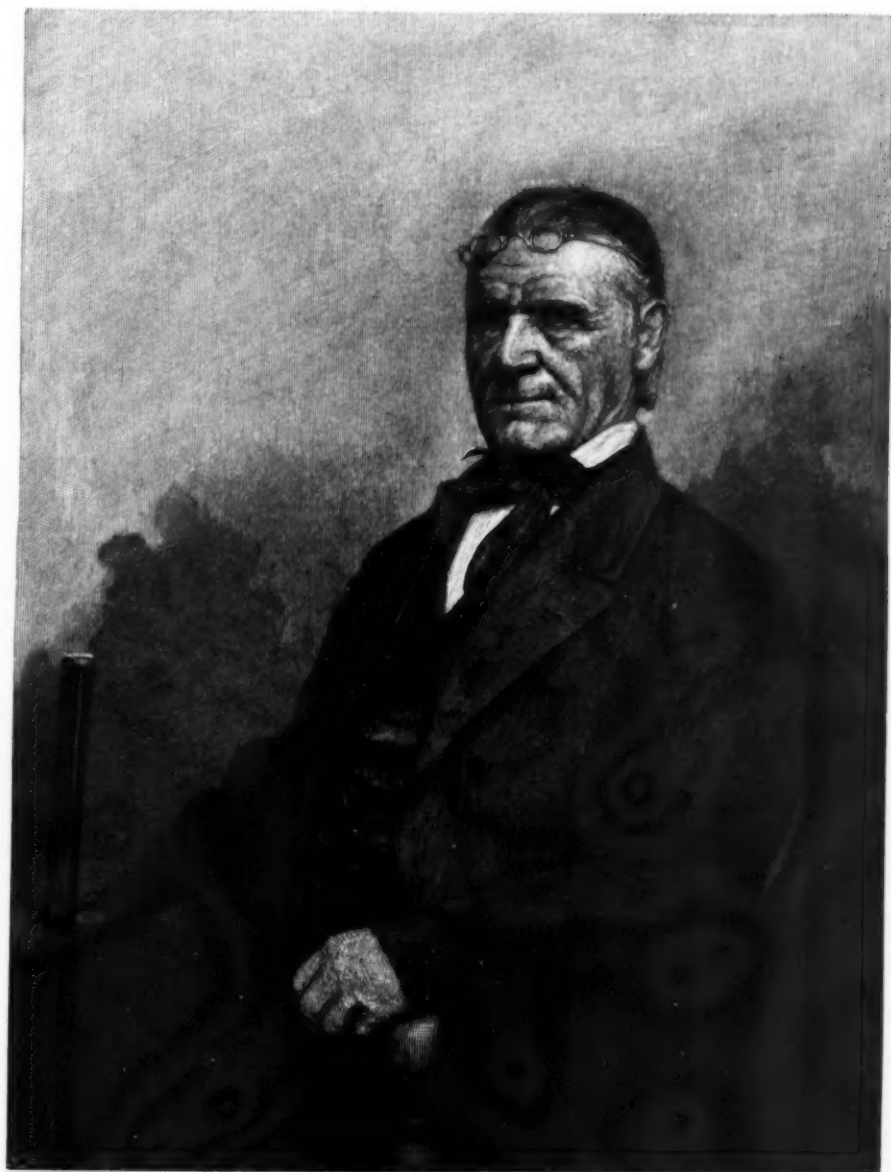
I remember I felt the deepest impression from the old man's prayers, which invariably affected me to tears. Never, on any similar or other occasions, have I heard such impassioned pleading—such human-harassing reproach (like Hamlet to his mother, in the closet)—such probing to the very depths of that latent conscience and remorse which probably lie somewhere in the background of every life, every soul. For when Father Taylor preached or prayed, the rhetoric and art, the mere words (which usually play such a big part), seemed altogether to disappear, and the *live feeling* advanced upon you and seized you with a power before unknown. Everybody felt this marvelous and awful influence. One young sailor, a Rhode Islander (who came every Sunday, and I got acquainted with, and talked to once or twice as we went away), told me, "that must be the Holy Ghost we read of in the Testament."

I should be at a loss to make any comparison with other preachers or public speakers. When a child I had heard Elias Hicks, and Father Taylor (though so different in personal appearance, for Elias was of tall and most shapely form, with black eyes that blazed at times like meteors) always reminded me of him. Both had the same inner, apparently inexhaustible, fund of volcanic passion—the same tenderness, blended with a curious remorseless firmness, as of some surgeon operating on a beloved patient. Hearing such men sends to the winds all the books, and formulas, and polished speaking, and rules of oratory.

Talking of oratory, why is it that the unsophisticated practices often strike deeper than the trained ones? Why do our experiences perhaps of some local country exhorter—or often in the West or South at political meetings—bring the most rapid results? In my time I have heard Webster, Clay, Edward Everett, Phillips, and such *célèbres*; yet for effect and permanence I recall the minor but life-eloquence of men like John P. Hale, Cassius Clay, and one or two of the old abolition "fanatics" ahead of all those stereotyped fames. Is not—I sometimes question—the first, last, and most important quality of all, in training for a "finished speaker," generally unsought, unrecked of, both by teacher and pupil? Though may be it cannot be taught anyhow. At any rate, we need to understand clearly the distinction between oratory and elocution. Under the latter art, including some of high order, there is indeed no scarcity in the United States,—preachers, lawyers, lecturers, etc. With all, there seem to be few real orators—almost none.

I repeat, and would dwell upon it (more as suggestion than mere fact)—among all the brilliant lights of bar or stage I have heard in my time—for years in New York and other cities I haunted the courts to witness notable trials, and have heard all the famous actors and actresses that have been in America the past fifty years—though I recall marvelous effects from one or other of them, I never had anything in the way of vocal utterance to shake me through and through, and become fixed, with its accompaniments, in my memory, like those prayers and sermons—like Father Taylor's personal electricity and the whole scene there—the prone ship in the gale, and dashing wave and foam for background—in the little old sea-church in Boston, those summer Sundays just before the Secession war broke out.

Walt Whitman.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. W. BLACK & CO.

EDWARD THOMPSON TAYLOR.

### KEATS'S GREEK URN.

WHEN the young poet wrought so unaware  
From purest Parian, washed by Grecian seas,  
And stained to amber softness by the breeze  
Of Attic shores, his Urn, antequely fair,—  
And brimmed it at the sacred fountain, where  
The draught he drew were sweet as Castaly's,—  
Had he foreseen what souls would there appease  
Their purer thirsts, he had not known despair!  
About it long processions move and wind,  
Held by its grace,— a chalice choicely fit  
For Truth's and Beauty's perfect interfuse,  
Whose effluence the exhaling years shall find  
Unwasted: for the poet's name is writ  
(Firmer than marble) in Olympian dews!

*Margaret J. Preston.*

### THE STARS.

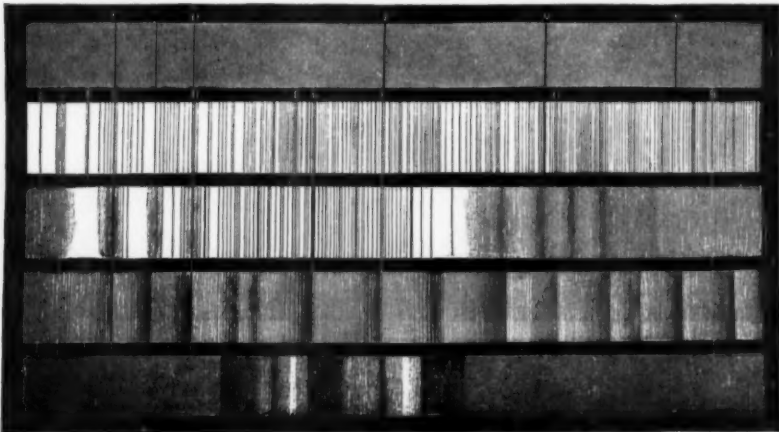
#### THE NEW ASTRONOMY.



IN the South Kensington Museum there is, as everybody knows, an immense collection of objects, appealing to all tastes and all classes, and we find there at the same time people belonging to the wealthy and cultivated part of society, lingering over the Louis Seize cabinets or the old majolica, and the artisan and his wife, studying the statements as to the relative economy of baking-powders, or admiring Tippoo Saib's wooden tiger.

There is one shelf, however, which seems

to have some attraction common to all social grades, for its contents appear to be of equal interest to the peer and the costermonger. It is the representation of a *man* resolved into his chemical elements, or rather, an exhibition of the materials of which the human body is composed. There is a definite amount of water, for instance, in our blood and tissues, and there on the shelf are just so many gallons of water in a large vessel. Another jar shows the exact quantity of carbon in us; smaller bottles contain our iron and our phosphorus in just proportion, while others exhibit still other constituents of the body, and the whole reposes on the shelf, as if ready for the



TYPES OF STELLAR SPECTRA.



THE MILKY WAY. (FROM A STUDY BY E. L. TROUVELOT, BY PERMISSION OF CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

coming of a new Frankenstein, to re-create the original man and make him walk about again as we do. The little vials that contain the different elements which we all bear about in small proportions are more numerous, and they suggest, not merely the complexity of our constitutions, but the identity of our elements with those we have found by the spectroscope, not alone in the sun, but even in the distant stars and nebulae, for this wonderful instrument of the New Astronomy can find the traces of poison in a stomach or analyze a star, and its conclusions lead us to think that the ancients were nearly right when

they called man a microcosm, or little universe. We have literally within our own bodies samples of the most important elements of which the great universe without is composed, and you and I are not only like each other, and brothers in humanity, but children of the sun and stars in a more literal sense, having bodies actually made in large part of the same things that make Sirius and Aldebaran. They and we are near relatives.

But if near in kind, we are distant relatives in another way, for the sun, whose remoteness we have elsewhere tried to give an idea of, is comparatively close at hand; quite at hand,



A FALLING MAN.

one may say, for if his distance, which we have found so enormous, be represented by that of a man standing so close beside us that our hand may rest on his shoulder, to obtain the proportionate distance of one of the *nearest* stars, like Sirius, for instance, we should need to send the man over a hundred miles away. It is probably impossible to give to any one an adequate idea of the extent of the sidereal universe; but it certainly is specially hard for the reader who has just realized with difficulty the actual immensity of the distance of the sun, and who is next told that this distance is literally a physical point

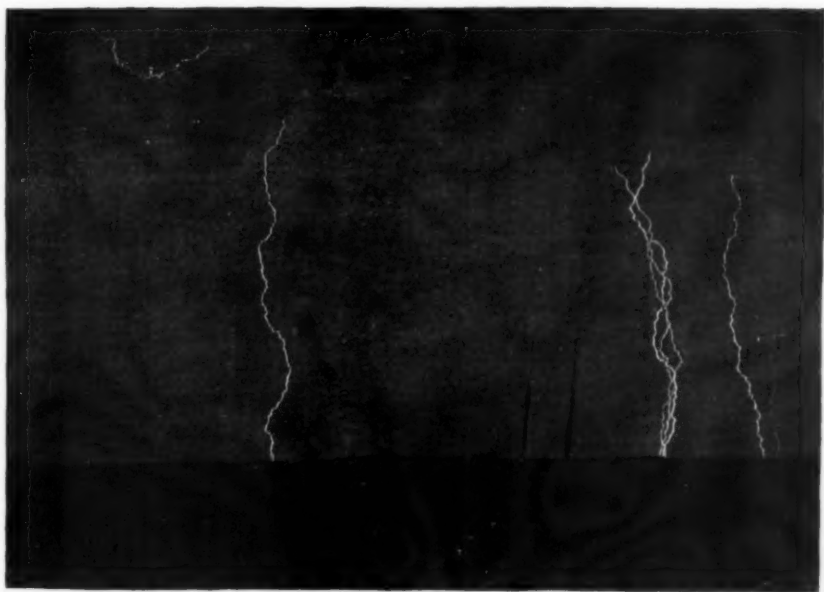
as soon as one was born, that their life was but a span, and their globe an atom. Yet it seems that when one of these very Saturnian dwarfs came afterward with him to our own little ball, and by the aid of a microscope discovered certain animalculæ on its surface, and even held converse with two of them, he could not in turn make up his own mind that intelligence could inhere in such invisible insects, till one of them (it was an astronomer with his sextant) measured his height to an inch, and the other, a divine, expounded to him the theology of some of these mites, according to which all the heavenly host,

as seen from the nearest star. The jaded imagination can be spurred to no higher flight, and the facts and the enormous numbers that convey them will not be comprehended.

Look down at one of the nests of those smallest ants, which are made in our paths. To these little people, we may suppose, the other side of the gravel walk is the other side of the world, and the ant who has been as far as the gate, a greater traveler than a man who comes back from the Indies. It is very hard to think not only of ourselves as relatively far smaller than such insects, but that, less than such an ant-hill is to the whole landscape, is our solar system itself, in comparison with the new prospect before us — yet so it is.

All greatness and littleness are relative. When the traveler from the great star Sirius (where, according to the author of "*Micromegas*," all the inhabitants are proportionately tall and proportionately long-lived) discovered our own little solar system, and lighted on what we call the majestic planet Saturn, he was naturally astonished at the pettiness of everything compared with the world he had left. That the Saturnian inhabitants were in his eyes a race of mere dwarfs (they were only a mile high, instead of twenty-four miles like himself) did not make them contemptible to his philosophic mind, for he reflected that such little creatures might still think and reason; but when he learned that these puny beings were also correspondingly short-lived, and passed but fifteen thousand years between the cradle and the grave, he could not but agree that this was like dying

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A FLASH OF LIGHTNING. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. H. G. PIFFARD.)

including Saturn and Sirius itself, were created for them.

Do not let us hold this parable as out of place here, for what use is it to write down a long series of figures expressing the magnitude of other worlds, if it leave us with the old sense of the importance to creation of our own, and what use to describe their infinite number to a human mite who reads and remains of the opinion that *he* is the object they were all created for?

Above us are millions of suns like ours. The Milky Way (shown on page 587) spreads among them, vague and all-surrounding, as a type of the infinities yet unexplored, and of the world of nebulae of which we still know so little. Let us say at once that it is impossible here to undertake the description of the discoveries of the New Astronomy in this region, for we can scarcely indicate the headings of the chapters which would need to be written to describe what is most important.

The first of these chapters (if we treated our subjects in the order of distance) would be one on space itself, and our changed ideas of the void which separates us from the stars. Of this we will only say in passing, that the old term "the temperature of space" has been nearly abrogated, for while it used to be supposed that more than half of the heat which warmed the earth came from this mysterious "space" or from the stars, it is now recog-

nized that the earth is principally warmed only by the sun. Of the contents of the region between the earth and the stars, we have, it must be admitted, still little but conjecture, though perhaps that conjecture turns more than it used to the idea that the void is not a real void, but that it is occupied by something which, if highly attenuated, is none the less matter; and something other and more than the mere metaphysical conception of a vehicle to transmit light to us.

Of the stars themselves, we should need another chapter to tell what has been newly learned as to their color and light, even by the old methods, that is, by the eye and the telescope alone; but if we cannot dwell on this, we must at least refer, however inadequately, to what American astronomers are doing in this department of the New Astronomy, and first in the photometry of the stars, which has assumed a new importance of late years, owing to the labors carried on in this department at Cambridge.

That one star differs from another star in glory we have long heard, but our knowledge of physical things depends largely on our ability to answer the question, "how much?" and the value of this new work lies in the accuracy and fullness of its measures, for in this case the whole heavens visible from Cambridge to near the southern horizon have been surveyed, and the brightness of every



SPECTRA OF STARS IN PLEIADS.

naked-eye star repeatedly measured, so that all future changes can be noted. This great work has taxed the resources of a great observatory, and its results are only to be adequately valued by other astronomers; but Professor Pickering's own investigations on variable stars have a more popular interest. It is surely an amazing fact that suns as large or larger than our own should seem to dwindle almost to extinction, and regain their light within a few days or even hours; yet the fact has long been known, while the cause has remained a mystery. A mystery, in most cases, it remains still, but in some we have begun to get knowledge, as in the well-known instance of Algol, the star in the head of Medusa. Here it has always been thought probable that the change was due to something coming between us and the star; but it is on this very account that the new investigation is more interesting, as showing how much can be done on an old subject by fresh reasoning alone, and how much valuable ore may lie in material which has already been sifted. The discussion of the subject by

Professor Pickering, apart from its elevated aim, has if only in its acute analysis only the interest belonging to a story where the reader first sees a number of possible clues to some mystery, and then the gradual setting aside, one by one, of those which are only loose ends, and the recognition of the real ones which lead to the successful solution. The skill of the novelist, however, is more apparent than real, since the riddle he solves for us is one he has himself constructed, while here the enigma is of nature's propounding; and if the solution alone were given us, the means by which it is reached would indeed seem to be inexplicable.

This is especially so when we remember what a point there is to work on, for the whole system reasoned about, though it may be larger than our own, is at such a distance that it appears, literally and exactly, far smaller to the eye than the point of the finest sewing-needle; and it is a course of accurate reasoning, and reasoning alone, on the character of the observed changing brightness of this point,

which has not only shown the existence of some great dark satellite, but indicated its size, its distance from its sun, its time of revolution, the inclination of its orbit, and still more. The existence of dark invisible bodies in space, then, is in one case, at least, demonstrated, and in this instance the dark body is of enormous size, for, to illustrate by our own solar system, we should probably have to represent it in imagination by a planet or swarm of planetoids hundreds of times the size of Jupiter, and (it may be added) whirling around the sun at less than a tenth the distance of Mercury.

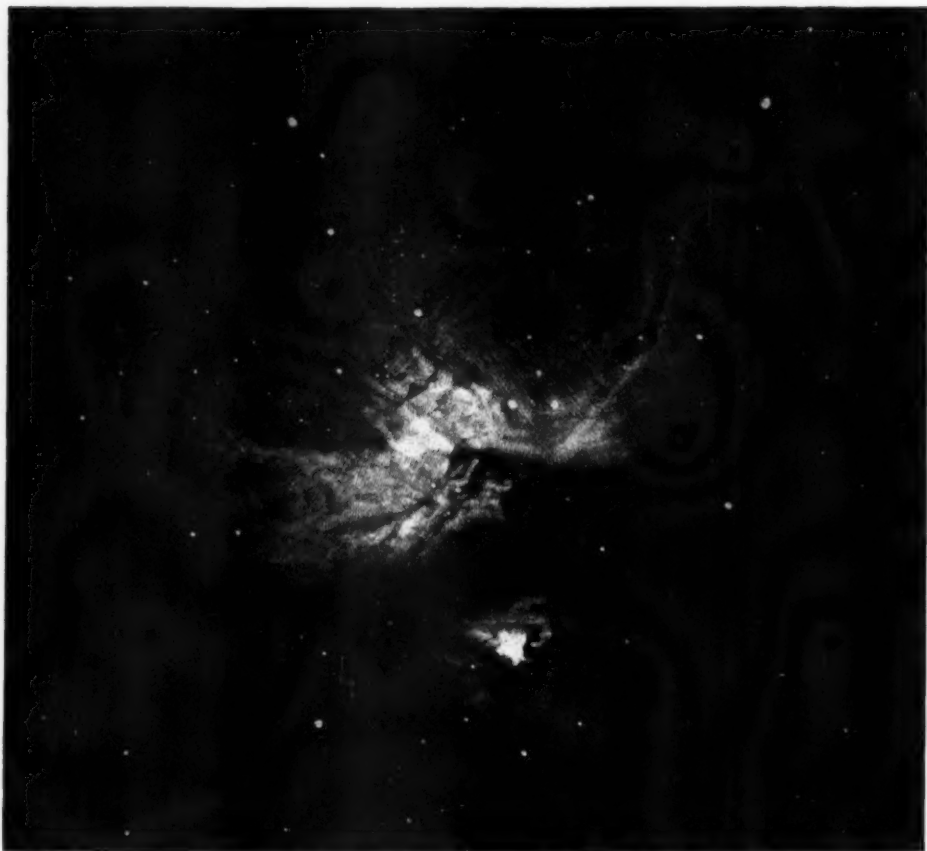
Of a wholly different class of variables are those which have till lately only been known at intervals of centuries, like that new star Tycho saw in 1572. I infer from numerous inquiries that there is such a prevalent popular notion that the "Star of Bethlehem" may be expected to show itself again at about the present time, that perhaps I may be excused for answering these questions in the present connection.

In the first place, the idea is not a new, but a very old, one, going back to the time of Tycho himself, who disputed the alleged identity of his star with that which appeared to the shepherds at the Nativity. The evidence relied on is, that bright stars are said to have appeared in this constellation repeatedly at intervals of from three hundred and eight to three hundred and nineteen years (though even this is uncertain); and as the mean of these numbers is about three hundred and fourteen, which again is about one-fifth of 1572 (the then number of years from the birth of Christ), it has been suggested, in support of the old notion, that the Star of Bethlehem might have been a variable, shining out every three hundred and fourteen or three hundred and fifteen years; whose fifth return would fall in with the appearance that Tycho saw, and whose *sixth* return would come in 1886 or 1887. This is all there is about it, and there is nothing like evidence, either that this was the star seen by the Wise Men, or that it is to be seen again by us. On the other hand, nothing in our knowledge, or rather in our ignorance, authorizes us to say positively it cannot come again, and it may be stated for the benefit of those who like to believe in its speedy return, that if it does come, it will make its appearance some night in the northern constellation of Cassiopeia's chair, the position originally determined by Tycho at its last appearance, being twenty-eight degrees and thirteen minutes from the pole, and twenty-six minutes in right ascension.

We were speaking of these new stars as having till lately only appeared at intervals of

SPECTRUM OF ALDEBARAN.

SPECTRUM OF VEGA.



GREAT NEBULA IN ORION. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. A. COMMON, F. R. S.)

centuries; but it is not to be inferred that if they now appear oftener it is because there are more of them. The reason is, that there are more persons looking for them, and the fact is recognized that, if we have observers enough and look closely enough, the appearance of "new stars" is not so very rare a phenomenon. Every one at all interested in such matters remembers that in 1866 a new star broke out in the Northern Crown so suddenly that it was shining as bright as the Polar Star, where six hours before there had been nothing visible to the eye. Now all stars are not as large as our sun, though some are much larger; but there are circumstances which make it improbable that this was a small or near object, and it is well remembered how the spectroscope showed the presence of abnormal amounts of incandescent hydrogen, the material which is perhaps the most widely dif-

fused in the universe (and which is plentiful, too, in our own bodies), so that there was some countenance to the popular notion that this was a world in flames. We were, at any rate, witnessing a catastrophe which no earthly experience can give us a notion of, in a field of action so remote that the flash of light which brought the news was unknown years on the way, so that all this—strange but now familiar thought—occurred long before we saw it happen. The star faded in a few days to invisibility to the naked eye, though not to the telescope; and, in fact, all these phenomena at present appear to be rather enormous and sudden enlargements of the light of existing bodies than the creation of absolutely new ones; while of these "new stars," the examples may almost be said to be now growing numerous, two having appeared in the last two years.

Not to enlarge, then, on this chapter of photometry, let us add, in reference to another department of stellar astronomical work, that the recognized master in the study of double stars the world over is not an astronomer by profession, at the head of some national observatory in Berlin or Paris, but a stenographer in the Chicago law-courts, Mr. W. S. Burnham, who, after his day's duties, by nightly labor, prolonged for years with the small means at an amateur's command, has perhaps added more to our knowledge of his special subject in ten years than all other living astronomers.

We have only here alluded to the spectroscopic in its application to stellar research, and we cannot now do more than to note the mere headlines of the chapters that should be written on it.

It is the memorable fact, that after reaching across the immeasurable distances, we find that the stars are like *us*; like in their ultimate elements to those found in our own sun, our own earth, our own bodies. Any fuller view of the subject than that which we here only indicate would commence with the evidence of this truth, which is perhaps on the whole the most momentous our science has brought us, and with which no familiarity should lessen our wonder, or our sense of its deep and permanent significance.

Next, perhaps, we should understand that, invading the province of the Old Astronomy, the spectroscopic now tells us of the motions of these stars, which we cannot see move; motions in what we have always called the "fixed" stars, to signify a state of fixity to the human eye which is such that to it at the close of the nineteenth century they remain in the same relative positions that they occupied when that eye first looked on them, in some period long before the count of centuries began.

In perhaps the earliest and most enduring work of man's hands, the great pyramid of Egypt, is a long straight shaft, cut slopingly through the solid stone, and pointing, like a telescope, to the heavens near the pole. If we look through it now we see—nothing; but when it was built it pointed to a particular star which is no longer there. That pyramid was built when the savages of Britain saw the Southern Cross at night, and the same slow change in the direction of the earth's axis itself that in thousands of years has borne that constellation to southern skies has carried the stone tube away from the star that it once pointed at. The actual motion of the star itself, relatively to our system, is slower yet—so inconceivably slow that we can hardly realize it by comparison with the duration of the longest periods of human history. The

stone tube was pointed at the star by the old Egyptians, but "Egypt itself is now become the land of oblivionness, and doteth. Her ancient civility is gone, and her glory hath vanished as a phantasma. She porest not upon the heavens, astronomy is dead unto her, and knowledge maketh other cycles. Canopus is afar off, Memnon resoundeth not to the Sun, and Nilus heareth strange voices." In all this lapse of ages the star's own motion could not have so much as carried it across the mouth of the narrow tube. Yet a motion to or from us of this degree, so slow that the unaided eye could not see it in thousands of years of watching, the spectroscopic first, efficiently in the hands of the English astronomer, Dr. Huggins, and later in those of Professor Young of Princeton, not only reveals at a look, but tells us the amount and direction of, in a way that is as strange and unexpected, in the view of our knowledge a generation ago, as its revelation of the essential composition of the bodies themselves.

Again, in showing us this composition, it has also shown us more, for it has enabled us to form a conjecture as to the relative ages of the stars and suns; and this work of classifying them, not only according to their brightness, but each after his kind, we may observe was begun by a countryman of our own, Mr. Rutherfurd, who seems to have been among the first after Fraunhofer to apply the newly invented instrument to the stars, and quite the first to recognize that these were, broadly speaking, divisible into a few leading types, depending not on their size but on their essential nature. After him Secchi (to whom the first conception is often wrongly attributed) developed it, and gave four main classes into which the stars are in this way divisible, a classification which has been much extended by others; while the first carefully delineated spectra were those of Dr. Huggins, who has done so much for all departments of our science that in a fuller account his name would reappear in every chapter of this New Astronomy, and than whom there is no more eminent living example of its study. Owing to their feeble light, years were needed when he began his work to depict completely so full a single spectrum as that he gives of Aldebaran, though he has lived to see stellar spectrum photography, whose use he first made familiar, producing in its newest development, which we give here, the same result in almost as many minutes. Before we present this latest achievement of celestial photography, let us employ the old method of an engraving made from eye-drawings once more, to illustrate on page 586 the distinct character of these spectra, and their meaning. In the telespectroscope, the star is drawn out into

a band of colored light, but here we note only in black and white the lines which are seen crossing it, the red end in these drawings being at the left, and the violet at the right; and we may observe of this illustration, that though it may be criticised by the professional student, and though it lack to the general reader the attraction of color, or of beautiful form, it is yet full of interest to any one who wishes to learn the meaning of the message the star's light can be made to yield through the spectroscope, and to know how significant the differences are it indicates between one star and another, where all look so alike to the eye. First is the spectrum of a typical white or blue-white star, Sirius, the very brightest star in the sky, and which we all know. The brighter part of the spectrum is a nearly continuous ribbon of color, crossed by conspicuous, broad, dark lines, exactly corresponding in place to narrower ones in our sun, and due principally to hydrogen. Iron and magnesium are also indicated in this class, but by too fine lines to be here shown.

Sirius, as will be presently seen, belongs to the division of stars whose spectrum indicates a very high temperature, and in this case, as in what follows, we may remark (to use in part Mr. Lockyer's words) that one of the most important distinctions between the stars in the heavens is one not depending upon their mass or upon anything of that kind, but upon conditions which make their spectra differ just in the way that in our laboratories the spectrum of one and the same body will differ at different temperatures.

What these absolutely are in the case of the stars, we may not know, but placing them in their most probable relative order, we have taken as an instance of the second class or lower-temperature stage our own sun. The impossibility of giving a just notion of its real complexity may be understood, when we state that in the recent magnificent photographs by Professor Rowland, a part of this spectrum alone occupies something like fifty times the space here given to the whole, so that, crowded with lines as this appears, scarcely one in fifty of those actually visible can be given in it. Without trying to understand all these now, let us notice only the identity of two or three of its principle elements with those found in other stars, as shown by the corresponding identity of some leading lines. Thus, C and F (with others) are known to be caused by hydrogen; D, by sodium;  $\delta$ , by magnesium; while fainter lines are given by iron and by other substances. These elements can be traced by their lines in most of the different star-spectra on this plate, and all those named are constituents of our own frames.

The hydrogen lines are not quite accurately

shown in the plate from which our engraving is made; those in Sirius, for instance, being really wider by comparison than they are here given, and we may observe in this connection, that by the particular appearance such lines wear in the spectrum itself, we can obtain some notion of the *mass* of a star, as well as of its chemical constitution. We can compare the essential characteristics of such bodies then without reference to their apparent size, or as though they were all equally remote; and it is a striking thought that when we thus rise to an impartial contemplation of the whole stellar universe, our sun, whose least ray makes the whole host of stars disappear, is found to be not only itself a star, but by comparison a small one — one at least which is more probably below than above the average individual of its class, while some, such as Sirius, are not impossibly hundreds of times its size.

Then comes a third class, such as is shown in the spectrum of the brightest star in Orion, looking still a little like that of our sun, but yet more distinctively in that of the brightest star in Hercules, looking like a columnar or fluted structure, and concerning which the observations of Lockyer and others create the strong presumption, not to say certainty, that we have here a lower temperature still. Antares and other reddish stars belong to this division, which in the very red stars passes into the fourth type; and there are more classes and subclasses without end, but we invite here attention particularly to the first three, much as we might present a child, an adult, and an old man, as types of the stages of human existence without meaning to deny that there are any number of ages between. We can even say that this may be something more than a mere figure of speech, and that a succession in age is not improbably pointed at in these types.

We may have considered — perhaps not without a sort of awe at the vastness of the retrospect — the past life of the worlds of our own system, from our own globe of fluid fire as we see it by analogy in the past, through the stages of planetary life to the actual condition of our present green earth and on to the stillness of the moon. Yet the life history of our sun, we can hardly but admit, is indefinitely longer than this. We feel, rather than comprehend, the vastness of the period that separates our civilization from the early life of the world; but what is this to the age of the sun, which has looked on and seen its planetary children grow? Yet if we admit this temperature classification of the stars, we are not far from admitting that the spectroscope is now pointing out the stages in the life of suns themselves; suns just beginning their life of

almost infinite years; suns in the middle of their course; suns which are growing old and casting feeble beams,—all these and many more it brings before us.

Another division of our subject would, with more space, include a fuller account of that strange and most interesting development of photography which is going on even while we write, and this is so new and so important that we must try to give some hint of it even in this brief summary, for even since the first numbers of this series were written, great advances have taken place in its application to celestial objects.

Most of us have vague ideas about small portions of time; so much so, that it is rather surprising to find to how many intelligent people a second, as seen on the clock face, is its least conceivable interval. Yet a second has not only a beginning, middle, and end, as much as a year has, but can, in thought, at least, be divided into just as many numbered parts as a year can. Without entering on a disquisition about this, let us try to show by some familiar thing that we can, at any rate, not only divide a second in imagination into, let us say, a hundred parts, but that we can observe distinctly what is happening in such a short time, and make a picture of it—a picture which shall be begun and completed while this hundredth of a second lasts.

Every one has fallen through at least some such a little distance as comes in jumping from a chair to the floor, and most of us, it is safe to say, have a familiar impression of the fact that it takes, at any rate, less than a second in such a case from the time the foot leaves its first support till it touches the ground. Plainly, however large or small the fall may be, each fraction of an inch of it must be passed through in succession, and if we suppose the space to be divided, for instance, into a hundred parts, we must divide in thought the second into at least as many, since each little successive space was traversed in its own little interval of time, and the whole together did not make a second. We can even, as a matter of fact, very easily calculate the time that it will take anything which has already fallen, let us say, one foot to fall an inch more; and we find this in the supposed instance to be almost exactly one one-hundredth of a second. On page 588 is a reproduction of a photograph from nature of a man falling freely through the air. He has dropped from the grasp of the man above him, and has already fallen through some small distance—a foot or so. If we suppose it to be a foot, since we can see that the man's features are not blurred, as they

would undoubtedly have been had he moved even much less than an inch while this picture was being taken, it follows from what has been said, that the taking of the whole picture—landscape, spectators, and all—occupied not *over* one one-hundredth of a second.

We have given this view of the falling man because rightly understood it thus carries internal evidence of the limit of time in which it could have been made; and this will serve as an introduction to another picture where probably no one will dispute that the time was still shorter, but where we cannot give the same kind of evidence of the fact.

"Quick as lightning" is our common simile for anything occupying, to ordinary sense, no time at all. Exact measurements show that the electric spark does occupy a time, which is almost inconceivably small, and of which we can only say here that the one one-hundredth of a second we have just been considering is a long period by comparison with the duration of the brightest portion of the light.

On page 589 we have the photograph of a flash of lightning (which proves to be several simultaneous flashes) taken last July from a point on the Connecticut coast, and showing not only the vivid zigzag streaks of the lightning itself, but something of the distant sea view, and the masts of the coast survey schooner *Palinurus* in the foreground, relieved against the sky. We are here concerned with this interesting autograph of the lightning only as an illustration of our subject and as proving the almost infinite sensitiveness of the recent photographic processes, for there seems to be no limit to the briefness of time in which these can so act in some degree, whether the light be bright or faint, and no known limit to the briefness of time required for them to act *effectively* if the light be bright enough.

What has just preceded will now help us to understand how it is that photography also succeeds so well in the incomparably fainter objects we are about to consider and which have been produced not by short but by long exposures. We have just seen how sensitive the modern plate is, and we are next to notice a new and very important point in which photographic action in general differs remarkably from that of the eye. Seeing may be described, not wholly inaptly, as the recognition of a series of brief successive photographs, taken by the optic lens on the retina, but the important difference between seeing and photographing which we now ask attention to is this: When the eye looks at a faint object, such as the spectrum of a star or at the still fainter nebula, this, as we know, appears no brighter at the end of half an hour

than at the end of the first half-second. In other words, after a brief fraction of a second, the visual effect does not sensibly accumulate. But in the action of the photograph, on the contrary, the effect *does* accumulate, and in the case of a weak light accumulates indefinitely. It is owing to this precious property, that supposing (for illustration merely) the lightning flash to have occupied the one-thousandth part of a second in impressing itself on the plate: to get a nearly similar effect from a continuous light one thousand times weaker, we have only to expose it a thousand times as long, that is, for one second, while from a light a million times weaker, we should get the same result by exposing it a million times as long, that is, for a thousand seconds.

And now that we come to the stars, whose spectra occupy minutes in taking, what we just considered will help us to understand how we can advantageously thus pass from a thousandth of a second or less to one thousand seconds or even more, and how we can even,—given time enough,—conceivably, be able to photograph what the eye *cannot see at all*.

We have on page 590 a photograph quite recently taken at Cambridge from a group of stars (the Pleiades) passing by the telescope. Every star is caught as it goes, and presented, not in its ordinary appearance to the eye, but by its spectrum. There is a general resemblance in these spectra from the same cluster; while in other cases the spectra are of all types and kinds, the essential distinction between individuals alike to the eye being more strikingly shown, as stars apparently far away from one another are seen to have a common nature, and stars looking close together (but which may be merely in line, and really far apart) have often no resemblance; and so the whole procession passes through the field of view, each individual leaving its own description. This self-description will be better seen in the remarkable photographs of the spectra of Vega and Aldebaran which are reproduced on page 591 from the originals by a process independent of the graver. They were obtained on the night of November 9th, 1886, at Cambridge, as a part of the work pursued by Professor Pickering, with means which have been given from fitting hands thus to form a memorial of the late Dr. Henry Draper. We are obliged to the source indicated, then, for the ability to show the reader here the latest, and as yet unedited, results in this direction, and they are such as fully to justify the remark made above, that minutes by this new process take the place of years of work by the most skillful astronomer's eye and hand.

The spectrum of Vega (Alpha Lyrae) is marked only by a few strong lines, due chiefly

to hydrogen, because these are all there are to be seen in a star of its class. Aldebaran (the bright star in Taurus), on the contrary, here announces itself as belonging to the family of our own sun, a probably later type, and distinguished by solar-like lines in its spectrum, which may be counted in the original photograph to the number of over two hundred. There is necessarily some loss in the printed reproduction, but is it not a wonderful thing to be able to look up, as the reader may do this February night, to Aldebaran in the western sky, and then down upon the page before us, knowing that that remote, trembling speck of light has by one of the latest developments of the New Astronomy been made, without the intervention of the graver's hand, to write its own autograph record on a page of *THE CENTURY* before him?

In the department of nebular astronomy, photography has worked an equal change. The writer well remembers the weeks he has himself spent in drawing or attempting to draw nebulae; things often so ghost-like as to disappear from view every time the eye turned from the white paper, and only to be seen again when it had recovered its sensitiveness by gazing into the darkness. The labors of weeks were literally only represented by what looked like a stain on the paper, and no two observers, however careful, could be sure that the change between two drawings of a nebula at different dates was due to an alteration in the thing itself, or in the eye or hand of the observer, though unfortunately for the same reason it is impossible fully to render the nebulous effect of the photograph in engraving. We cannot with our best efforts do, then, full justice to the admirable one of Orion on page 592 which we owe to the particular kindness of Mr. Common, of Ealing, England, whose work in this field is as yet unequalled. The original enlargement measures nearly two square feet in area, with fine definition. It is taken by thirty-nine minutes' exposure, and its character can only be indicated here, for it is not too much to say here, too, of this original, that as many years of the life of the most skilled artist could not produce so trustworthy a record of this wonder.

The writer remembers the interest with which he heard Dr. Draper, not long before his lamented death, speak of the almost incredible sensitiveness of these most recent photographic processes, and his belief that we were fast approaching the time when we should photograph what we could not even see. That time has now arrived. At Cambridge, in Massachusetts, and at the Paris Observatory, by taking advantage of the cumulative action we have referred to, and by long exposures, photo-

graphs have recently been taken showing stars absolutely invisible to the telescope, and enabling us to discover faint nebulae whose previous existence had not been suspected; and when we consider that an hour's exposure of a plate now not only secures a fuller star-chart than years of an astronomer's labor, but a more exact one; that the art is every month advancing perceptibly over the last, and that it is already, as we may say, not only making pictures of what we see, but of what we cannot see, even with the telescope,—we have before us a prospect whose possibilities no further words are needed to suggest.

We have now not described, but only mentioned, some division of the labors of the New Astronomy in its photometric, spectroscopic, and photographic stellar researches, on each of which as many books, rather than chapters, might be written, to give only what is novel and of current interest. But these are themselves but a part of the modern work that has overturned or modified almost every conception about the stellar universe which was familiar to the last generation, or which perhaps we were taught in our own youth.

IN considering the results to be drawn from this glance we have taken at some facts of modern observation, if it be asked, not only what the facts are, but what lessons the facts themselves have to teach, there is more than one answer, for the moral of a story depends on the one who draws it, and we may look on our story of the heavens from the point of view either of our own importance or of our own insignificance. In the one case, we behold the universe as a sort of reflex of our own selves, mirroring in vast proportions of time and space our own destiny; and even from this standpoint, one of the lessons of our subject is surely that there is no permanence in any created thing. When primitive man learned that with lapsing years the oak withered and the very rock decayed, more slowly but as surely as himself, he looked up to the stars as the very types of contrast to the change he shared, and fondly deemed them eternal; but now we have found change there, and that probably the star clusters and the nebulae, even if clouds of suns and worlds, are fixed only by comparison with our own brief years, and, tried by the terms of their own long existence, are fleeting like ourselves.

"We have often witnessed the formation of a cloud in a serene sky. A hazy point barely perceptible—a little wreath of mist increases in volume and becomes darker and denser, until it obscures a large portion of the heavens. It throws itself into fantastic shapes, it gathers a glory from the sun, is borne onward by

the wind, and as it gradually came, so, perhaps, it gradually disappears, melting away in the untroubled air. But the universe is nothing more than such a cloud—a cloud of suns and worlds. Supremely grand though it may seem to us, to the infinite and eternal intellect it is no more than a fleeting mist. If there be a succession of worlds in infinite space, there is also a succession of worlds in infinite time. As one after another cloud replaces clouds in the skies, so this starry system, the universe, is the successor of countless others that have preceded it—the predecessor of countless others that will follow."

These impressions are strengthened rather than weakened when we come back from the outer universe to our own little solar system, for every process which we know tends to the dissipation, or rather the degradation, of heat, and seems to point, in our present knowledge, to the final decay and extinction of the light of the world. In the words of one of the most eminent living students of our subject, "The candle of the sun is burning down, and, as far as we can see, must at last reach the socket. Then will begin a total eclipse which will have no end."

Yet though it may well be that the fact itself here is true, it is possible that we draw the moral to it, unawares, from an unacknowledged satisfaction in the idea of the vastness of the funeral pyre provided for such beings as ourselves, and that it is pride, after all, which suggests the thought that when the sun of the human race sets, the universe will be left tenantless as a body from which the soul has fled. Can we not bring ourselves to admit that there may be something higher than man and more enduring than frail humanity in some sphere in which *our* universe, conditioned as it is, in space and time, is itself embraced, and so distrust the conclusions of man's reason where they seem to flatter his pride?

May we not receive even the teachings of science, as to the laws of nature, with the constant memory that all we know even from science itself depends on our very limited sensations, our very limited experience, and our still more limited power of conceiving anything for which this experience has not prepared us?

I HAVE read somewhere a story about a race of ephemeral insects who live but an hour. To those who are born in the early morning the sunrise is the time of youth. They die of old age while his beams are yet gathering force, and only their descendants live on to midday; while it is another race which sees the sun decline, from that which saw him rise. Imagine the sun about to set, and the whole nation of mites gathered under the shadow of some

mushroom (to them ancient as the sun itself) to hear what their wisest philosopher has to say of the gloomy prospect. If I remember aright, he first told them that, incredible as it might seem, there was not only a time in the world's youth when the mushroom itself was young, but that the sun in those early ages was in the eastern, not in the western, sky. Since then, he explained, the eyes of scientific ephemera had followed it, and established by induction

from vast experience the great law of nature, that it moved only westward; and he showed that since it was now nearing the western horizon, science herself pointed to the conclusion that it was about to disappear forever, together with the great race of ephemera for whom it was created.

What his hearers thought of this discourse I do not remember, but I have heard that the sun rose again the next morning.

S. P. Langley.

## RECENT DISCOVERIES OF WORKS OF ART IN ROME.

BY THE DIRECTOR OF THE NEW MUSEO URBANO.



IN a manuscript volume of the Vatican Library, belonging to the Syriac collection, and numbered one hundred and forty-five, a short description of Rome has been found, written A. D. 546, by Zacharias, a

Byzantine historian and bishop of Mitylene in the island of Lesbos. From his account we gather that, towards the middle of the sixth century of our era, there were in Rome *eighty* statues of gilt bronze representing gods, *three thousand seven hundred and eighty-five* bronze statues of miscellaneous subjects, and *twenty-five* bronze statues which according to the tradition had been removed from Jerusalem by Vespasian; in total, three thousand eight hundred and ninety works of art in bronze, exhibited in public places. Of this immense and invaluable collection a particle only has come down to us; in fact, the list of antique bronzes in modern Rome is so short that, as regards number, the contents of our museums cannot be compared favorably with the contents of the National Museum in Naples. Our list comprises, first of all, the Capitoline collection, namely, the "Bronze Wolf," the equestrian statue of M. Aurelius, the colossal head of Domitian, the "Camillus" or sacrificing youth, the "Boy Extracting a Thorn," and the "Hercules" from the Forum Boarium. Many errors connected with the origin and the discovery of these famous bronzes have been circulated, and are still believed by many. The equestrian statue is said to have been found between the Lateran and the basilica of S. Croce in Gerusalemme, in a vineyard adjoining the "Scala Santa"; the "She-wolf," to have been found under the N. W. spur of the Palatine hill, near the so-called "Arco degli argentieri" at S. Giorgio in Velabro; the colossal head of Domitian, to have been found in 1487 near the basilica of Constantine on the

"Sacra Via," and so on. The truth is that these celebrated works have *never* been lost and rediscovered; and that, from the fall of the empire downwards, they have been kept together and preserved in and around the Pope's palace at the Lateran, until Sixtus IV. and Paul III. caused them to be removed to the Capitol.

Of the equestrian statue of M. Aurelius we have accounts since the tenth century. In the year 966, Peter, prefect of Rome, was executed for rebellion against Pope John XIII., being hung by the hair from this horse; and at its feet was flung the corpse of the Antipope Boniface, son of Ferruccio, in the year 974. We hear again of the group in 1347, during the festivities which followed the election of Rienzi to the tribuneship, when, for nearly a whole day, wine was made to flow from one nostril of the horse, water from the other. This constant connection of the equestrian group with the Lateran, from immemorial time, makes us believe that it was never removed thither from the Forum, as commonly asserted, but that it must have belonged to the Lateran imperial residence since the time of Marcus Aurelius, who was born and educated in the house of the Annii close by.

As regards the "She-wolf," the positive evidence of its being kept at the Lateran dates from the beginning of the ninth century. Benedict, a monk from Mount Soracte who wrote a "Chronicon" in the tenth century, speaks of the institution of a supreme court of justice "in the Lateran palace, in the place called *the Wolf*, viz., the mother of the Romans." Trials and executions "at the Wolf" are recorded from time to time until 1450. Paolo di Liello speaks of two highwaymen, whose hands, cut by the executioner, were hung at the Wolf. It was removed to the Conservatori palace on the Capitol in 1473, together with the colossal head, and the "Camillus."

The antique bronzes in the Vatican Museum

are less important in number and in interest than those of the Capitol; in fact, two only are worth mentioning: the "Pine-cone" in the "Giardino della Pigna," and the "Hercules," discovered in the autumn of 1864 under the foundations of the Palazzo Pio di Carpi, on the site of the theater of Pompey the Great.

The "Pine-cone," eleven feet high, is generally described as the pinnacle of Hadrian's mausoleum (now Castel Sant'Angelo), in the ruins of which it is said to have been found. The truth is that the "Pine-cone" has always been the central ornament of a large fountain, or basin, or pond, the water flowing in innumerable jets, *per foramina nucum*, that is to say, from each of the spikes. Pope Symmachus, who did so much towards the embellishment of sacred edifices in Rome (between 498 and 514), removed the "Pine-cone" from its antique place, most probably from Agrippa's artificial lake in the Campus Martius, and adorned with it the magnificent fountain which he had built in the center of the so-called "Paradise" of St. Peter's, namely, in the center of the square portico in front of the basilica.

The other bronze of the Vatican, the colossal "Hercules" discovered twenty-two years ago near the Piazza di Campo dei Fiori, under the substructions of Pompey's theater, is remarkable more for having been an oracular statue than for its beauty. Very few persons are acquainted with the most striking feature of this Hercules. I mean very few persons know the existence of a hole on the back of the head, thirty-eight centimeters in diameter, through which a full-grown youth can easily penetrate into the colossus. The experience was actually made by a young mason named Pietro Roega, in November, 1864, in the presence of Commendatore Tenerani and other eminent personages; and the sound of his voice, in answering the questions addressed to him, was really impressive and almost supernatural. Hercules, like Æsculapius, Apollo, and the Fortune, was undoubtedly an oracular god, as shown by the existence of many temples and sanctuaries in which *responsa* or oracles were given in his name.

How happens it that so very few among the many thousand bronze statues of antique Rome have escaped destruction? The answer has already been given by Fea in his "Istoria della rovina di Roma," by Gibbon in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by Dyer in the last chapters of his "History of the City of Rome." During the long agony of the former capital of the world, an agony which lasted nearly seven centuries, from Constantine's age to the final burning of the city by Robert Guiscard and his Normans, in May, 1084, no one, except a few lime-burners, paid any attention

to marbles; bronze and other metals were searched, spied, stolen, stripped, and melted with an almost incredible amount of labor and patience, on account of their marketable value and facility of transportation. In justice to the barbarians, upon whom is often cast the blame of spoiliations committed by the Romans, we must acknowledge that the emperors themselves set the bad example of stealing bronze and other valuables from public places, especially from pagan temples and shrines, after the recognition of Christianity as the religion of the State. The first inroad upon this class of works of art was undoubtedly made by Constantine in transferring the seat of the empire to Byzantium; at any rate, under him began the wanton practice of changing the heads of bronze and marble statues, in order that they might be dedicated to new personages with no cost and no trouble.

The next important step towards the destruction of the artistic treasures of Rome was made in 383 by Gratianus, when he ordered, by imperial decree, the abolition and confiscation of the privileges and the patrimony of all pagan places of worship, on the ground that it was not becoming a Christian government and a Christian state to supply the infidels with the means of persevering in their errors. In 391 the edict of Gratianus was confirmed by his brother Valentinian II., and this measure having roused the indignation of the pagan majority in the Senate-house, ready to break into an open rebellion, the emperor decided to strike the final blow, and before that memorable year was over another decree prohibited forever superstitious sacrifices in Rome and in Italy, even if offered under a private name, at private cost, and within the threshold of a private house. The masterpieces of Grecian and Italo-Greek art, to which divine honors had been offered for centuries, were removed from their temples and exhibited in public places, in the baths, in the forums, in the theaters, as simple objects of curiosity. There is no doubt, however, that on this occasion, and on their being suddenly exposed to the hatred and violence of a Christian populace, who had so long and so bitterly suffered from the hatred and violence of the pagan aristocracy, the works of art must have suffered a certain amount of damage. The bronze "Hercules" of the Vatican, for instance, bears still the evidence of an ignoble attack, which must have taken place when the gates of the temple were shut behind him.

In 408 Alaric was induced to withdraw from Rome, on the payment of an exorbitant ransom, one of the items of which was five thousand pounds in weight of gold. In order to meet such a demand, the Romans were

compelled to strip the bronze statues of their heavy gilding. Two years later, on the 24th day of August, 410, Alaric and his hordes stormed the town, plundered it for three consecutive days, carrying off an incredible amount of articles of value.

In June, 455, the Vandals, with whom were mixed Bedouins and Africans, entered Rome by the Porta Portese, and plundered it at leisure during a whole fortnight. On this occasion the palace of the Cæsars was completely robbed, not only of its precious statues, but even of its commonest brass utensils. Genseric seems to have particularly devoted himself to the plunder of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; its statues were carried off to adorn the African residence of the Vandal king, and half the roof was stripped of its tiles of gilt bronze.

On the first of January of the following year, 456, the Senate decreed that a bronze statue should be raised in Trajan's forum in honor of Sidonius Apollinaris, the son-in-law of the emperor Avitus. Although the decree of the Senate must be understood in the sense that a new head, representing within a certain approximation the likeness of Apollinaris, should be put on a preëxisting statue, still the fact proves that in spite of so many inroads and plunders, works in metal were still left in Rome, not only in private palaces and villas, but also in public palaces such as the forum of Trajan.

It does not enter into the scheme of this paper to follow any longer, chapter by chapter, the history of the destruction of Rome. Two incidents only remain to be noted: first, the erection of a monumental column in honor of Phocas, the usurper of the throne of the East and the murderer of Mauritius, because, from the inscription engraved on the pedestal, we learn that the column itself was crowned with a statue *in gilt bronze*. A statue in gilt bronze could not have been modeled and cast in Rome in 608; it was merely a statue cast centuries before, to which, I am inclined to believe, not even the head had been changed. The second incident worth note is the grant from the emperor Heraclius to Pope Honorius I., of the gilt bronze tiles forming the roof of Hadrian's temple of Venus and Rome. The tile grant had been requested in favor of the basilica of St. Peter: a consequence of it was the destruction of Hadrian's masterpiece.

At length, in 663, Rome had, for the last time, the misfortune of an imperial visit. Constans II., compelled by the guilty conscience of a fratricide to wander from sanctuary to sanctuary, undertook the pilgrimage to Rome, in the spring of that year, and was met by Pope Vitalianus and the few inhab-

itants near the sixth milestone of the Appian Way. The short and friendly visit of this Christian emperor proved absolutely fatal; he laid his hands on everything which, after the repeated sieges of the Vandals, Goths, and Lombards, had been left for plunder. "In the twelve days which Constans spent at Rome, he carried off as many bronze statues as he could lay hands on; and though the Pantheon seemed to possess a double claim to protection, as having been presented by Phocas to the Pope, and as having been converted into a Christian church, yet Constans was mean and sacrilegious enough to carry off the tiles of gilt bronze which covered it. After perpetrating these acts, which were, at least, as bad as robberies, and attending mass at the tomb of St. Peter, Constans carried off his booty to Syracuse. His plunder ultimately fell into the hands of the Saracens" (Dyer: p. 356).

A remarkably interesting discovery has been made of late in connection with this visit of Constans to Rome. It is certain that the emperor, between his acts of doubtful devotion in churches and basilicas, found time enough to visit the pagan monuments and ruins. These visits were recorded by one of his attendants by scraping the name of the emperor on the most prominent place of each building which the party would dishonor with its presence. Here is the fac-simile of the record scratched on the "Janus quadrifrons" on the Forum Boarium.

ΚΩΝΣΤΑΝΤΙΝΟΣ ΔΕΔΕΚΕΝΙ ΗΘΕ

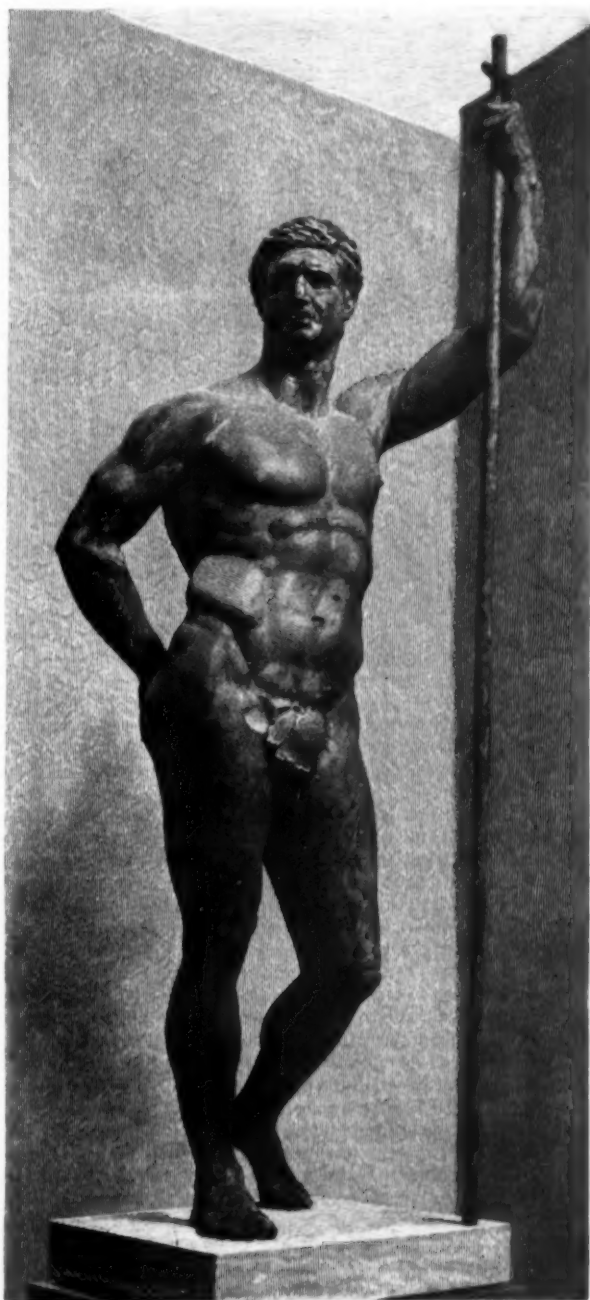
Another signature has been discovered and read on the very top of Trajan's column. I have no doubt that a careful examination of the principal Roman monuments, of the Coliseum, for instance, of the Pantheon, of the Antonine column, etc., would lead to the discovery of other such "graffiti," and would enable us to follow step by step the wanderings of the last emperor who saw Rome before its last destruction by the Normans.

After such a marvelous succession of robberies and spoliations, there is no reason to wonder at the scarcity of antique bronzes in Rome; in fact there is reason to wonder at the chance by which the few we possess have come down to us. The explanation of the mystery is this: *Every bronze discovered in Rome since the Renaissance* (I speak of this later period, because our knowledge of earlier finds is too imperfect and fragmentary to be valued) *had been carefully concealed and hidden*, evidently under the apprehension of a great and imminent danger. The secret of the hiding-place was never revealed, either on account of the murder or of the death of those who knew it,

or else on account of the destruction of the building under which the treasure had been buried. To quote only discoveries which have taken place in my life-time, I will mention first of all the treasure-trove of the "Vicolo delle Palme" in the Trastevere. In 1849, a few weeks before the storming of Rome by the French army of General Oudinot, under the house No. 17 in the above-mentioned lane, a most remarkable collection of works of art was discovered by mere accident. It comprised the "Apoxyomenos" of Lysippus, now in the Braccio nuovo (a marble copy from the bronze original, which stood in front of the baths of Agrippa); the bronze horse, now in the Palazzo de' Conservatore, described by Emil Braun as "an unique work, a masterpiece, and a genuine Grecian antique"; a bronze foot, with an extremely ornamented shoe, which may possibly have belonged to the rider of the horse; a bronze bull, and many other fragments of less importance. Here we have the evidence of a collection of works in metal, stolen from different places, and concealed in that remote corner of the Trastevere, in readiness for shipment from the quay of the Tiber close by. Whether the deed was committed by a barbarian from the hordes of Genseric, who entered and left Rome precisely from this quarter, or by a Jew of the Transiberine community, the fact is that the treasure was never removed from its hiding-place until its accidental discovery in 1849.

The Vatican "Hercules" above described, and discovered on August 8th, 1864, under the substructions of Pompey's theater,

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STANDING ATHLETE, DISCOVERED FEBRUARY, 1885.



SITTING ATHLETE, AS DISCOVERED.

had been not only concealed, but actually buried with utmost care in a kind of coffin built of solid masonry and coated with marble.

In 1881, when the foundations of the English chapel were first laid at the corner of the Via del Babuino and the Via del Gesu-Maria, a collection of bronze imperial busts was found heaped up and concealed in a subterranean passage. The same thing had happened two years before at the corner of the Via Nazionale and the Via di St. Eufemia, when a remarkable set of bronzes was found by Madame Ristori concealed under the foundations of her palace. The discovery of the two magnificent athletic statues, which forms the subject of this paper, has taken place under circumstances absolutely identical, as I shall presently relate.

In the spring of 1884 an application was made to the government and to the municipality of Rome for the constitution of a "national dramatic society," and for the grant of a plot of ground, upon which the society's theater could be built. Both requests having been accepted by the State and the town authorities, the society took possession of a beautiful plot of ground, on the western slope of the Quirinal hill, between the Colonna gardens and the Palazzo Campanari, on the condition that whatever should be found in clearing

the site should become the property of the State. The work of excavation had not even begun, when I received a letter from an old digger of antiquities, warning me to watch carefully the building of the new theater, on account of some rare bronzes which he thought were buried there at a great depth. The surmise was not based on any real knowledge; the plot of ground had never been excavated or explored before, and no human being could tell what would be the chances and the results of such an excavation. Strange to say, the prophecy of my humble correspondent, Signor Giuseppe Gagliardi, proved to be correct beyond expectation; the two bronze statues discovered there in March and April, 1885, must be classed among the finest masterpieces ever brought to light from the Roman soil.

The slope of the Quirinal hill, upon which the society is building, was occupied in ancient times by three different edifices: by the temple which the Emperor Aurelian dedicated to the Sun, A.D. 273, after his victories in the East; by the shrine dedicated to Semo Sancus, an archaic, little-known Sabine god; and lastly, by a portico built under Constantine, and known in topographical books as the "porticus Constantini." Still the limits of these three buildings were so imperfectly known, that we

could not tell how large a portion of each would be discovered in clearing the site for the new theater. The result of the excavations has shown that the lower portion of the ground was occupied by a private house of a modest appearance, the existence of which was altogether unknown; the upper portion was occupied by the towering substructions of the temple of the Sun.

On Saturday, February 7th, 1885, toward sunset, a workman engaged in clearing the rubbish which filled up the space between the first and the second substruction wall of the temple (at the south-west corner of the platform) discovered the fore-arm of a bronze statue lying on its back at a depth of seventeen feet below the level of the platform itself. The news was kept secret by the contractor of the works until the following day; and when the government officials met on the spot, the statue had been already removed from its place of concealment, and consequently we were not able to study and take notice of the circumstances of the find, which circumstances, however minute and uninteresting they appear at first sight, may sometimes throw an unexpected light on problems otherwise very hard to deal with.

This noble figure is seven feet four inches high, two feet wide at the shoulders, and represents a naked athlete, or at least a man of the athletic type, in the full development of his strength, whose features are evidently modeled from nature—in other words, it is a portrait statue. Some adepts of that modern archaeological school which pretends to be able to identify everything, have started up the idea that the statue may represent one of the Macedonian kings,—I don't recollect exactly which,—but there seems to be hardly any foundation for such a statement. The figure stands and rests on the right leg, the left being extended a little forward. The right arm is bent behind the back and rests on the haunches, as is the case with the Vatican Meleager and the Hercules of Glycon. The left arm is raised high above the head and was supported by a rod or a lance, the traces of which are to be seen all along the fore-arm. On the breast of the figure the letters

L · VIS · L · XXIIIX

have been engraved at a very late period, that is to say, many years, centuries perhaps, after the removal of the statue from Greece to Rome. These letters have given rise to much

speculation. They have even been read and explained as follows, *L(ucius) VIS(ullius) L(uctavit) XXIIIX*: "Lucius Visullius has fought in the arena twenty-eight times!" I need not dwell on such absurdities, the truth being that nobody, not even the great Mommson, has been able to give a satisfactory explanation of those mysterious signs.

The excitement created by this extraordinary find had scarcely abated, when, about a month later, a second bronze statue was dug up, under the same circumstances as related above. The discovery took place between the second and the third foundation wall, at a depth of eighteen feet below the level of the platform. Being warned at once, we assembled this time on the spot when only the head of the figure was coming out of the ground, and consequently we could watch and follow and ascertain the minutest details of the find.

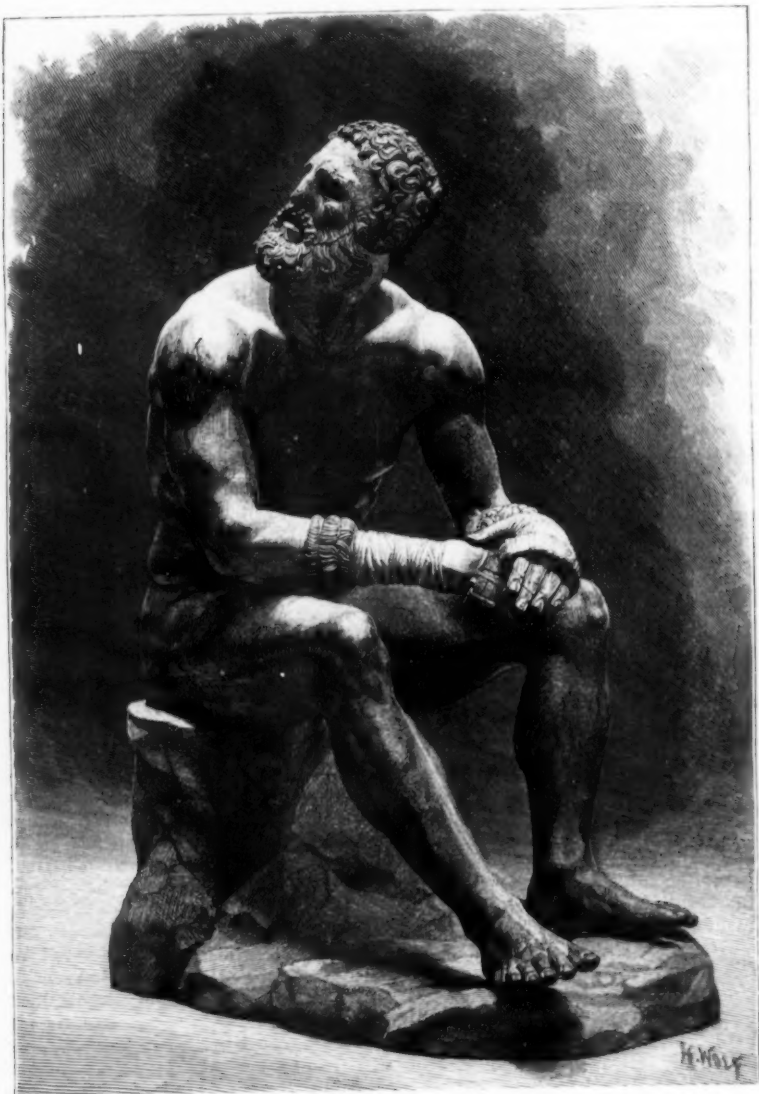
The most important piece of evidence collected, in witnessing and following the removal of the earth in which the masterpiece lay buried, is that the statue had not been thrown there disorderly, or buried in haste, but that it had been concealed and treated with utmost care. The figure, being in a sitting posture, had been placed on a stone capital of the doric order, as upon a stool, and the trench, which had been opened through the lower foundations of the temple of the Sun to conceal the statue, had been filled with sifted pure earth, in order to save the surface of the bronze from any possible injury.

I have witnessed in my long career on the active field of archaeology many discoveries,\* but I have never felt such an extraordinary impression as the one created by the sight of this magnificent specimen of a semi-barbaric athlete coming slowly out of the ground, as if awakening from a long repose after his gallant fights.

His torso bends gently forward; his elbows rest on the knees; his attitude is the attitude of a boxer (wrestler, pugilist, pankratiastes) exhausted by the numerous blows received, the traces of which are visible all over his body. The face, of Herculean type, is turned towards the right, the mouth is half open, the lips seem to quiver, as if speaking to some one,—in fact, there is no doubt that the statue belongs to a group. Every detail is absolutely realistic: the nose is swollen from the effects of the last blow received; the ears resemble a flat and shapeless piece of leather; the neck, the shoulders, the breast, are seamed with scars. The

\* To convey an idea of the riches which our Roman soil is capable of yielding, in spite of so many centuries of uninterrupted excavations, I quote from the municipal statistics. From January 1st, 1872, to December 31st, 1885, the following works of art and objects have been

found in building the new quarters: 192 marble statues, 266 busts and heads, 152 bas-reliefs, 390 columns, 2360 lamps, 4024 inscriptions, 405 bronzes, 711 cameos, intaglios, and precious stones, 47 objects in gold, 39 objects in silver, 36,679 coins in gold, silver and bronze, etc.



SITTING ATHLETE, AS SEEN IN THE MUSEUM.

modeling of the muscles of the arms and of the back is simply wonderful. The gallant champion is panting from sheer fatigue, but he is ready to start up again at the first call. The details of the fur-lined boxing-gloves are also interesting, and one wonders how any human being, no matter how strong and powerful, could stand the blows from such engines as these gloves, made of four or five thicknesses of leather, and fortified with brass buckles.

This bronze was considered at first to belong to the best period of Græco-Roman sculpture; the majority of connoisseurs and archæologists are now in favor of a purely Greek origin. This latter opinion, to which I fully subscribe, is confirmed to a certain degree by a circumstance which loses none of its importance because it is minute. Under the middle toe of the left foot I have traced the existence of a letter, of a big A, which

letter has not been engraved after the casting (as is the case with the signs on the breast of the standing athlete), but cast at the same time with the figure. The letter is not a Latin A, but a Greek *Αλφα*, and of a rather archaic shape, its height and width being absolutely the same. The minute circumstance proves, if I am not mistaken, that the work was not cast in Rome, but in Greece, and cast at a comparatively early period.

As regards the building in which the two statues were exhibited in Rome, and from which they were removed under the apprehension of danger, to be buried so carefully and at such a depth, I have no doubt it was the Baths of Constantine, separated from the temple of the Sun by a narrow street. Athletic statues were the special ornament of Roman *thermæ*, and those of Constantine must have possessed their share of this class of works in metal and marble. I have no doubt that many more statues may be found if a proper search is made under the substructions of the temple; the work however is difficult, costly, and not exempt from danger, on account of the modern buildings under which the exploration ought to be extended.

The third bronze statue, a Bacchus, discovered in Rome in the spring of 1885, comes from the bed of the Tiber, from that mighty reservoir of antiquities which seems to be inexhaustible. It was found in making the foundations of the middle pier for the new bridge (Ponte Garibaldi alla Regola) which spans the river between the Ponte Sisto and the island of St. Bartolomeo.

The statue lay in almost a perpendicular position, head downwards, sixteen feet below the bottom of the river, and twenty-six below the surface of the water. The merry god is represented in the full bloom of youth, and has a decidedly feminine type, especially as re-

gards the arrangement of the long curling hair, which is parted in the middle and fastened with a band on the forehead. The band is gracefully inlaid with copper and silver; the eyeballs are made of a soft yellowish stone called "palombino."

This Bacchus, compared with the two superb masterpieces from Constantine's baths, seems altogether too tame, and need not be described at length. It is, at any rate, Græco-Roman work of the first century of the Christian era, a fact proved, first, by the stiffness and, as we Italians say, by the "maniera" or "conventionality" of the attitude and of the outline of the figure; secondly, by the impression of a coin on the calf of the left leg. Our best numismatists think that this coin must have been an imperial gold piece, probably of the time of Nero.

The lower portion of the body has evidently suffered from the effects of fire, but under what circumstances, by whom, at what period, this valuable work of art was hurled into mid-stream, it is impossible to determine. Its discovery, at any rate, affords us a compensation for the many losses which the gigantic work of the embankment of the river makes us suffer. One of those losses, the greatest perhaps of all, is the destruction, or, to speak more exactly, the deformation, of the antique bridge connecting the island of St. Bartolomeo with the Trastevere, to which bridge two modern arches will be added on each side, as the bed of the Tiber must be widened there. The bridge was built twenty-one centuries ago by Lucius Cestius, and restored A. D. 380 by the Emperor Gratianus with blocks of travertine stolen from the theater of Marcellus close by, a circumstance which shows to what degree of poverty and humiliation Rome, the queen of the world, had descended at the end of the fourth century of the Christian era.

*Rodolfo Lanciani.*

#### THE RIVER OF REST.

A BEAUTIFUL stream is the River of Rest;  
The still, wide waters sweep clear and cold,  
A tall mast crosses a star in the west,  
A white sail gleams in the west world's gold:  
It leans to the shore of the River of Rest—  
The lily-lined shore of the River of Rest.

The boatman rises, he reaches a hand,  
He knows you well, he will steer you true,  
And far, so far from all ills upon land,  
From hates, from fates that pursue and pursue;  
Far over the lily-lined River of Rest—  
Dear mystical, magical River of Rest.

A storied, sweet stream is this River of Rest;  
The souls of all time keep its ultimate shore;  
And journey you east, or journey you west,  
Unwilling, or willing, sure-footed, or sore,  
You surely will come to this River of Rest—  
This beautiful, beautiful River of Rest.

*Joaquin Miller.*

## S'PHIRY ANN.



POLLY.

**T**HE Standneges lived in a little sheltered cove upon the mountain-side, their house only a two-roomed cabin, with an entry separating the rooms, and low, ungainly chimneys at each end. Below it the Cartecay River lay like an amber ribbon in the green, fertile valley; above it towered majestic mountain heights, shrouded in silver mists or veiled in a blue haze. The Standneges were bred-and-born mountaineers, and had drifted into the little cove while Indian camp-fires were still glowing like stars in the valley of the Cartecay and Indian wigwams dotting the river's banks. The house had a weather-beaten look, and the noble chestnut oaks shading it had covered the roof with a fine green mold.

The kitchen, a heavy-looking, smoke-blackened structure with a puncheon floor, stood just in the rear of the house, and so situated that from the door one could look through the entry to the front gate and the mountain road beyond.

Mrs. Standnege sat in the kitchen door one morning with bottles and bean-bags scattered around her, "sortin'" out seed-beans. She was

a woman not much beyond middle age, but lean and yellow, with faded eyes and scant dun-colored hair, time and toil and diet having robbed her of the last remnant of youth, without giving her a lovely old age. She was a good type of the average mountain woman, illiterate but independent, and contented with her scant homespun dress, her house, her bean-bags.

A heavy old loom occupied one corner of the kitchen, and Polly, the eldest daughter, sat on the high bench before it, industriously weaving, while S'phiry Ann stood by the smoke-stained mantel, watching the pine she had laid on the fire burst into vivid flame. A bundle of clothes lay at her feet, surmounted by a round flat gourd, filled with brown jelly-like soap.

Polly was the eldest and she the youngest of eight children, but the others all lay safely and peacefully in the little neglected burial-ground at the foot of the mountain. She was unlike mother and sister. She had youth, she was supple and fair, her hair dark and abundant, her eyes gray and clear. She had the soft, drawling voice, but also a full share of the sturdy independence, of her race. The circumstances of her christening Mrs. Standnege was rather fond of relating.

"Yes, S'phiry Ann is er oncommon name,"



MRS. STANDNEGE.

she would say, not without a touch of complacency, "but her pap gin it tu her. She was a month old to a day, when that travelin' preacher came through here an' held meetin' fer brother Dan'l on Sunday. He preached mos'ly about them liars droppin' dead at the 'postles' feet, an' Standnege came home all but persessed about it, an' nothin' ed do but he mus' name the baby S'phiry Ann instead er Sarry Ann as we'uns had thought. He 'lowed it sarved them onprincipled folks right to die, an' he wanted somethin' ter remin' him o' that sermont. Well, I ain't desputin' but it was right, but I tole Standnege then, an' I say so yit, that ef all the liars in the world war tuk outen it, thar wouldn't be many folks left."

S'phiry Ann had heard of the fate of the Sapphira figuring in sacred history; it had been deeply impressed on her mind in her tenderest years, and might possibly have left a deep impression, for she grew up a singularly truthful, upright girl. Just now, as she leaned against the mantel and stared at the fire, her face wore an unwontedly grave expression.

"Folks as set themselves up ter be better'n they ekals air mighty apt tu git tuk down, S'phiry Ann," said her mother, evidently resuming a conversation dropped a short time before.

"But I ain't a-settin' up ter be better'n my ekals, ma," said S'phiry Ann, gently but defensively.

"It 'peared like nothin' else yiste'day when you'uns so p'intedly walked away from Gabe Plummer at meetin', an' it the fust time you'uns had seed him since comin' from yer aunt Thomas over in Boondtown settlemint. Thar ain't no call ter treat Gabe so."

"But ain't we hearn he's tuk up with them distillers on the mountains?" said the girl in a low tone, a deep flush overspreading her face.

"Yes, we'uns hev hearn it, but what o' that? Many a gal has tuk jes' sech."

"An' glad to get 'em too," snapped Polly sharply, stopping to tie up a broken thread.

"Gabe Plummer is er uncommon stiddy boy. He's er master hand at en'thing he wants ter do, an' —"

But S'phiry Ann did not linger to hear the full enumeration of her lover's virtues. Hastily balancing the bundle of clothes on her head, she took up the blazing torch, and hurried to the spring, a crystal-clear stream, running out of a ledge of rock, and slipping away through a dark ravine to the river. If she imagined she had escaped all reproaches for her reprehensible conduct the day before, it was a sad mistake. Hardly had the fire been kindled and the rusty iron kettle filled with water, when a young man came treading heavily



MR. STANDNEGE.

through the laurel thicket above the spring, leaped down the crag, and saluted her.

"Mornin', S'phiry Ann."

"Mornin', Gabe," she said, blushing vividly and busying herself piling unnecessary fuel on the fire.

He was a fine specimen of the mountaineer, lithe, well-made, toughened to hardy endurance, with tawny hair falling to his collar, and skin bronzed to a deep brown. He wore no coat, and his shirt was homespun, his nether garments of coarse brown jeans. He carried a gun, and a shot-bag and powder-horn were slung carelessly across his shoulders.

"I knowed you'uns had a way er washin' on Monday, so I jest thought bein' as I was out a-huntin' I'd come roun'," he said, sitting down on the wash-bench, and laying the gun across his lap.

"You'uns air welcome," she said, taking a tin pail and stepping to the spring to fill it.

"I wouldn't a' 'lowed so from yiste'day," darting a reproachful glance at her.

She made no reply.

"What made you'uns do it, S'phiry Ann?" he exclaimed, no longer able to restrain himself. "I ain't deserved no sech; but if it was jes' ter tease me, why —"

She raised up with the pail of water. "No, it wasn't that," she said in a low tone, her eyes downcast, the color flickering uncertainly in her face.

"Then you'uns didn't mean what was said that night a-comin' from the Dillin'ham gatherin'," he cried, turning a little pale. "Mebby it's somebody over in Boondtown settlement," a smoldering spark of jealousy flaming up.

"It's the 'stillery, Gabe," she said, and suddenly put down the pail to unburden her trembling hands. "You'uns hadn't ought ter go inter it."

"But the crap last year made a plum' failure," he replied excusingly, his eyes shifting slightly under the light of hers. She was standing by the spring, against a background of dark green, a slanting sunbeam shifting its gold down through the overhanging pine on her dark, uncovered head, lighting up her earnest face, lending lustrous fire to her eyes. The scant cotton skirt and ill-fitting bodice she wore could not destroy the supple grace of her figure, molded for strength as well as beauty.

"The crap wusn't no excuse, an' if you'uns mus' make whisky up thar on the sly, I ain't got no more tu say, an' I ain't got no use fer ye."

"Yer mean it, S'phiry Ann?"

"I mean it, Gabe."

"Then you'uns never keered," he cried with rising passion, "an' that half-way promise ter marry me was jest a lie ter fool me, nothin' but a lie. I'll make it if I please," bringing his hand down on the bench with a fierce blow.

"An' hide in the caves like a wild creetur, when the raiders air out on the mountains?" she scornfully exclaimed.

His sunburned face flushed a dull red, and he writhed under the cruel question.

"They ain't apt ter git me, that's certain," he muttered.

"You'uns don't know that," more gently. "Think o' Al Hendries an' them Fletcher boys. They thought themselves too smart for the officers, but they wasn't. You'uns know how they was caught arter lyin' out for weeks a-takin' the sleet an' rain an' all but starvin', an' tuk down ter Atlanty an' put in jail, an' thar they staid a-pinin'. I staid long er Al's wife them days, for she was that skeery she



GABE AND S'PHIRY ANN.

hated ter see night come, an' I ain't forgot how she walked the floor a-wringin' her hands, or settin' deep over the fire a-dippin' snuff or a-smokin' — 'twas all the comfort she had — an' the chillun's axin' for their pap, an' she not a-knowin' if he'd ever git back. Oh! 'twas turrible lonesome, plum' heart-breakin' to the poor creetur. Then one day, 'long in the spring, Al crept in, all broke down an' no 'count. The life gave outen him, an' for a while he sot roun' an' tried ter pick up, but the cold an' the jail had their way, an' he died."

She poured out the brief but tragic story breathlessly, then paused, looked down, and then up again. "Gabe, I sez ter myself then, 'none o' that in your'n, S'phiry Ann, none o' that in your'n.'"

She raised the bucket and threw its contents into a tub.

Gabe Plummer cast fiery glances at her, the spirit and firmness she displayed commanding his admiration, even while they filled him with rage against her. Yes, he knew Al Hendries's story; he distinctly remembered the fury of resentment his fate roused among his comrades, the threats breathed against the

law, but he held himself superior to that unfortunate fellow, gifted with keener wits, a more subtle wariness. The stand S'phiry Ann had taken against him roused bitter resentment in his soul, but the fact that he loved her so strongly made him loath to leave her. A happy dream of one day having her in his home, pervading it with the sweetness of her presence, had been his close and faithful companion for years, comforting his lonely winter nights when the wind tore wildly over the mountains, and the rain beat upon his cabin roof, or giving additional glory to languorous summer noons, when the cloud-shadows seemed to lie motionless on the distant heights, and the sluggish river fed moisture to the heated valley.

What right had she to spoil this dream before it had become a reality? He could not trust himself to argue the matter with her then, but abruptly rose to his feet.

"We'uns'l not say any more this mornin', though I do think a-settin' up Al Hendries's wife agin me is an onjustice. Me an' some o' the boys air comin' down ter ole man Whitaker's this evenin', an' bein' agreeable I might step down to see you'uns agin."

"Jest as ye please," she quietly replied, then with a tinge of color added, "If you'uns'l go back ter the clearin' I'll do jest what I promised, Gabe."

But without saying whether he would or would not, Gabe shouldered his gun and went away.

S'phiry Ann had been very calm and decided throughout the interview, but the moment her lover had disappeared, she sank trembling on the bench, her face hidden in her hands.

"If it hadn't 'a' be'n for thinkin' o' Al Hendries's wife I never could 'a' stood up agin him," she sighed faintly.

A squirrel springing nimbly from a laurel to a slender chestnut-tree paused on a swaying branch to look at her, and a bird fluttered softly in the sweet-gum above her. The sun slipped under a cloud, and when she rose to go about her work, the spring day had grown gray and dull. It sent a shiver through her, as she stared dejectedly at the overshadowed valley. She had little time though for idle indulgence, she must be at her washing; and presently when the clouds had drifted away, and the sunshine steeped the earth in its warmth again, her spirits rose, a song burst from her lips,—an ancient hymn, old almost as the everlasting mountains around her.

The day waxed to full noon, then waned, and S'phiry Ann spread the clothes on the garden fence and the grass to dry. There were other duties awaiting her. The geese must be driven up, the cows milked, and water

brought from the spring foreevening use. Then she would put on her clean cotton gown, and smooth the tangles out of her hair, before Gabe came in. It was all accomplished as she had planned, and at dusk she sat on the rear step of the entry taking a few minutes of well-earned rest. The light streamed out from the kitchen, falling across the clean, bare yard and sending shifting gleams up among the young leaves of the trees. On the kitchen step sat Eph, an orphan boy of twelve or thirteen the Standneges had adopted, whittling a hickory stick for a whistle, and at his side crouched a lean, ugly hound. S'phiry could see her father tilted back in a chair against the loom, talking to Jim Wise, a valley farmer who had come up to salt his cattle on the mountains, while her mother and sister passed back and forth, preparing supper. The voices of the men were raised, and presently she heard Wise say:

"The raiders air out ter-night, so I hearn comin' up the mountain. They air expectin' ter ketch up with things this time, bein' as somebody has been a-tellin',—it 'pears so any way."

S'phiry Ann pressed her hands together with a little gasp.

"The boys air got they years open," said Mr. Standnege with a slow smile, his half-shut eyes twinkling.

"But this is er onexpected move, an' they mayn't be a-lookin' for it," persisted the other man.

"They air always a-ready an' a-lookin'. They ain't ter be tuk nappin'."

But the girl listening with breathless attention shivered, not sharing her father's easy confidence. She remembered that Gabe Plummer had said they were coming down to old man Whitaker's, and she knew that they were off guard. They would be caught, she thought, with a cold sensation around her heart; Gabe would be put in jail, and locked up, probably for months, and then come back with all the youth and strength gone from him. Even as these thoughts were passing through her mind, a sound fell on her ears, faint, far away, and yet to her, alert, keenly alive to the approach of danger, terribly significant. It was the steady tramp of iron-shod hoofs upon the road, and it approached from the valley. She sat motionless, but with fierce beating heart, listening and feeling sure it was the enemy drawing near.

The revenue men had always looked upon the Standneges as peaceful, law-abiding citizens, and though no information had ever been obtained from them, the officers sometimes stopped with them, lounged on the entry, or sat at their board, partakers of their humble

fare. Probably they intended stopping for supper. The girl devoutly hoped they would. The steady tramp grew louder, the hound pricked up his long ears, sniffed at the air, then dashed around the house with a deep, hostile yelp. The next moment a party of horsemen halted before the gate. Her fears were realized.

The dog barked noisily, the men chaffed each other in a hilarious way, while the horses stamped and breathed loudly, and the quiet place seemed all at once vivified with fresh life. Standnege went out to the gate, followed by his guest; Mrs. Standnege and Polly came to the door and peered out, and Eph hurriedly closed his knife and thrust the whistle into his pocket preparatory to following his elders. The officers would not dismount, though hospitably pressed to do so.

"'Light, 'light, an' come in; the wimmen folks air jest a-gettin' supper," said Standnege cordially.

"Business is too urgent. We are bound to capture our men to-night. Why, the whole gang are coming down out of their lair to old man Whitaker's to-night, so we have been informed, and we must be on hand to welcome them."

Eph crossed the yard, but when he would have stepped up to take a short cut through the entry, his hand was caught in another hand so cold it sent a shiver of terror over him.

"My — why, S'phiry Ann!" he sharply exclaimed.

"Hush!" she whispered, drawing him out of the light. "Will you'uns go with me ter old man Whitaker's, Eph?"

"This time o' night?"

"Yes, now."

"It's more'n a mile."

"We'uns'l take the nigh cut through the woods."

"Dark as all git-out."

"I'm not afeerd; I'll go erlone then," she said with contempt.

"What air you'uns up ter? Good Lord! S'phiry Ann, do you'uns think that could be done an' they a-ridin'?" suddenly understanding her purpose.

"Nothin' liketryin'," she replied, and glided like a shadow around the corner of the house.

The boy stared for a moment after her.

"Well, I never!" he muttered, and followed on.

They ran through the orchard, an ill-kept, weedy place full of stunted apple-trees, across a freshly plowed field to the dense, black woods beyond. It was a clear night, the sky thickly set with stars, and low in the west a pale new moon hanging between two towering sentinel peaks, but the light could not penetrate to the narrow pathway S'phiry Ann

had selected as the nearest route to Whitaker's. The awful solitude, the intense darkness, did not daunt her. She knew the way, her footing was sure, and she ran swiftly as a deer before the hunters, animated by one desire, to get to Whitaker's before the officers. It was a desperate chance. If her father detained them a few minutes longer, — but if they hastened on, — she caught her breath and quickened her own steps. Eph stumbled pantingly along behind her, divided between admiration at her fleetness and anger that he had been called on to take part in such a mad race.

In speaking of it afterwards, he said:

"I never seed a creetur git over more ground in ez short a time sence that hound o' Mis' Beaseley's got pizened. It's a dispens'in er providence her neck wusn't broke a-rushin' through them gullies an' up them banks, an' it so dark you'uns mought 'a' fell plum' inter the bottomless pit an' not a knowed it."

But S'phiry Ann had no consideration to spare to personal danger, as she broke through the underbrush and climbed stony, precipitous heights. Once an owl flew across her way, its outspread wings almost brushing her face, and with a terrified hoot sought a new hiding-place. The wind swept whisperingly through the forest, and a loosened stone rolled down and fell with a dull hollow sound into the black depths of the ravine below them. Eph wished they had brought a torch, wished that he had not come, then struck out in a fresh heat, as he heard a mysterious rustling in the bushes behind him.

At last they emerged from the woods opposite Whitaker's, and S'phiry Ann leaned for a moment against the fence, panting, breathless, but exultant. She had won the race.

The house was only one forlorn old room, built of rough hewn logs, with a rickety shed in the rear. A small garden spot and the meager space inclosed with the house comprised all the open ground. Mountains rose darkly above it, and below, the mountain road wound and twisted in its tortuous course, to the fair, open valley. At the back of the dwelling the ridge shelved abruptly off into a deep ravine, dark the brightest noonday, an abyss of blackness at night.

From the low, wide, front door ruddy light streamed generously, defying the brooding night, playing fantastic tricks with the thickly growing bushes on the roadside. The girl had a good view of the interior, the men lounging around the fire, the vivid flame of pine knots bringing out the lines in their tanned weather-beaten faces, flashing into their lowering eyes, and searching out with cruel distinctness all the rough shabbiness of their coarse homespun and jeans.

There were the Whitaker boys, hardy, middle-aged men; Jeff Ward, a little shriveled fellow with long, tangled, gray beard and sharp, watchful eyes; Bill Fletcher, who had bravely survived the trials which had proved the death of his comrade, poor Al Hendries; Jeems Allen, a smooth-faced boy, and Gabe Plummer. He sat somewhat aloof from the others, staring gloomily into the fire, instead of giving attention to the lively story Jeff Ward was telling. At one end of the great hearth, laid of rough unhewn rocks, sat old man Whitaker, at the other, his wife,—a gray and withered couple; he tremulous with age, she deaf as a stone.

Nobody seemed to be on the lookout for enemies. The wide-flung door, the brilliant light, the careless group, gave an impression of security.

What had become of the revenue officers? No sound of hoofs struck upon the hard road, or murmur of voices betrayed hostile approach. Eph turned and peered down the road, then clutched excitedly at his companion's arm.

"Good Lord, S'phiry Ann! they're right down there a-hitchin' they horses an' a-gittin' ready ter creep up. I'm er goin' ter leave here."

S'phiry sprang across the fence, and the next moment stood in the door.

"The raiders, the raiders air a-comin'," she cried, not loudly but with startling distinctness; her torn dress, wild, loose hair, and brilliant excited eyes, giving her a strangely unfamiliar aspect. The warning cry thrilled through the room and brought every man to his feet in an instant.

"What? which way?" exclaimed young Jeems Allen, staring first up among the smoke-blackened rafters, then at the solid log wall.

"Tain't the time fer axin' questions, but fer runnin', boys," said Jeff Ward, making a dash toward the back door, closely followed by his comrades. Gabe Plummer had made a step toward S'phiry Ann, but she vanished as she appeared, and he escaped with his friends into the fastnesses of the woods. There was a shout from the raiders, creeping stealthily around the house, a disordered pursuit, and over the cabin the stillness following a sudden whirlwind seemed to fall.

S'phiry Ann crept cautiously out from the chimney-corner, slipped over the fence, and knelt down on the edge of the bushes, to watch and wait. The officers soon returned with torn clothes, scratched hands and faces, but without a prisoner. They were swearing in no measured terms at being baffled of their prey.

Old man Whitaker and his wife had quietly remained in the house, apparently not greatly moved from their usual placidity. Once the old woman dropped the ball of coarse yarn

she was winding and rose to her feet, but the old man motioned her down again. They were questioned by the officers, but what reliable information could be expected from an imbecile old man and a deaf old woman! The girl could overlook the whole scene from a crack in the fence,—the officers stamping about the room, the scattered chairs, the old people with their withered yellow faces, dim eyes, and bent, shrunken forms, and the dancing flames leaping up the wide sooty chimney. Satisfied that the distillers were safe, she softly rose and started across the road. One of the men caught a glimpse of her, the merest shadowy outline, and instantly shouted:

"There goes one of 'em now."

She heard him, heard the rush of feet over the threshold and the bare yard, and, without a backward glance, fled like a wild thing through the woods, home.

One afternoon, a week later, S'phiry Ann drew the wheel out into the middle of the kitchen floor, tightened the band, pulled a strip of yellow corn husk from a chink in the logs, and set herself to finish spinning the "fillin'" for the piece of cloth in the loom. Her mother and sister were out in the garden sowing seeds, Eph was cutting bushes in the new ground, and she could hear the loud, resonant "gee-haw" with which her father guided the ox drawing his plow. It was a serenely still day, with the heat of midsummer in its glowing sunshine, with only a fleck of cloud here and there along the horizon, and mountains wrapped in a fine blue haze.

It had been a trying week to S'phiry Ann, but she had no time to mope and brood over her anxieties, no inclination to confide them to her family. She had not shirked daily duties, but went about them silently and without enthusiasm. The revenue officers, disgusted, angered, at their disappointment, lingered on the mountains several days seeking something to lay violent hands on. One still they found and destroyed, but if the earth had opened and swallowed them, their prey could not have disappeared more completely. The law is strong, but it loses its power when carried into the strongholds of the mountains, majestic, clothed in repose, yielding up their secrets only to those bred and born upon them.

S'phiry Ann lifted her eyes to the lofty heights, yearning to know if her lover and his friends had found safe refuge, trembling with terror every time the dog barked or an ox-cart creaked slowly along the road. When the family were made acquainted with her part in that Monday night raid, there were various exclamatory remarks at the inconsistency of her behavior. Mrs. Standnege dropped her pipe, and stared at her in great amazement.

"Well, ef you'uns don't beat all! Last Sunday a-slightin' Gabe Plummer at meetin', an' now mighty nigh a-breakin' yer neck ter git him outer the way o' the raiders."

"Gabe wasn't the only one thar," said the girl in a low tone.

"But it stands ter reason you'uns wouldn't 'a' done it, ef he hadn't 'a' be'n thar. Yer pap may hev ter look out fer a new farm-hand arter all," with a touch of facetious humor, but watching the slow reddening of the girl's throat and face. Standnege came to her aid.

"Let her be, ma, an' work it out in her own mind. Thar ain't no 'countin' fer the doin's o' wimmun folks, no how. They air mighty uncertain creeturs."

"Why, pap!" exclaimed his eldest daughter, a mixture of indignation and reproach in her tone.

"Now I ain't a-meanin' ter throw off on 'em, an' I don't say as they ain't all steddly enough when they settle down, but a gal in love is the uncertaintest creetur that ever lived. Now S'phiry Ann ain't a-lackin' in common sense an' grit, if she does belong to me," he continued, with calm impartiality; "an' ef she wants ter marry Gabe Plummer 'fore craps air laid by, she kin do it."

But it was Monday again, and S'phiry felt that her fortune was still an unsettled thing.

"Ef it hadn't 'a' be'n for thinkin' o' Al Hendries's wife," she said to herself again and again, and the old spinning-wheel flew swiftly beneath strong, young fingers, and the yellow corn husk on the spindle filled slowly with smooth, even thread. She could look as downcast and troubled as her heart prompted, for no curious eyes were resting on her. Was it true? A shadow suddenly darkened the doorway.

"Howd'y do, S'phiry Ann?"

The half-twisted thread fell from her fingers, writhed and rolled along the floor, fair sport for the kitten lazily coiled on the hearth, while she turned toward the secretly wished-for, but unexpected, visitor. She trembled, and the color in her face flushed and paled.

"Gabe!" Then quickly, and with a swift

searching glance toward the road, "is it safe for you'uns ter be here?"

"Yes, they air gone—an' ter the devil, I hope." He leaned against the wall, jaded, forlorn-looking, the week of hiding out not improving either temper or appearance.

"Take a cheer, an' set down, Gabe," she said, a vibration of tenderest pity in her voice.

"I ain't a-keerin' tu rest jest yit. That was a good turn you'uns done us t'other night. No tellin' where we'uns would be now ef it hadn't 'a' be'n fer that. I don't know how to thank you'uns fer it, S'phiry Ann," he said with strong emotion in his voice.

"Don't, Gabe!" she stammered, stooping to snatch the tangled thread from the paws of the kitten.

"Would you'uns 'a' done it fer me?"

"T'ain't fair tu be axin' sech questions," she said defensively.

"Cordin' tu promise you'uns air tu marry me."

"I said it ef you'uns ud go back tu the clearin'."

"Yes, an' that's jest what I'm a-goin' tu do. I've had a week o' thinkin', an' now I'm willin' tu 'low you'uns kin hev your way. Ain't I be'n afeerd tu put my head outen the holler?" he continued in angry disgust; "afeerd tu tech a dead leaf fer the noise it made, afeerd tu draw my breath, an' I tell ye I ain't a-hankerin' arter any more sech days, an' I tole the boys so, an' I'm a-goin' back tu the clearin' ef every crap fails."

S'phiry Ann stood by the wheel, her face turned from him, silent, motionless. He waited a moment, then strode across the floor, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"We'uns mus' settle it now, S'phiry. I ain't a-blamin' you'uns now, though I don't say as I didn't back yander a week ergo, fer standin' tu principle."

"If it hadn't 'a' be'n fer thinkin' o' Al Hendries's wife," she said gently.

"I've be'n a-lovin' you'uns er long time, an' its time tu settle what we air a-goin' tu do."

"The clearin' settles it, Gabe," she murmured, and turned her head slowly until her eyes, softly radiant, met his eager, ardent ones.

*Mat Crim.*

## AT THE GRAVE.

IN MEMORY OF A. M.

IT is a world of seeming :

The changeless moon seems changing ever,  
The sun sets daily, but sets never  
So near the stars and yet so far;  
So small they seem, so large they are!  
It is a world of seeming.

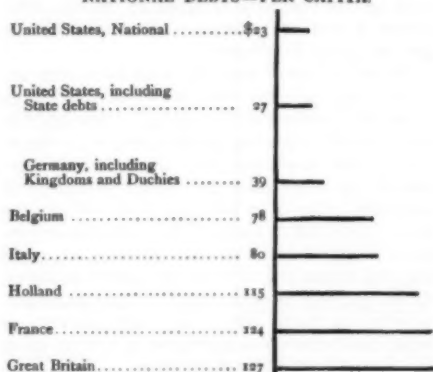
And so it seems that she is dead;  
Yet so seems only; for, instead,  
Her life is just begun; and this —  
Is but an empty chrysalis;  
While she, unseen to mortal eyes,  
Now wins her way in brighter skies —  
Beyond this world of seeming.

*Henry Ames Blood.*

# THE RELATIVE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF NATIONS.\*

TWO STUDIES IN THE APPLICATION OF STATISTICS TO SOCIAL SCIENCE.

## NATIONAL DEBTS—PER CAPITA.



It may be claimed that the debts of the several States constituting the United States should be added to the national debt.

In 1890 the total amount of such debts was \$226,597,594, since which date they have been diminished by large payments in many States. The present debt of all the States is not in excess of \$4.00 per capita of the whole population.

The data for computing department, county, city, town, and communal debts are not within the reach of the writer; but as these debts have been mostly incurred for public improvements, both in Europe and in this country, they do not come into the same category with the war debts of nations.

## II.

### WEAKNESS.

HAVING analyzed the strength of Democracy in America, we may now turn our attention to the other side, and consider the sources of the weakness of nations which are governed by dynasties.

In Professor J. R. Seeley's recent book upon the expansion of England, he has traced nearly all the European wars of recent times to the struggle of nations for dominion over other continents or parts of continents, in order to establish colonies and to control commerce therewith; commerce itself having been regarded by almost all nations, and being now regarded by the greater number, as a *quasi* war in which what one nation gains another must lose.

This fallacy has led to very many of the

† It should be stated that a considerable part of the debt of Germany and Belgium, and a small part of that of France, was incurred in the construction of railroads, but most of these railroads have been constructed for military purposes. A large part of the debt of Canada has also been incurred for the construction of railroads which are at present very unprofitable.

great actual wars of the last century and a half, and the vast national debts of Europe have been incurred in this futile and foolish attempt to set up as a rule among nations:

"Let him take who has the power,  
And let him keep who can."

The business man who fully comprehends the function of the merchant and of the manufacturer, and the place which commerce holds in the beneficent progress of the world, may well covet the genius of Southey in order that he might add new verses to the "Devil's Walk" as he passes in review the great wars which have been fought to gain the control of commerce which could have been had for the asking, and which would then have yielded a vastly greater benefit to both parties than either could gain by attempting to get an advantage over the other.

What more fruitful subject for the satirist than the bluster of the party politician at the present time, whose zeal is apparently in inverse proportion to his sincerity, in regard to the respective claims of this country and of Canada over the right to fish within a certain distance from the coast, when it would benefit both countries to put the regulation of all the fisheries under a joint control, so that both might be far better served with fish than either can now be?

What greater economic blunder has ever been committed than the support of slavery in this country for nearly a century of its history? It was the most costly and least productive system of labor, brutalizing to the black man and debasing to the white man, yet it was justified by men of such intelligence and force that had it not been for the narrowing influence and the bitter apparent necessity imposed upon them to sustain a crime against humanity, they might have left a reputation as statesmen.

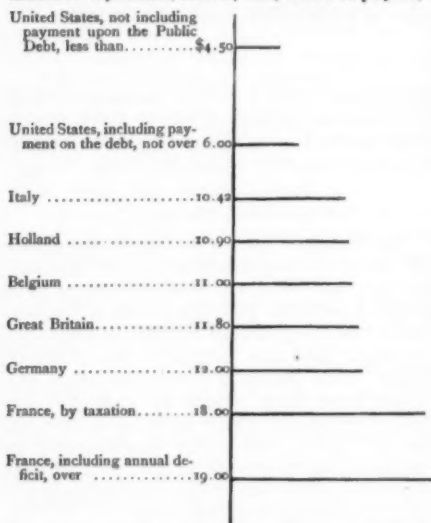
What more ludicrous commentary upon the intellectual mediocrity of legislators than the demand lately presented in Congress by the representatives of one of the New England States for a heavier duty upon sugar when imported in bags rather than in boxes, in order that the Cuban planters might be compelled to buy the decreasing timber supply of the forests of Maine in the form of sugar-boxes and charge it back to all consumers of sugar in this country?

Could there be a more complete *reductio ad*

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## RELATIVE BURDEN OF NATIONAL TAXATION

Per capita of the principal commercial or manufacturing states of Europe which are solvent, and of the United States (omitting local taxation for departments, counties, cities, or for town purposes)



The true burden of taxation may not be measured even by the proportion which the taxes of one country bear to another. The measure of importance is what ratio do they bear to the productive capacity of each nation or state, and for what are they expended. These matters are treated in a subsequent table.

*absurdum* than the conclusion to which the late Henry C. Carey was led by his lack of insight in respect to the functions of commerce; namely, "that the material prosperity of this country would be more fully promoted by a ten-years' war with Great Britain than it could be in any other way"?

(I quote this from memory; the statement was made in a conversation to which I listened.)

Yet out of this very jealousy of nations we gained almost without cost one of our most important possessions.

One of the most singular of the incidents of one of these great European contests was the sale of the Louisiana territory to this country by the First Napoleon, who, being unable to keep it, chose that England should not possess it. In a few short weeks this territory might have come under the dominion of England. One's imagination can hardly grasp the changed conditions of the world as they would have been had Great Britain succeeded in getting and keeping the control of all that vast territory west of the Mississippi River which was comprised in this purchase, thus confining the United States substantially to what lies east of this mighty river.

It is a singular fact that there appears to be no historical school atlas in use in this

country in which the several additions to the territory of the United States are pictured and described; hence very few persons realize the vast importance and extent of the Louisiana purchase, or know the true conditions of the great contest with the slave power over the extension of slavery into what was known in 1830 as the Territory of Missouri, which comprised a vast area outside the limits of the present State of Missouri.

While modern European wars have thus become a struggle for the control of commerce, or for the control of vast areas of territory in the attempt to secure its commerce to single States, war itself has also been mainly sustained by what may be called commercial methods; that is to say, the rulers of nations have made use of bankers through whom they have pledged the national credit in order to support dynasties or to secure power to them. Even success in war has in later years depended as much upon the commissariat, or upon the business department of war, as upon the actual battles, or even more.

This possibility of mortgaging the future by incurring a national debt has finally become the chief cause of the weakness of nations. The same century that has witnessed the increase of European national debts from a little over \$2,600,000,000 to more than \$22,000,000,000 has also seen Spain, Portugal, Austria, and Greece become bankrupt, while Russia is without credit. The attempt to enforce the payment of the bonded debt of Egypt by the force of armies at the instance of foreign creditors may be held to be a disgrace to the nations that have engaged in the undertaking. The debt was incurred without the consent of the people, and even the interest cannot now be met without taking so large a share of the meager product of the fellaheen as almost to reduce them to starvation.

Before the century ends we may even witness a general repudiation of these national mortgages which the dynasties of the past have imposed upon the people of the present without their consent, and in almost all cases to their injury rather than to their benefit.

In order that the relative weakness of Europe caused by the burden of debts and of standing armies may be fully comprehended, the following statements are submitted:

The debt of the United States at its highest point, in 1865, was eighty-four dollars per head, which is now the average debt of the commercial and manufacturing states of Europe specifically named in the ensuing statement. The debt of the United States is now less than twenty-three dollars per head (or including all State debts, less than twenty-seven dollars). The national debt — now twenty-three dol-

ACRES PER HEAD OF POPULATION, AND DEBT PER ACRE.

United States (omitting Alaska), acres ..... 32.7

Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, Holland, and Belgium, acres ..... 2.8

National Debt of the United States (omitting Alaska), per acre.....\$00.73

National Debt of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, and Belgium, per acre...\$30.06

Population at last census..... 157,549,817  
Debt of the United States at its maximum, August 1, 1865, liquidated and unliquidated, as computed by Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of Treasury ..... \$2,997,386,203  
Population ..... 34,748,000  
Debt of the United States, August 1, 1886..... \$1,380,087,279  
Population as computed by E. B. Elliott, Actuary of the Treasury, August 1, 1886..... 58,670,000

These figures of almost inconceivable millions convey but little idea to any one who is not accustomed to such comparisons; it is only by considering them in relation to each person of the population, that the true measure begins to be defined.

In the accompanying tables will be found statements of the debt per capita, the annual taxation per capita, the debt per acre, and also the proportion which the present standing armies bear to the population and to the men of arms-bearing age.

Thus far all the facts which have been given have been taken from the "Financial Reform Almanac" of 1886, from "Martin's Year Book" of 1886, and from the official documents of the United States.

I may now enter upon that part of my treatise which rests upon estimates only. These estimates must be accepted for what they are worth. It is admitted that they are somewhat hypothetical. Are they sustained by facts?

The true income of a nation is not the money by which it is measured; it is, in fact, the product of its labor and capital, consisting of the materials for food, for clothing, for shelter, fuel, metals, and the like, converted and reconverted until ready for consumption. These products are measured in money's worth in the process of exchange, and it is important when making use of terms of money to carry with the measure of money the conception of the quantities of substance which money will buy, or which are exchanged for money.

In a very few cases certain countries, like England, possess an income from foreign investments of capital previously saved; but this is a very small element as compared to the value of its annual product.

In the following tables this increase of income from foreign investments has been considered with respect to the average value of the product per capita assigned to England.

I have attempted to establish a comparison of the product, per capita, of European countries, as compared to this country, at its measure in money. The known factors in the problem are, first, the relative rates of wages paid in the several countries considered, each

The proportion of men under arms in the commercial and manufacturing states of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, and Belgium is 2,200,431. The cost of sustaining these forces in the last fiscal year was \$493,505,500, or at the rate of \$223 per man.

The force which is actually under arms, aside from the reserves, is at the ratio of one man to each 200 acres; and the annual tax for his support averages \$1.10 per acre.

The average cost per man in the army and navy of the United States, including the cost of ships, fortifications, navy-yards, and all other war expenses, is about \$1,600 annually per man. The ratio is one man under arms to each 51,000 acres, and the annual tax for his support and for all other military purposes is a fraction over three cents per acre.

lars — will probably all be paid within one generation from the date when it was incurred.

In the consideration of the following tables it must be borne in mind that the annual product of a nation or state is the source of all wages, taxes, rents, and profits, and that by so much as one element of these charges upon the annual product is greater must some other element be less. No scientific method has yet been invented by which taxes can be made to stay where they are first imposed. As a rule, taxation tends to diffuse itself over all consumption, and cannot be drawn in any large measure from what would otherwise be rent or profit. Hence, when the product is small, the necessary correlative of high taxation is a low rate of wages or earnings. Therefore, low wages in Continental Europe give no evidence of low cost of production, but rather indicate that the laborer is deprived of a large and undue share of his product by excessive taxation, chiefly for the destructive purposes of war or of preparation of war.

The debt of all Europe in 1884 and 1885 was..... \$22,158,000,000  
Population ..... 334,000,000  
Debt of the principal solvent and commercial states of Europe—Great Britain, France, Germany, Netherlands, and Italy... \$13,269,447,000

## 616 THE RELATIVE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF NATIONS.

### STANDING ARMIES AND NAVIES OF EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES,

Compared in ratio to the number of men of arms-bearing age, assuming one in five of the population to be of that age.

|   |            |
|---|------------|
| Standing armies of Europe in actual service ..... | 3,854,752  |
| Men in the navies .....                           | 268,622    |
| Total armed force .....                           | 4,123,374  |
| Reserves ready for service at call .....          | 10,398,163 |
| Total .....                                       | 14,521,537 |

Substantially one in five of all men of arms-bearing age.

Proportion of men of arms-bearing age in the standing armies and navies, not including reserves:

| Proportion.         |            | Exempts. |
|---------------------|------------|----------|
| All Europe .....    | 1 in 16.13 | 15.13    |
| Italy .....         | 1 " 7.50   | 6.50     |
| Holland .....       | 1 " 11.    | 10.      |
| France .....        | 1 " 13.    | 12.      |
| Russia .....        | 1 " 17.    | 16.      |
| Germany .....       | 1 " 19.30  | 18.30    |
| Belgium .....       | 1 " 23.    | 22.      |
| Austria .....       | 1 " 25.40  | 24.40    |
| Great Britain ..... | 1 " 26.    | 25.      |
| United States ..... | 1 " 322.   | 321.     |

Men in active service in armies and navies, omitting reserves:

|                     |                                  |                |        |
|---------------------|----------------------------------|----------------|--------|
| Russia .....        | 1,004,507                        | Belgium .....  | 46,539 |
| Italy .....         | 765,820                          | Sweden .....   | 43,174 |
| France .....        | 575,939                          | Denmark .....  | 37,725 |
| Germany .....       | 462,678                          | Greece .....   | 33,187 |
| Austria .....       | 298,501                          | Portugal ..... | 29,920 |
| Great Britain ..... | 281,746                          | Norway .....   | 22,250 |
| Turkey .....        | 180,404                          | Roumania ..... | 20,572 |
| Spain .....         | 116,256                          | Servia .....   | 13,079 |
| Switzerland .....   | 113,368                          |                |        |
| Holland .....       | 77,689                           |                |        |
| Reserves .....      | 4,123,374 or 1 man in 10,129,541 |                |        |
| United States ..... | 14,521,537 or 1 " 24 " 1610      |                |        |

as compared to the other; second, the relative amount of national taxation per capita.

Another factor which may be deemed to be sufficiently well established for purposes of comparison is the value of the per capita annual product of the people of the United States, estimated at two hundred dollars' worth to each person.

The family group in this country consists of a fraction over five persons; the proportion who were occupied for gain was one in 2.90 in the census year, and may be computed as one in three at the present time. Two hundred dollars' worth per head would make the average product of each person working for gain six hundred dollars' worth of product per year.

The writer has himself devoted a great deal of examination to this subject, and his estimate of two hundred dollars' worth per head has been sustained by many other experts, official and unofficial. Accepting this measure as approximately true to the facts, it is

held that the value of the product, per capita, of other countries may be based upon the value of the per capita product of this country, since the product of other countries must bear substantially the same proportion to the rates of wages and the per capita tax of such country as the product of this country bears to these known factors.

In all the principal commercial and manufacturing countries of Europe and in the United States there is now such an amount of available accumulated capital, as to make it certain that if there is any art or industry in which a rate of profit ranging from five per cent. to fifteen per cent. can be obtained, that branch of work will be quickly and surely undertaken.

Hence it follows that if the sum of the wages at the current rates prevailing in each country can be ascertained, as well as the per capita taxes, we may ascertain the average value of the product of such labor by adding to these elements of cost from five per cent. to fifteen per cent. as the corresponding profit. In other words, there must be a necessary relation in the ratios which profits, wages, and taxes bear to each other in each commercial or manufacturing country, according to the respective conditions of industry in that country.

For example, assuming that one person sustains two others in France as well as in this country, we know first that the average wages in France are not more than sixty per cent. the rate of wages in this country. We also know that national taxes are eighteen dollars per head in France and less than five dollars here. We need therefore only to establish the rate of profit which will induce the employment of capital in the arts which can be established in France in order to reach an approximate estimate of the average value of the product of each person employed in productive industry.

We may take as a class any group of skilled mechanics or artisans in the United States who earn two dollars a day, or six hundred dollars a year, each one supporting two other persons.

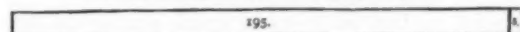
|  |       |
|--|-------|
| Their net wages each, free of national taxes, would be .....                 | \$585 |
| Their proportion of national taxes for three persons at \$5 per capita ..... | 15    |
| Wages and taxes .....  | \$600 |

Now if any one can make ten per cent. upon this sum, capital will be found for the employ-

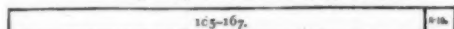
## RELATIVE PROPORTION OF THE ASSUMED PRODUCT PER CAPITA WHICH IS ABSORBED BY NATIONAL TAXATION ONLY, ON THE BASIS OF PREVIOUS COMPUTATIONS.

The proportion divided off at the end represents national taxation. The remainder is what is left to be applied to local taxation, rent, profits, earnings, and wages.

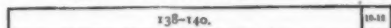
United States, product estimated \$200 per capita.



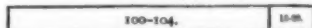
England, product estimated \$175 per capita.



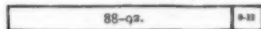
Great Britain and Ireland, product estimated \$150 per capita.



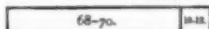
France, product estimated \$120 per capita.



Germany, product estimated \$100 per capita.



Italy, product estimated \$80 per capita.



Proportion of national taxation to estimated product:

|                           |       |      |           |       |
|---------------------------|-------|------|-----------|-------|
| United States             | ..... | 5%   | per cent. | _____ |
| England                   | ..... | 6.74 | "         | _____ |
| Great Britain and Ireland | ..... | 7.87 | "         | _____ |
| Germany                   | ..... | 10   | "         | _____ |
| Italy                     | ..... | 14%  | "         | _____ |
| France                    | ..... | 15   | "         | _____ |

ment of such men, and their product will be sold at such ten per cent. advance, if no more can be had, or at six hundred and sixty dollars.

This would make the final value of the product of such a workman six hundred and sixty dollars: divided into profits, sixty dollars; taxes, fifteen dollars; net wages, five hundred and eighty-five dollars.

We know that the corresponding rate of wages of a French artisan would not exceed, on the average, sixty per cent., or three hundred and sixty dollars, and that the proportion of national taxes due from him and his two dependants would be fifty-four dollars. But the gross product of France being less than it is in this country, it may require a larger proportion of the product to be assigned to profits; we will, therefore, call it fifteen per cent. on three hundred and sixty dollars, which is fifty-four dollars. This sum added to wages and taxes gives a gross value of the French workman's product, four hundred and fourteen dollars.

The ratios in this comparison would be:

|                                    |       |       |
|------------------------------------|-------|-------|
| Product per workman, United States | ..... | \$660 |
| " " " France                       | ..... | 414   |
| " " " capita, United States        | ..... | 220   |
| " " " " France                     | ..... | 138   |

On the other hand, if the average annual product is only one hundred and thirty-eight

dollars' worth per head, or four hundred and fourteen dollars' worth for the earnings of one of a group of three by whom the two others are sustained, the reason is not that the work is not equal, but that the quantity of the product to each person is limited by the conditions under which the work is done. The same workman when removed to the United States may produce twice as much as in France with the same labor if he can adjust himself to his new conditions. The German immigrant actually does so. Does it not follow that wages are the reflex or result of the labor of the workman derived from the sale after profits and taxes have been set apart? Hence all attempts to compare the cost of production of any article by comparing the rates of wages must be entirely fallacious unless all the conditions of production are the same. The rates of farm wages are, on the average, four to five dollars per month with board, in Rhenish Prussia; in the United States they are four to six times as much, but the money cost of producing a bushel of wheat in Prussia is double the cost in many parts of the West, where machinery is used to an extent unknown

in Prussia and almost impossible on account of the very minute subdivision of the land.

The causes of the variation of the product per workman and per capita are, of course, manifold. The principal causes must be variation in:

*First.* The natural resources of the country.

*Second.* The efficiency of the workman in respect to mental training and manual or technical dexterity.

*Third.* The efficiency of the tools or machinery used.

*Fourth.* The full or deficient nutrition of the body.

*Fifth.* The freedom from obstruction in exchanging the surplus of one art or industry for what is deficient in another, either one part with another in the same country, or one country with another.

Upon this theory I have constructed the table on this page, to which reference may be made, and while no claim for positive accuracy in the money estimates can be made for it, it may perhaps be accepted as relatively or proportionately correct. The facts sustain these proportions, and therefore prove the theory to be correct.

Is it not also a matter of common observation that in a country like the United States,

in which laborers are perfectly free, the transfer of land and of other property very easy and very promptly made, the use of machinery fully comprehended, and any new inventions speedily adopted, that the product will be large in ratio to the number of persons employed?

Conversely, if the natural resources of a country are not large in ratio to the population, the transfer of land complex and difficult, machinery inadequate, and improved tools not readily accepted, then the product will be small in ratio to the number of laborers. It follows that if taxation takes a large share of such small product, wages must be very low, and subsistence must be very meager.

In this country all conditions are favorable to low cost of production, low prices, and high wages, and therefore conducive to a widely extended commerce. Labor is effective, capital ample, and the average burden of national taxation very light. The prices of our great staple products, such as grain, wool, and cotton, are practically determined by competition in the markets of the world. From fifteen per cent. to twenty per cent. of the product of agriculture of the United States finds its market in foreign countries. Therefore the price of all products of agriculture is determined by the price which the surplus will bring for export.

Agriculture represents the largest single industry; and the product being very large in ratio to the number of men employed, because of the fertility of the soil and the use of machinery, it follows that when the low rate of taxes has been set aside and the ratio of profit has been assigned which is required in order that capital may be invested in agriculture, the rates of wages or the earnings of farmers in this country are, relatively to other countries, very high. Under such conditions large earnings and high wages are the necessary correlative of the very low cost of the production of the staples of agriculture. One is the reflex of the other.

Up to this time the conditions of and the wages in all other arts in the United States have been practically determined by reference to the condition of and wages in agriculture. All other arts which have been undertaken in this country are therefore governed by corresponding rules; namely, by the application of machinery under the best conditions, the largest product is assured with the least expenditure of labor. Therefore in all arts, with few exceptions, after the low rate of taxation and such profit as is necessary to induce the investment of capital have been set aside, the general rate of wages has been very high, because the general cost of production has been low. The same rule, therefore, applies in all arts — that high wages or earnings are the re-

flex or complement of the large product, so long as labor and capital are left free to work together and are not subjected to excessive taxation. Hence no comparison of cost can be made by a comparison of wages unless all other conditions are identical.

This fact was very clearly seen by the late Secretary Frelinghuysen, and his successor, Secretary Bayard, begins his instructions to consuls in these terms: "There are certain natural and artificial conditions which so largely affect the direct conditions of wages as to be entitled to consideration in any analytical examination of the great question of labor. . . . It would be a legitimate field of inquiry to ascertain what are the conditions which enable England to manufacture machinery and other products at less prices than similar goods can be manufactured in France, and at prices equal to those in Germany, while the rates of wages paid to workmen engaged in such manufacturing in England are, on the whole, higher than those paid for similar labor in France, and, as a foregoing table shows, more than double those paid in Germany."

"It is the wish of the State Department to pursue this inquiry in the direction indicated in this paragraph, and for this purpose the following general instructions are given to consuls, reference being made to the specific forms of interrogatory appended hereto or which will be sent hereafter."

This apparent paradox of high wages and low cost becomes very simple when applied by any employer to his own experience. In a dull time, when it becomes necessary to discharge a part of the working force, which are the operatives first discharged? Are they not those whose wages or earnings have been lowest — not those who have earned the most for themselves? Are not the men who earn the most for themselves retained because they are the most effective workmen and therefore most capable of producing goods at the lowest cost? Conversely, does not the fact which is apparently lost sight of by the proposed "organizers of labor" represent an absolute principle; namely, that the strong, industrious, and well-nourished manual laborer, or the skillful artisan or factory operative, will be substantially sure of continuous employment at the highest possible rate of wages, when the less able or competent can find no steady occupation?

Is not the rule of universal application in civilized countries that there must be a certain ratio between the *sum* of the wages and the taxes combined, and the profit which may be derived from the several arts and industries of each of the several countries?

It has been admitted that in very poor countries where hand labor prevails in greater

measure than the application of machinery, and where the taxes are very heavy while the product is very small, the ratio of profit must bear a larger proportion to the entire product than it does in a rich country where machinery is most fully applied and where the taxes are low.

In making the computations of the relative per capita product of the different countries, I have not attempted to cover this variation in the rate of profit, but I assume that, on the whole, any art in which capital can secure ten per cent. profit will be surely undertaken either in the United States or in England, France, Germany, and the Netherlands. Perhaps not in Italy without a higher rate of profit.

Upon this theory, and assuming that the product per capita of the United States may be valued at two hundred dollars' worth, that of England, with its income from foreign investments added, may not exceed one hundred and seventy-five dollars' worth; that of Great Britain and Ireland combined may be assumed not to exceed one hundred and fifty dollars' worth; that of France as not exceeding one hundred and twenty dollars' worth; that of Germany as not exceeding one hundred dollars' worth; that of Italy as not exceeding eighty dollars' worth; such being substantially the ratios which the average rates of wages with the per capita national taxation added bear to each other, and to the wages and taxes of the United States, with corresponding profits added in each case.

In order that this proposition may be made more clear, the foregoing table is submitted in which the line representing the product of each country is divided off into sections: in the sections on the right will be found the national taxation per capita; on the left, the value of what remains for distribution as wages, profits, and for municipal taxes. In the same table will be found the percentage which national taxes bear to the assumed per capita product.

In considering these remainders after national taxes have been set off, it must be borne in mind that municipal taxation as well as profits doubtless take a larger proportion in the poorer countries than in the richer ones. Hence that part of the product which may be assigned as the wages or earnings of the working people becomes less and less in proportion to the whole product, as the product itself diminishes in quantity and in value. "For he that hath, to him shall be given: and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath."

These figures correspond to known facts. In Italy, which is relatively under a heavier burden of armies and taxes than any one of the countries treated, what is left to the

workman, either of his own product or what he can buy with his wages, now appears to be insufficient to sustain life in strength and vigor. Is it not also true that portions of the population of the German empire, especially in southern Germany, are living on the edge of starvation, becoming weaker as they become less well nourished?

In Egypt so much of the miserable product of a rich and productive country is taken away to meet the interest of a bonded debt imposed upon the people without their consent, that starvation exists in the Nile valley, which once sustained tenfold the present population in comfort.

Is it not true that France has reached its utmost limit of taxation, and the annual deficit is adding to the burden which cannot, perhaps, be borne much longer? Yet France may be saved from immediate bankruptcy by the richness of its soil and the intelligent economy of its people.

Is not the present burden upon Ireland the burning question in Great Britain?

May there not be found in these conditions the underlying causes of nihilism, anarchy, socialism, and communism upon the continent of Europe?

In considering what is left after taxes and profits have been set aside in these several countries, it must be remembered that an equal amount of money will buy a less amount of food in Europe than it will in the United States, and the price of food is much more than half the cost of subsistence to a very large proportion of the working people of Europe; else we should not be exporting the products of our fields to European countries, and there would be no call for prohibitory laws, or for high duties on grain and pork in a vain attempt to promote an increase of the farm products in Germany and in France by such artificial methods.

The true measure of these burdens upon industry may be, perhaps, more accurately measured in terms of work than when stated in terms of money or of men. The product of every country stands for so much work. In the census year the work of this country, manual, mental, mechanical, and manufacturing, was performed by one in three of the population so far as gain in money was the object of the work, the bread-winners numbering 17,400,000 in a little over 50,000,000 population.

The national and municipal taxes of that year were proportionately higher than they are now; all taxes, national, State, and municipal, in that year required substantially seven per cent. of the highest estimate of the value of the total product. This percentage

being applied to persons, represented the year's work of men numbering 1,218,000, whose labor was devoted either to the direct work of government, or in sustaining all the forms of government by way of national, town, city, county, and State taxes.

The national taxes only of the United States are now about two and a half per cent. of the product, and they therefore represent the work of 500,000 persons out of about 20,000,000 workers. This body of half a million persons is either employed directly in the service of the Government, or else is occupied in sustaining those who are in such service.

In the preceding table the proportion of the annual product assigned to national taxes is represented by percentage upon the assumed per capita product of each country.

If the burden upon the United States corresponded to the several percentages assigned to other countries, the number who would be engaged either in the service of the Government, civil or military, or in sustaining those who perform this work, would be according to the following computation, it being assumed that out of our present population, approaching sixty million persons, twenty millions are at work in various occupations in sustaining the whole body politic:

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| At the ratio which the national taxes now bear to product in the United States, the actual work required to sustain all the functions of the National Government, directly or indirectly, is that of . . .            | 500,000 men. |
| At the ratio which the national taxes bear to the assumed product of England, the proportionate number of men who would be required in support of the functions of government in the United States would be . . . . . | 1,348,000 "  |
| At the ratio assigned to Great Britain and Ireland as a whole . . . . .   | 1,574,000 "  |
| At the ratio assigned to France . . . . .   | 3,000,000 "  |
| " " " " Germany . . . . .   | 2,400,000 "  |
| " " " " Italy . . . . .   | 2,950,000 "  |

It will be apparent to any one who reasons upon these figures, that if either one of these proportionate services in sustaining government, except perhaps that of Great Britain, were in force in this country, it would put a strain even upon our abundant resources that we could scarcely bear. What must then be the burden of those who are thus loaded?

The computed product of two hundred dollars' worth per head of our population after setting aside ten per cent. as the maximum addition to capital, and six per cent. as the maximum of all our present national and municipal taxes, leaves only one hundred and sixty-eight dollars' worth to each man, woman, and child. This being divided by three hundred and sixty-five days in the year leaves but

forty-six cents' worth per day for shelter, clothing, and food for each person. A variation of five cents per day to each person from this computed average stands for an additional product worth more than \$1,000,000,000 a year.

Let it be assumed for a moment that our two hundred dollars' worth of product, of which two and a half per cent. supports the National Government, were depleted by national taxation to the extent of fifteen per cent., as the product of France now is, a difference of twelve and a half per cent.; then the average sum available to each person, per day, would be reduced from forty-six cents to a fraction under thirty-nine cents; not apparently a great variation,—only about the price of a glass of beer,—yet six cents a day comes to over \$1,300,000,000 on our present population.

If we assume that one in three of the population of Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy is occupied for gain, the whole number of workers is a fraction less than 50,000,000 out of a population a little less than 150,000,000.

At the respective ratios assigned to the functions of government, the total number engaged in such functions is now in those four countries 6,067,000, or a fraction over twelve per cent. of the whole working force, occupied either as soldiers in active service, as officials in the civil service, or in sustaining these classes with bread, meat, and shelter. The actual number of men under arms in these countries is 2,086,000, and they cost two hundred and twenty-five dollars each. It surely takes at least one peasant's or one operative's product to sustain one soldier. If the armies and navies require the services of 2,086,000 men, and if the work of as many more is required to sustain them, then the waste of preparation for war requires the constant work of 4,176,000 men out of 30,000,000 men of arms-bearing age in Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy, computing one in five of the population of arms-bearing age. This is very nearly one in every seven of the adult men. Deducting this number from the whole number assigned to government service as above 6,067,000, the remainder is 1,891,000, or proportionately about fifty per cent. more than have been assigned to the support of the National Government to the United States aside from their army and navy. The number needed to earn the interest on the national debts of those countries above the proportion required in the United States would fully account for this disparity.

Do not these facts sustain the approximate accuracy of all the preceding computations? Does not the burden of armaments only re-

quire ten to twelve per cent. of the whole number of men of arms-bearing age in those countries, or eight to ten per cent. of the whole working force, if the proportion of working men and women to the population is the same as in the United States; to wit, one in three?

But is such the proportion of men and women who must labor to the utmost for subsistence? When men are wasting their time in camp and barracks, are not the women and children forced to labor in such a way that the physical stamina of the race is deteriorated, and material prosperity sapped at its very foundation?

What must then be the necessary conditions of life when the money's worth to be divided among the families of those who do the actual work of production is only one-half as much as it is in the United States? If the product of Germany is only one hundred dollars' worth per head, it will yield less than *twenty-eight cents'* worth per day for all taxes, subsistence, profits, and wages to each person. If the product of Italy is worth only eighty dollars per head, all taxes, profits, and wages must be derived from *twenty-two cents'* worth per day to each person.

If, on the other hand, the average value of the product per capita of these European countries cannot be deduced *a priori* according to the theory presented, then again we must go back to the facts; and we then find in all the various reports upon the condition of a vast body of the population of Europe that they are actually subsisting upon much less than half the income of the working people of this country. The facts sustain the theory, and the theory may explain the facts.

Many records may be found in recent consular reports of the families of German and Italian peasants who are subsisted on only four to five cents' worth of food for each person per day; and even at that price the cost of food is sixty or seventy per cent. of the whole cost of living.

On the other hand, if such are the facts as to the common life of great masses of the people, and if we cannot deduce the per capita annual product of each worker in Europe by adding ten per cent. for profit or addition to capital to the average rate of wages and the average burden of taxes,—that is to say, if the product of either country is greater per capita than this measure, then it follows that the privileged classes of Europe are securing to their own use a very much larger share of the annual product than the capitalists of this country can thus secure; and this adds to the danger and complexity of the problem in Europe, rather than rendering it more simple.

What then do these figures and facts mean? Is not the apparent strength of the armaments

of European nations a source of weakness which is now working at the foundation of the present forms of society upon the continent?

Is not our apparent weakness the very source of our strength?

Are we not stronger *without* expensive fortifications, navies, and other armaments than we should be if we spent our force in constructing them?

May not the time be near at hand when it shall no longer be lawful for one generation to mortgage the labor of the next by any national and perhaps by any municipal debt? When pay as you fight becomes the rule, will not war become almost impossible?

May not the right government of cities be found in more strictly limiting the power of cities or towns to incur debts?

Has not the power of the rings which have plundered our great cities been founded mainly in the abuse of public credit? Could Tweed have stolen the property of the people of the city of New York had he plundered them by direct taxation?

These may be questions which will soon require an answer, and which are perhaps suggested by the figures and the facts submitted in this treatise.

It may be said that the present relative conditions of Europe as compared to the United States require no statistics to bring them into view. Perhaps not; yet when a great bankruptcy occurs or is impending, the first call of the business man is for the trial balance. Such bankruptcies sometimes occur in arts which are most necessary and which must be continued. When the settlement has been made after the bankruptcy, the business is reestablished, but the expensive supernumeraries who had previously lived upon the work of others are afterward set to work to earn their own living.

In what way the representatives of the dynasties and privileged classes of Europe, or those whose present trade is war, will get their living after a hungry democracy has called for a settlement of accounts will be an interesting problem to watch.

The business of government is necessary and must be continued. How will it be reorganized after the impending settlement of accounts in Europe has been completed?

Many other applications of the statistics of these two studies will suggest themselves to him who can read what is written between the graphical lines or underneath the figures. Except to one who possesses such an imagination, statistics may be but dry bones, and all figures may be mere rubbish.

Edward Atkinson.

[In the table on page 430 of THE CENTURY for January, "Grain crop 256%" should read "Grain crop 167%."]

## LEE'S INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA.



"CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY."

ONE night in the spring of 1863, I was sitting in my tent opposite Suffolk, Virginia, when there came in a slender, wiry fellow about five feet eight, with hazel eyes, dark hair and complexion, and brown beard. He wore a citizen's suit of dark material, and except for his stooped shoulders was well-formed and evidently a man of great activity. He handed me a note from Mr. Seddon, Secretary of War. That was my first meeting with the famous scout Harrison, who in his unpretending citizen's dress passed unmolested from right to left through the Federal army, visited Washington City, ate and drank with the Federal officers, and joined me at Chambersburg with information more accurate than a force of cavalry could have secured.

While my command was at Suffolk, engaged in collecting supplies from the eastern coasts of Virginia and North Carolina, General Burnside was relieved and General Hooker put in command of the Federal Army of the Potomac. General Lee was not expecting Hooker to move so early, and gave me no warning until the Federals moved out to turn his left by Chancellorsville. He then sent urgent demand for me, but it so happened that all my trains were down on the eastern coasts, and I could not move my troops without leaving the trains to the enemy. I made haste to get them back as quickly as possible, and the moment we got them within our lines I pulled up from around Suffolk, and, recrossing the Blackwater, started back on my march to join General Lee at

Fredericksburg. Before we got to Richmond, however, we received dispatches announcing the Confederate success. But with these tidings of victory came the sad intelligence that General Stonewall Jackson was seriously wounded, a piece of news that cast a deep gloom over the army.

On the 9th of May I joined General Lee at his headquarters at Fredericksburg. At our first meeting we had very little conversation; General Lee merely stated that he had had a severe battle, and the army had been very much broken up. He regarded the wound accidentally inflicted on Jackson as a terrible calamity. Although we felt the immediate loss of Jackson's services, it was supposed he would rally and get well. He lingered for several days, one day reported better and the next worse, until at last he was taken from us to the shades of Paradise. The shock was a very severe one to men and officers, but the full extent of our loss was not felt until the remains of the beloved general had been sent home. The dark clouds of the future then began to lower above the Confederates.

General Lee at that time was confronted by two problems: one, the finding a successor for Jackson, another, the future movements of the Army of Northern Virginia. After considering the matter fully he decided to reorganize his army, making three corps instead of two. I was in command of the First Corps, and he seemed anxious to have a second and third corps under the command of Virginians. To do so was to overlook the claims of other generals who had been active and very efficient in the service. He selected General Ewell to command the Second, and General A. P. Hill for the Third Corps. General Ewell was entitled to command by reason of his rank, services, and ability. Next in rank was a North Carolinian, General D. H. Hill, and next a Georgian, General Lafayette McLaws, against whom was the objection that they were not Virginians.\*

In reorganizing his army, General Lee impaired to some extent the *morale* of his troops, but the First Corps, dismembered as it was,

\* General D. H. Hill was the superior of General A. P. Hill in rank, skill, judgment, and distinguished services. He had served with the army in Virginia, on the Peninsula in the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, and the Seven Days' battles around Richmond. In the Maryland campaign he made the battle of South Mountain alone from morning till late in the afternoon, with five thousand against a large part of Mc-

Clellan's army. He also bore the brunt of the battle of Sharpsburg. He hailed, however, not from Virginia but from North Carolina, and had just been detailed for service in that State. Next in rank after General D. H. Hill was General Lafayette McLaws, who had served with us continually from the Peninsular campaign. His attack of Maryland Heights in the campaign of 1862 was the crowning point in the capture of Harper's

still considered itself, with fair opportunities, invincible, and was ready for any move warranted by good judgment.

While General Lee was reorganizing his army he was also arranging the new campaign. Grant had laid siege to Vicksburg, and Johnston was concentrating at Jackson to drive him away. Rosecrans was in Tennessee and Bragg was in front of him. The force Johnston was concentrating at Jackson gave us no hope that he would have sufficient strength to make any impression upon Grant, and even if he could, Grant was in position to reinforce rapidly and could supply his army with greater facility. Vicksburg was doomed unless we could offer relief by strategic move. I proposed to send a force through East Tennessee to join Bragg and also to have Johnston sent to join him, thus concentrating a large force to move against Rosecrans, crush out his army and march against Cincinnati. That, I thought, was the only way we had to relieve Vicksburg. General Lee admitted the force of my proposition but finally stated that he preferred to organize a campaign into Maryland and Pennsylvania, hoping thereby to draw the Federal troops from the southern points they occupied. After discussing the matter with him for several days I found his mind made up not to allow any of his troops to go west. I then accepted his proposition to make a campaign into Pennsylvania, provided it should be offensive in strategy but defensive in tactics, forcing the Federal army to give us battle when we were in strong position and ready to receive them. One mistake of the Confederacy was in pitting force against force. The only hope we had was to outgeneral the Federals. We were all hopeful and the army was in good condition, but the war had advanced far enough for us to see that a mere victory without decided fruits was a luxury we could not afford. Our numbers were less than the Federal forces, and our resources were limited while theirs were not. The time had come when it was imperative that the skill of generals and the strategy and tactics of war should take the place of muscle against muscle. Our purpose should have been to impair the *morale* of the Federal army and shake Northern confidence in the Federal leaders. We talked on that line from day to day, and General Lee, accepting it as good military view, adopted it as the keynote of the campaign. I suggested that we should

Ferry with its garrison and supplies. With Maryland Heights in our hands Harper's Ferry was untenable. Without Maryland Heights in our possession Jackson's forces on the south side of the Potomac could not have taken the post. At Fredericksburg McLaws held the ground at Marye's Hill with five thousand men (his own and Ransom's division) against forty thou-

have all the details and purposes so well arranged and so impressed upon our minds that when the critical moment should come, we could refer to our calmer moments and know we were carrying out our original plans. I stated to General Lee that if he would allow me to handle my corps so as to receive the attack of the Federal army, I would beat it off without calling on him for help except to guard my right and left, and called his attention to the battle of Fredericksburg as an instance of defensive warfare, where we had thrown not more than five thousand troops into the fight and had beaten off two-thirds of the Federal army with great loss to them and slight loss to my own troops. I also called his attention to Napoleon's instructions to Marmont at the head of an invading army.

A few days before we were ready to move, General Lee sent for General Ewell to receive his orders. I was present at the time and remarked that if we were ever going to make an offensive battle it should be done south of the Potomac — adding that we might have an opportunity to cross the Rappahannock near Culpeper Court House and make a battle there. I made this suggestion in order to bring about a discussion which I thought would give Ewell a better idea of the plan of operations. My remark had the desired effect and we talked over the possibilities of a battle south of the Potomac. The enemy would be on our right flank while we were moving north. Ewell's corps was to move in advance to Culpeper Court House, mine to follow, and the cavalry was to move along on our right flank to the east of us. Thus, by threatening his rear, we could draw Hooker from his position at Fredericksburg. Our movements at the beginning of the campaign were necessarily slow in order that we might be sure of having the proper effect on Hooker and draw him from his position on Stafford Heights opposite Fredericksburg.

Ewell was started off to the valley of Virginia to cross the mountains and move in the direction of Winchester, which was occupied by considerable forces under Milroy. I was moving at the same time east of the Blue Ridge with Stuart's cavalry on my right so as to occupy the gaps from Ashby on to Harper's Ferry. Ewell, moving on through the valley, captured troops and supplies at Winchester, and passed through Martinsburg and Williamsport into Maryland. As I moved sand, and put more than double his defending forces *hors de combat*, thus making, for his numbers, the best battle of the war. General McLaws was not in vigorous health, however, and was left to command his division in the campaign. He called on General Lee to know why his claims had been overlooked, but I do not know that Lee gave him satisfactory reasons.—J. L.

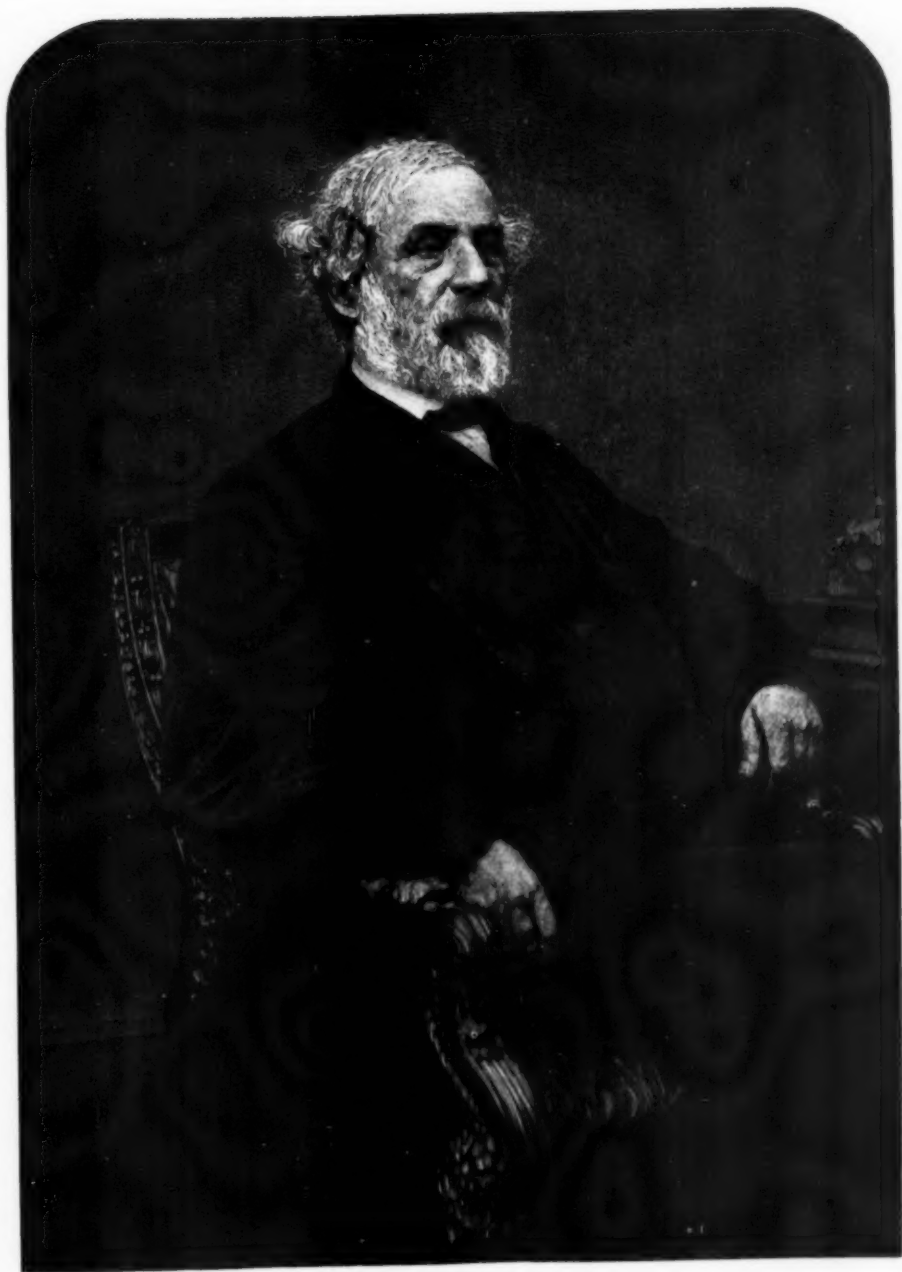
along the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge we heard from day to day of the movements of Hooker's army, and that he had finally abandoned his position on Stafford Heights, and was moving up the Potomac in the direction of Washington. Upon receipt of that information, A. P. Hill was ordered to draw off from Fredericksburg and follow the movements of General Ewell, save to cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown. When Hill with his troops and well-supplied trains had passed my rear, I was ordered to withdraw from the Blue Ridge, pass over to the west of the Shenandoah and follow the movements of the other troops, only to cross the Potomac at Williamsport. I ordered General Stuart, whom I considered under my command, to occupy the gaps with a part of his cavalry and to follow with his main force on my right, to cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown, and move on my right flank. Upon giving him this order, he informed me that he had authority from General Lee to occupy the gaps with a part of his cavalry, and to follow the Federal army with the remainder. At the same time he expressed his purpose of crossing the river east of the Blue Ridge and trying to make way around the right of the Federal army; so I moved my troops independent of the cavalry, following my orders, crossed at Williamsport, came up with A. P. Hill, in Maryland, and we moved on thence to Chambersburg.

Before we left Fredericksburg for the campaign into Maryland and Pennsylvania, I called up my scout Harrison, and, giving him all the gold he thought he would need, told him to go to Washington City and remain there until he was in possession of information which he knew would be of value to us, and directed that he should then make his way back to me and report. As he was leaving, he asked where he would find me. That was information I did not care to impart to a man who was going directly to the Federal capital. I answered that my command was large enough to be found without difficulty. We had reached Chambersburg on the 27th of June and were remaining there to give the troops rest, when my scout straggled into the lines. He told me he had been to Washington and had spent his gold freely, drinking in the saloons and getting upon confidential terms with army officers. In that way he had gotten a pretty good idea of the general movements of the Federal army and the preparation to give us battle. The moment he heard Hooker had started across the Potomac he set out to find me. He fell in with the Federal army before reaching Frederick—his plan being to walk at night and stop during the day in the

neighborhood of the troops. He said there were three corps near Frederick when he passed there, one to the right, and one to the left, but he did not succeed in getting the position of the other. This information proved more accurate than we could have expected if we had been relying upon our cavalry. I sent the scout to report to General Lee, who was near, and suggested in my note that it might be well for us to begin to look to the east of the Blue Ridge. Meade was then in command of the Federal army, Hooker having been relieved.

The two armies were then near each other, the Confederates being north and west of Gettysburg and the Federals south and south-east of that memorable field. On the 30th of June, we turned our faces toward our enemy and marched upon Gettysburg. The Third Corps, under Hill, moved out first and my command followed. We then found ourselves in a very unusual condition: we were almost in the immediate presence of the enemy with our cavalry gone. Stuart was undertaking another wild ride around the Federal army. We knew nothing of Meade's movements further than the report my scout had made. We did not know, except by surmise, when or where to expect to find Meade, nor whether he was lying in wait or advancing. The Confederates moved down the Gettysburg road on the 30th of June, encountered the Federals on the 1st of July, and a severe engagement followed. The Federals were driven entirely from the field and forced back through the streets of Gettysburg to Cemetery Hill, which had been previously selected as a Federal rallying-point and was occupied by a reserve force of the Eleventh Corps.

Gettysburg lies partly between Seminary Ridge on the west and Cemetery Ridge on the south-east, a distance of about fourteen hundred yards dividing the crests of the two ridges. As General Lee rode to the summit of Seminary Ridge and looked down upon the town he saw the Federals in full retreat and concentrating on the rock-ribbed hill that served as a burying-ground for the city. He sent orders to Ewell to follow up the success if he found it practicable and to occupy the hill on which the enemy was concentrating. As the order was not positive but left discretion with General Ewell, the latter thought it better to give his troops a little rest and wait for more definite instructions. I was following the Third Corps as fast as possible, and as soon as I got possession of the road went rapidly forward to join General Lee. I found him on the summit of Seminary Ridge watching the enemy concentrate on the opposite hill. He pointed out their position to me. I took my glasses and made as careful a survey as I



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

could from that point. After five or ten minutes I turned to General Lee and said :

"If we could have chosen a point to meet our plans of operation, I do not think we could have found a better one than that upon which they are now concentrating. All we have to do is to throw our army around by their left and we shall interpose between the Federal army and Washington. We can get a strong position and wait, and if they fail to attack us we shall have everything in condition to move back to-morrow night in the direction of Wash-



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM BARKSDALE, WOUNDED JULY 2D, DIED JULY 3D. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

ington, selecting beforehand a good position into which we can place our troops to receive battle next day. Finding our object is Washington or that army, the Federals will be sure to attack us. When they attack, we shall beat them, as we proposed to do before we left Fredericksburg, and the probabilities are that the fruits of our success will be great."

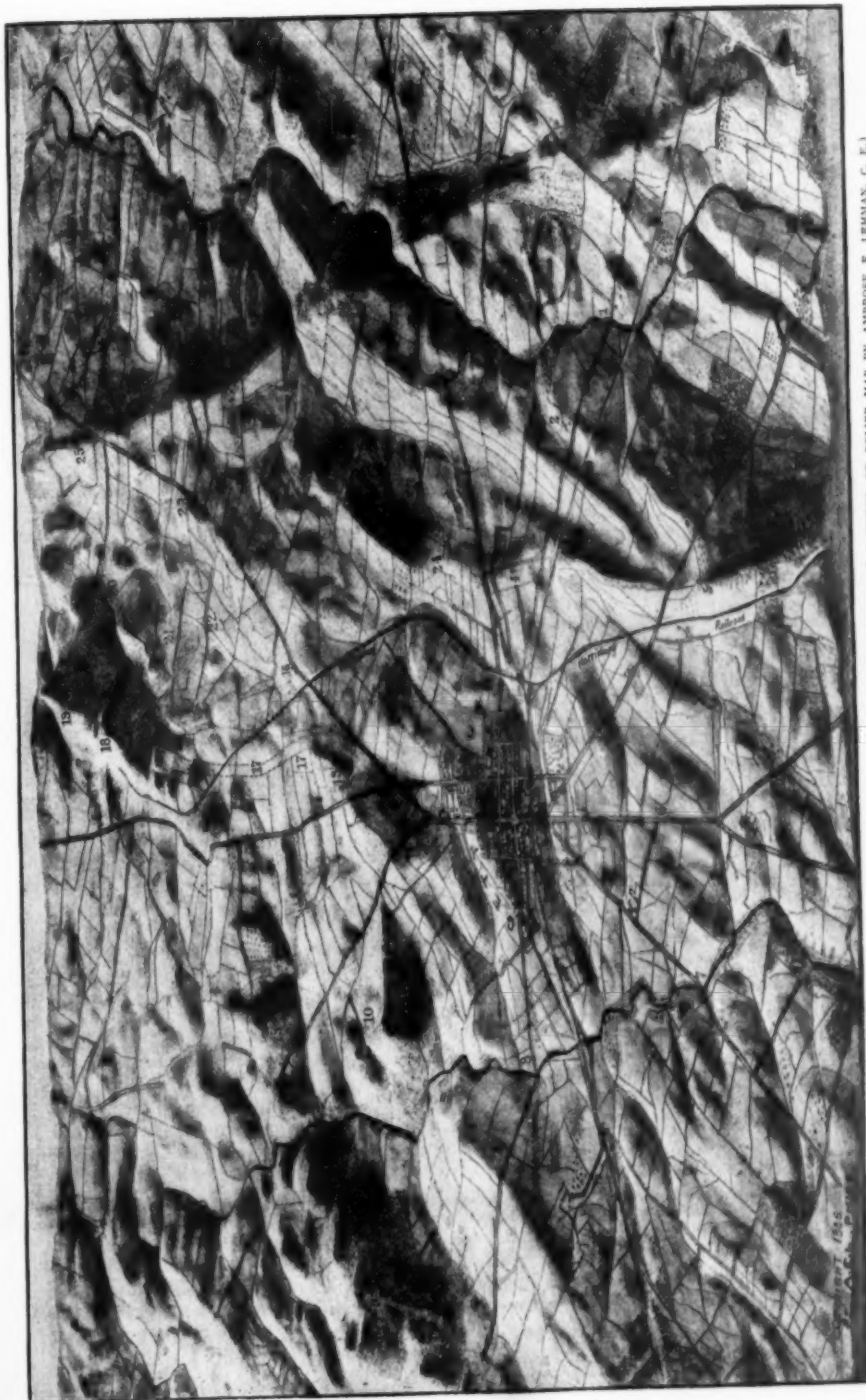
"No," said General Lee; "the enemy is there, and I am going to attack him there."

I suggested that such a move as I proposed would give us control of the roads leading to Washington and Baltimore, and reminded General Lee of our original plans. If we had fallen behind Meade and had insisted on staying between him and Washington, he would have been compelled to attack and would have been badly beaten. General Lee answered, "No; they are there in position, and I am going to whip them or they are going to whip me." I saw he was in no frame of mind to listen to further argument at that time, so I did not push the matter, but determined to renew the subject the next morning. It was then about five o'clock in the afternoon.

On the morning of the 2d I joined General Lee and again proposed the move to Meade's left and rear. He was still unwilling to consider the proposition, but soon left me and rode off to see General Ewell and to examine the ground on our left with a view to making the attack at that point. After making the examination and talking to General Ewell, he determined to make the attack by the right, and, returning to where I was, announced his intention of so doing. His engineer officers had been along the line far enough to find a road by which the troops could move and be concealed from the Federal signal stations.

About eleven o'clock on the morning of the 2d he ordered the march, and put it under the conduct of his engineer officers, so as to be assured of their moving by the best route and encountering the least delay in reaching the position designated by him for the attack on the Federal left, at the same time concealing the movements then under orders from view of the Federals.

McLaws's division was in advance, with Hood following. After marching some distance there was a delay in front, and I rode forward to ascertain the cause, when it was reported to me that part of the road just in advance of us was in plain view of the Federal signal station on Round Top. To avoid that point the direction of the troops was changed. Again I found there was some delay, and ordering Hood's division, then in the rear, to move on and double with the division in front, so as to save as much time as possible, I went forward again to see the cause of the delay. It seemed there was doubt again about the men being concealed, when I stated that I could see the signal station, and there was no reason why they could not see us. It seemed to me useless, therefore, to delay the troops any longer with the idea of concealing the move, and the two divisions moved on. As the line was deployed I rode along from left to right, examining the Federal position and putting my troops in the best position we could find. General Lee at the same time gave orders for the attack to be made by my right—following up the direction of the Emmetsburg road toward the Cemetery Ridge, holding Hood's left as well as could be toward the Emmetsburg road, McLaws to follow the movements of Hood, attacking at the Peach Orchard the Federal Third Corps, with a part of R. H. Anderson's division following the movements of McLaws to guard his left flank. As soon as the troops were in position, and we could find the points against which we should march and give the guiding points, the advance was ordered—at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. The attack was



RELIEF MAP OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF GETTYSBURG, LOOKING SOUTH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A MODEL OR RELIEF MAP BY AMBROSE E. LEHMAN, C. E.)

1. Chambersburg pike bridge over Willowby Creek — beginning of the battle of the first day. 2. McPherson's farm and woods. 3. Railway cuts. 4. Seminary. 5. Oak Hill. 6. Curfiss Road. 7. Harrisburg Road bridge over Rock Creek. 8. Hanover Road. 9. Wolf Hill. 10. Culp's Hill. 11. East Cemetery Hill. 12. Cemetery Hill. 13. Zook's Grove. 14. Meade's headquarters on the Taneytown Road. 15. Sickles' headquarters on the Emmettsburg Road. 16. Codori's house on the Emmettsburg Road. 17. Cemetery Ridge. 18. Little Round Top. 19. Round Top. 20. Devil's Den. 21. Wheat-field. 22. Trostle's farm. 23. Peach Orchard. 24. Seminary Ridge. 25. Extreme right of Longstreet's line.

made in splendid style by both divisions, and the Federal line was broken by the first impact. They retired, many of them, in the direction of Round Top behind bowlders and fences, which gave them shelter, and where they received reinforcements.

This was an unequal battle. General Lee's orders had been that when my advance was made, the Second Corps, on his left, should move and make a simultaneous attack; that the Third Corps should watch closely and engage so as to prevent heavy massing in front of me. Ewell made no move at all until about eight o'clock at night, after the heat of the battle was over, his line having been broken by a call for one of his brigades somewhere else. Hill made no move whatever, save of the brigades of his right division that were covering our left.

When the battle of the 2d was over, General Lee pronounced it a success, as we were in possession of ground from which we had driven the Federals and had taken several field pieces. The conflict had been fierce and bloody, and my troops had driven back heavy columns and had encountered a force three or four times their number,\* but we had accomplished little toward victorious results. Our success of the first day led us into battle on the 2d, and the battle on the 2d doubtless led us into the terrible and hopeless slaughter on the 3d.

On the night of the 2d, I sent to our extreme right to make a little reconnoissance in that direction, thinking General Lee might yet conclude to move around the Federal left. The morning of the 3d broke clear and indicated a day on which operations would not be interrupted by the elements. The Confederate forces still occupied Seminary Ridge, while the Federals occupied the range stretching from Round Top to Cemetery Hill and around Culp's Hill. The position of the Federals was quite strong, and the battle of the 2d had concentrated them so that I considered an attack from the front more hazardous than the battle on the 2d had been. The Federals were concentrated, while our troops were stretched out in a long, broken, and thus a weak line. However, General Lee hoped to break through the Federal line and drive them off. I was disappointed when he came to me on the morning of the 3d, and directed that I should renew the attack against Cemetery Hill, probably the strongest point of the Federal line. He had already ordered Pickett's division, which had been left at Chambersburg to guard our supply trains, up for that purpose. In the mean-

time the Federals had placed batteries on Round Top in position to make a raking fire against troops attacking the Federal front. Meade knew that if the battle was renewed it would be virtually over the same ground as my battle of the 2d. I stated to General Lee that I had been examining the ground over to the right, and was much inclined to think the best thing was to move to the Federal left.

"No," he said; "I am going to take them where they are on Cemetery Hill. I want you to take Pickett's division and make the attack. I will reinforce you by two divisions of the Third Corps."

"That will give me fifteen thousand men," I replied. "I have been a soldier, I may say, from the ranks up to the position I now hold. I have been in pretty much all kinds of skirmishes, from those of two or three soldiers up to those of an army corps, and I think I can safely say there never was a body of fifteen thousand men who could make that attack successfully."

The General seemed a little impatient at my remarks, so I said nothing more. As he showed no indication of changing his plan, I went to work at once to arrange my troops for the attack. Pickett was put in position and received directions for the line of his advance as indicated by General Lee. The divisions of the Third Corps were arranged along his left with orders to take up the line of march as Pickett passed before them in short echelon. We were to open with our batteries, and Pickett was to move out as soon as we silenced the Federal batteries. The artillery combat was to begin with the rapid discharge of two field pieces as our signal. As soon as the orders were communicated along the line, I sent Colonel E. P. Alexander (who was commanding a battalion of artillery and who had been an engineer officer) to select carefully a point from which he could observe the effect of our batteries. When he could discover the enemy's batteries silenced or crippled, he should give notice to General Pickett, who was ordered, upon receipt of that notice, to move forward to the attack. When I took Pickett to the crest of Seminary Ridge and explained where his troops should be sheltered, and pointed out the direction General Lee wished him to take and the point of the Federal line where the assault was to be made, he seemed to appreciate the severe battle he was to encounter, but was quite hopeful of success. Upon receipt of notice, he was to march over the crest of the hill down the gentle slope and up the rise opposite the Federal stronghold. The distance was about fourteen hundred yards, and for most of the way the Federal batteries would have a rak-

\* General Meade's report shows that all of the Third and parts of the Second, Fifth, Sixth, and Twelfth corps took part in the second day's fight.—EDITOR.



A DISPATCH BEARER.

ing fire from Round Top, while the sharpshooters, artillery, and infantry would subject the assaulting column to a terrible and destructive fire. With my knowledge of the situation, I could see the desperate and hope-

less nature of the charge and the cruel slaughter it would cause. My heart was heavy when I left Pickett. I rode once or twice along the ground between Pickett and the Federals, examining the positions and study-

ing the matter over in all its phases so far as we could anticipate.

About one o'clock everything was in readiness. The signal guns broke the prevailing stillness, and immediately a hundred and fifty Confederate cannon burst into a deafening roar, which was answered by a thunder almost as great from the Federal side. From both sides the shells were hurled and burst as



BRIGADIER-GENERAL RICHARD B. GARNETT, KILLED JULY 30.

the great artillery combat proceeded. The destruction was, of course, not great; but the thunder on Seminary Ridge, and the echo coming back from the Federals, showed that both sides were ready. The armies seemed like mighty wild beasts growling at each other and preparing for a death struggle. For an hour or two the fire was continued, and met such steady response on the part of the Federals, that it seemed less effective than we had anticipated. I sent word to Alexander that unless he could do something more, I would not feel warranted in ordering the troops forward. After a little, some of the Federal batteries ceased firing, possibly to save ammunition, and Alexander thought the most suitable time for the advance had come. He sent word to Pickett, and Pickett rode to my headquarters. As he came up he asked if the time for his advance had come. I was convinced that he would be leading his troops to needless slaughter, and did not speak. He repeated the question, and without opening my lips, I bowed in answer. In a determined voice Pickett said: "Sir, I shall lead my division forward." He then remounted his horse and rode back to his command. I mounted my horse and rode to a point where I could observe the troops as they marched forward. Colonel Alexander had set aside a battery of seven guns to advance with Pickett, but General Pendleton, from whom they were borrowed, recalled them just before the charge was ordered. Colonel Alexander told me of the seven guns which had been removed,

and that his ammunition was so low he could not properly support the charge. I ordered him to stop Pickett until the ammunition could be replenished, and he answered, "There is no ammunition with which to replenish." In the hurry he got together such guns as he could to move with Pickett.

It has been said that I should have exercised discretion and should not have sent Pickett on his charge. It has been urged that I had exercised discretion on previous occasions. It is true that at times when I saw a certainty of success in another direction, I did not follow the orders of my general, but that was when he was not near and could not see the situation as it existed. When your chief is away, you have a right to exercise discretion; but if he sees everything you see, you have no right to disregard his positive and repeated orders. I never exercised discretion after discussing with General Lee the points of his orders, and when after discussion he had ordered the execution of his policy. I had offered my objections to Pickett's battle and had been overruled, and I was in the immediate presence of the commanding general when the order was given for Pickett to advance.

Gettysburg was one of the saddest days of my life. I foresaw what my men would meet and would gladly have given up my position rather than share in the responsibilities of that day. It was thus I felt when Pickett at the head of forty-nine hundred brave men marched over the crest of Seminary Ridge and began his descent of the slope. As he passed me he rode gracefully, with his jaunty cap raked well over on his right ear and his long auburn locks, nicely dressed, hanging almost to his shoulders. He seemed rather a holiday soldier than a general at the head of a column which was about to make one of the grandest, most desperate assaults recorded in the annals of wars. Armistead and Garnett, two of his brigadiers, were veterans of nearly a quarter of a century's service. Their minds seemed absorbed in the men behind, and in the bloody work before them. Kemper, the other brigadier, was younger but had experienced many severe battles. He was leading my old brigade that I had drilled on Manassas plains before the first battle on that noted field. The troops advanced in well-closed ranks and with elastic step, their faces lighted with hope. Before them lay the ground over which they were to pass to the point of attack. Intervening were several fences, a field of corn, a little swale running through it and then a rise from that point to the Federal stronghold. As soon as Pickett passed the crest of the hill, the Federals had a clear view and opened their batteries, and as he descended the eastern

slope of the ridge his troops received a fearful fire from the batteries in front and from Round Top. The troops marched steadily, taking the fire with great coolness. As soon as they passed my batteries I ordered my artillery to turn their fire against the batteries on our right then raking my lines. They did so, but did not force the Federals to change the direction of their fire and relieve our infantry. As the troops were about to cross the swale I noticed a considerable force of Federal infantry moving down as though to flank the left of our line. I sent an officer to caution the division commanders to guard against that move, at the same time sending another staff officer with similar orders so as to feel assured the order would be delivered. Both officers came back bringing their saddles, their horses having been shot under them. After crossing the swale, the troops kept the same steady step, but met a dreadful fire at the hands of the Federal sharpshooters; and as soon as the field was open, the Federal infantry poured down a terrific fire which was kept up during the entire assault. The slaughter was terrible, the enfilade fire of the batteries on Round Top being very destructive. At times one shell would knock down five or six men. I dismounted to relieve my horse and was sitting on a rail fence watching very closely the movements of the troops. Colonel Freeman, who had taken a position behind the Third Corps where he would be out of reach of fire and at the same time have a clear view of the field, became so interested that he left his position and came with speed to join me. Just as he came up behind me, Pickett had reached a point between his and the

Federal lines. A pause was made to close ranks and mass for the final plunge. The troops on Pickett's left, although advancing, were evidently a little shaky. Colonel Freeman, only observing the troops of Pickett's command, said to me, "General, I would not



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM D. PENDER, WOUNDED JULY 25,  
DIED JULY 18TH.

have missed this for anything in the world." He believed it to be a complete success. I was watching the troops supporting Pickett and saw plainly they could not hold together ten minutes longer. I called his attention to the wavering condition of the two divisions of the Third Corps, and said they would not hold, that Pickett would strike and be crushed and the attack would be a failure. As Pickett's division concentrated in making the final assault, Kemper fell severely wounded. As the division threw itself against the Federal line Garnett fell and expired. The Confederate flag was planted in the Federal line, and immediately Armistead fell mortally wounded at the feet of the Federal soldiers. The wavering divisions then seemed appalled, broke their ranks, and retired. Immediately the Federals swarmed around Pickett, attacking on all sides, enveloped and broke up his command, having killed and wounded more than two thousand men in about thirty minutes. They then drove the fragments back upon our lines. As they came back I fully expected to see Meade ride to the front and lead his forces to a tremendous counter-charge. Sending my staff officers to assist in collecting the fragments of my command, I rode to my line of batteries, knowing they were all I had in front of the impending attack, resolved to drive it back or sacrifice my last gun and man. The Federals were advancing a line of skirmishers which I thought was the advance of their charge. As soon as the line of skirmishers came within reach of our guns the batteries opened again and their



BRIGADIER-GENERAL PAUL SEMMES, MORTALLY WOUNDED  
JULY 25.



PILKETT'S CHARGE. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

fire seemed to check at once the threatened advance. After keeping it up a few minutes the line of skirmishers disappeared, and my mind was relieved of the apprehension that Meade was going to follow us.

General Lee came up as our troops were falling back and encouraged them as well as he could; begged them to re-form their ranks and reorganize their forces, and assisted the staff-officers in bringing them all together again. It was then he used the expression that has been mentioned so often:

"It was all my fault; get together, and let us do the best we can toward saving that which is left us."

As our troops were driven back from the general assault an attack was made on my extreme right by several squadrons of cavalry, which succeeded in breaking through our line of pickets. They were met by counter-move of the Ninth Georgia and the well-directed fire of Captain Bachman's battery and driven back, the Eleventh and Fifty-ninth Georgia regiments joining in the counter-move.

Finding that Meade was not going to follow us, I prepared to withdraw my line to a better defensive position. The batteries were withdrawn well over Seminary Ridge, and orders were sent to the right for McLaws's and Hood's divisions to be withdrawn to corresponding positions. The armies remained in position, the Confederates on Seminary Ridge extending around Gettysburg, the left also drawn back, the Federals on Cemetery Ridge, until the night of the 4th, when we took up the march in retreat for Virginia.

That night, while we were standing round a little fire by the roadside, General Lee said again the defeat was all his fault. He said to me at another time, "You ought not to have made that last attack." I replied, "I had my orders, and they were of such a nature there was no escape from them." During that winter, while I was in East Tennessee, in a letter I received from him he said, "If I only had taken your counsel even on the 3d, and had moved around the Federal left, how different all might have been."

The only thing Pickett said of his charge was that he was distressed at the loss of his command. He thought he should have had two of his brigades that had been left in Virginia; with them he felt that he would have broken the line.

While I was trying to persuade General Lee to turn the Federal left on the 1st of July, Halleck telegraphed Meade as follows:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., July 1, 1863.

"The movements of the enemy yesterday indicate his intention to either turn your left or to cover himself by the South Mountain and occupy Cumberland Valley. Do not let him draw you too far to the east."

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Again on the same day:

"Your tactical arrangements for battle seem good so far as I can judge from my knowledge of the character of the country. But in a strategic view, are you not too far east? And may not Lee attempt to turn your left and cut you off from Frederick? Please give your full attention to this suggestion."

The next day, just thirty minutes before my assault, General Meade telegraphed General Halleck at 3 P. M.:

"If I find it hazardous to do so [meaning to attack], or am satisfied that the enemy is endeavoring to move to my rear and interpose between me and Washington, I shall fall back to my supplies at Westminster."

From this we know that the ground of the Gettysburg cemetery could have been occupied without the loss of a man, yet even at this late day, some of the Virginians, not satisfied with the sacrifice already made, wish that I, who would and could have saved every man lost at Gettysburg, should now be shot to death.

If we had made the move around the Federal left, and taken a strong position, we should have dislodged Meade without a single blow; but even if we had been successful at Gettysburg, and had driven the Federals out of their stronghold, we should have won a fruitless victory, and returned to Virginia conquered victors. The ground they occupied would have been worth no more to us than the ground we were on. What we needed was a battle that would give us decided fruits, not ground that was of no value. I do not think there was any necessity for giving battle at Gettysburg. All of our cavalry was absent, and while that has been urged by some as a reason why the battle should have been made at once, to my mind it was one of the strongest reasons for delaying the battle until everything was well in hand. The cause of the battle was simply General Lee's determination to fight it out from the position in which he was at that time. He did not feel that he was beaten on the second day, but that he was the victor, and still hoped he would be able to dislodge Meade; but he made a mistake in sending such a small number of men to attack a formidable force in position of great natural strength, reinforced by such temporary shelter as could be collected and placed in position to cover the troops. Lee's hope in entering the campaign was that he would be in time to make a successful battle north of the Potomac, with such advantages as to draw off the army at Vicksburg as well as the Federal troops at other points.

I do not think the general effect of the battle was demoralizing, but by a singular

coincidence our army at Vicksburg surrendered to Grant on the 4th, while the armies of Lee and Meade were lying in front of each other, each waiting a movement on the part of the other, neither victor, neither vanquished. This surrender, taken in connection with the Gettysburg defeat, was, of course, very discouraging to our superior officers, though I do not know that in rank and file it was felt as keenly. For myself, I felt that our last hope was gone, and that it was now only a question of time with us. When, however, I found that Rosecrans was moving down toward Georgia against General Bragg, I thought it possible we might recover some of our lost prospects by concentrating against Rosecrans, destroying his army, and advancing through Kentucky.

General Lee evidently felt severely mortified and hurt at the failure, so much so that at times he was inclined to listen to some of those who claimed to be his friends, and to accept their proposition to find a scapegoat. He resisted them, however, and seemed determined to leave the responsibility on his own hands.

For several reasons I will take occasion here to answer some serious charges that have been made against me by men who claim to have been the friends of General Lee.

Mr. Jefferson Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," quotes from a memorial address the old story of the Rev. W. N. Pendleton (page 441, Vol. II.):

"The ground south-west of the town was carefully examined by me after the engagement on July 1st. Being found much less difficult than the steep ascent fronting the troops already up, its practicable character was reported to our commanding general. He informed me that he had ordered Longstreet to attack on that front at sunrise the next morning. And he added to myself, 'I want you to be out long before sunrise, so as to re-examine and save time.'

"He also desired me to communicate with General Longstreet as well as with himself. The reconnaissance was accordingly made as soon as it was light enough on the 2d, and made through a long distance—in fact, very close to what there was of the enemy's line. No insuperable difficulty appearing, and the marching up far off the enemy's reinforcing columns being seen, the extreme desirableness of immediate attack there was at once reported to the commanding general, and according to his wish, message was also sent to the intrepid but deliberate corps commander, whose sunrise attack there had been ordered. There was, however, unaccountable delay. My own messages went repeatedly to General Lee, and his I know was urgently pressed on General Longstreet until, as I afterwards learned from officers who saw General Lee, as I could not at the time, he manifested extreme displeasure with the tardy corps commander. That hard-fighting soldier, to whom it had been committed there to attack early in the day, did not in person reach the commanding general and with him ride to a position whence to view the ground and see the enemy's arriving masses until twelve o'clock, and his column was not up and ready for the assault until four P. M.

All this, as it occurred under my personal observation, it is nothing short of imperative duty that I should thus fairly state."

Mr. Davis indorses the statement thus:

"For the reasons set forth by General Pendleton, whose statement in regard to a fact coming under his personal observation none who know him will question, preparations for a general engagement were unfortunately delayed until the afternoon instead of being made at sunrise; then troops had been concentrated, and Round Top, the commanding position unoccupied in the morning, had received the force which inflicted such disaster on our assaulting columns. The question as to the responsibility for this delay has been so fully discussed in the 'Southern Historical Society Papers' as to relieve me from the necessity of entering into it."

As General Pendleton's lecture was the capital upon which it was proposed to draw funds for a memorial church, it was natural, perhaps, that Mr. Davis should as a *sentiment* claim the statements made as beyond question. Most Virginia writers on this subject have taken up and followed the false scent announced by Mr. Pendleton. Outside that State, I believe Mr. Davis and General Wilcox are the only persons who do not spurn it as false. Facts connected with this battle have been so distorted and misrepresented that a volume of distinct maps must be written in order to make a demonstration, to the letter, of all its features.

General C. M. Wilcox, in an article in the September number, 1877, of the "Southern Historical Society Papers," refers to the order for early attack, viz.:

"It has been asserted that General Longstreet was ordered to attack at daylight or early the next morning. Of this I have no knowledge personally, but am inclined to believe that he was so ordered."

But from the *official accounts* of Generals Pendleton and Wilcox\* we see that the right of General Lee's army was not deployed as far as the Fairfield road on the 1st of July, that General Pendleton did not pass beyond this road, and only noted the location of the ridge on the right from his position on the Fairfield road especially as likely to be important "toward a flank movement." With this idea in his mind he leaves us to infer that he left our right and moved over to our left to supervise the posting of artillery battalions just then coming up. Soon after General Pendleton passed from about the Fairfield road to our left, the division of General R. H. Anderson,—of the Third Corps,—led by the brigade of General C. M. Wilcox, filed off to the right from the Chambersburg road, marched in an oblique direction toward the Fairfield road,

\* The text of these reports is omitted here for want of space.

where it was halted for the night, lying in bivouac till the next day, the brigade of Wilcox being on picket or guard service during the night about a mile farther to the right. In the absence of other evidence, one might be at a loss to know which of these accounts was intended in the Pickwickian sense, but the account of General R. H. Anderson, who was guileless and truthful, supports the official reports. General A. A. Humphreys (of the other side), late chief of the United States Corps of Engineers, a man whose entire life and service were devoted to official accuracy, gives similar evidence in his official report.

All the subordinate reports on the Confederate side confirm the account by General Anderson, while the reports of subordinate officers on the Federal side conform to that of General Humphreys. It is conclusive therefore that the Confederates occupied no ground east of the Fairfield road till R. H. Anderson's division advanced on the morning of the 2d at ten to find its position on the right of the Third Corps.

When it is remembered that my command was at the close of the first day's fight fifteen to twenty miles west of the field, that its attack as ordered was to be made along the east side of the Emmettsburg road, that no part of General Lee's army touched that road till 10 A. M. of the 2d, that up to that hour it was in possession of the Federals, and that their troops had been marching in by that road from early on the 1st till 10 A. M. on the 2d, it will be seen that General Pendleton's reconnoissance on the 1st was made, if made at all, by his passing through the Federal lines on the afternoon of the 1st and again on the morning of the 2d. If he had there delivered his memorial lecture, Sickles's corps would have been driven off in confusion, to the great benefit of the Confederate cause.

General Wilcox confesses want of personal information of the order for daylight or early attack, but expresses his confidence that the order was given. That is, he, occupying our extreme right, on picket on the 1st, at a point considerably west of the Emmettsburg road, believes that General Lee ordered troops some fifteen or twenty miles further west, and yet on the march, to pass his picket guard in the night to its point of attack, east of the Emmettsburg road, through the Federal lines, to make a daylight attack east of the Emmettsburg road. While I am prepared to admit that General Lee ordered, at times, desperate battles, I cannot admit that he, blindfold, ever led or ordered his next in rank, also blindfold, into night marches through the enemy's lines to gain position and make a battle at daylight next morning.

In articles formerly published on this charge of Mr. Pendleton, masses of evidence were adduced showing that my column when ordered to the right, east of the Emmettsburg road, was conducted by General Lee's engineer officer; that when halted under the conduct of that officer I doubled the rear division on the leading one so as to save time; that my arrangements were promptly made, and that my attack was made many hours before any of our other troops were ready to obey their orders to coöperate. As I was the only one prepared for battle, I contended against the Federal army throughout the contest with two divisions and some misguided brigades sent to cover my left.

Colonel Taylor, of General Lee's staff, takes exception to the delay in the attack of Pickett on the last day under the impression that had I attacked earlier and before Johnson was driven from the Federal right, the latter might have held his ground longer and to some advantage to the Confederates. He seems to lose sight of the fact that General Lee, not I, was commanding our left under Johnson, and that he alone could order concert of action. On the 2d, notwithstanding his orders to move in concert with my attack at 4 P. M., Johnson did not go in till eight at night, long after my battle was ended. Colonel Taylor thinks the forlorn hope should have gone in sooner. The universal opinion now is that it should not have gone in at all; and, as already stated, that was the opinion General Lee expressed soon after the battle.

Some of our North Carolina troops seem to consider the less conspicuous part given them a reflection upon them as soldiers of true mettle and dash. This sensitiveness is not well founded. Every officer of experience knows that the best of veteran soldiers, with bloody noses, from a fresh battle, are never equal to those going in fresh in their first stroke of the battle. Had Pickett's men gone through the same experience of the other troops on the 1st, they could not have felt the same zest for fighting that they did coming up fresh and feeling disparaged that the army had won new laurels in their absence. There is no doubt that the North Carolinians did as well as any soldiers could have done under the circumstances. I can truthfully attest that the old North State furnished as fine and gallant troops as any that fought in the Confederate ranks — and that is saying as much as can be said for soldiers. They certainly made sufficient sacrifice, and that was all we had left to do on that day.

DURING the Franco-Prussian war I kept a map of the field of operations with col-

ored pags, that were moved from day to day to indicate the movements of the two armies. Bazaine had been driven to shelter at Metz, McMahon had been driven back to the route leading from Paris to Metz and seemed in doubt whether he would go to Paris or to Bazaine's relief. He suffered himself to be forced north of the route between these points. On the morning that the wires brought us that information two or three of the French Creoles of New Orleans visited my office to inquire my views of the movements then proceeding. I replied, "McMahon's army will be prisoners of war in ten days." They were very indignant and stated that I was a republican and in sympathy with the Prussians. My reply was that I had only given them my solution of a military problem. The Prussians were on the shorter route to Paris or to Metz, so that if McMahon should attempt to move in either direction the Prussians, availing themselves of the shorter

lines, would interpose and force McMahon to attack, but he had already been so beaten and demoralized, that he could not be expected to make a successful attack and would therefore be obliged to surrender. If he had gone directly to Paris before giving up his shorter route, it is possible that he could have organized a succoring army for the relief of Metz.

Had we interposed between Meade and Washington our army in almost as successful prestige as was that of the Prussians, Meade would have been obliged to attack us whenever we might be pleased to have him. He would have been badly beaten like the French, and the result would have been similar.

I do not mean to say that two governments would have been permanently established; for I thought before the war, and during its continuance, that the peoples would eventually get together again in stronger bonds of friendship than those of their first love.

*James Longstreet.*

#### THE FINDER OF THE ANTIETAM ORDER OF GENERAL LEE.

IN THE CENTURY for November appear two communications, one by myself, and one from the late General McClellan relating to a pension for the widow of John B. Mitchell, late of Company "F" Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, the finder of the famous Antietam order of General Lee.

Neither the soldier nor the widow has ever filed a claim for pension, and any seeming failure of recognition is not due to neglect on the part of the Pension Office.

*S. Colgrove.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., November 15, 1886.

#### THE BAILING OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.



SHORTLY after daybreak of a morning near the end of June, 1865, Horace Greeley came to the house of George Shea (then Corporation Attorney, and afterwards Chief-justice of the Marine Court), in New York. His errand was urgent. The preceding day he had received a letter, dated June 22, from Mrs. Varina Davis, whose husband, Jefferson Davis, was a prisoner at Fort Monroe. The "Bureau of Military Justice," headed by General Joseph Holt, had already charged him with guilty knowledge concerning the assassination of Lincoln. Mrs. Davis wrote from Savannah, and implored Greeley to obtain if possible a speedy public trial of Davis on this charge, and on any inferred charge of cruelty to prisoners of war. Greeley could not believe that Davis had anything to do with the assassination. He added that Davis had personally received from Francis P. Blair, in the preceding winter, sufficient assurance of Lincoln's kindly intentions toward the

South. He then asked Mr. Shea to interest himself professionally on Davis's behalf, and said: "We can have with us those with whom you have been in confidential relations during the last two years." Shea said that unless the Government were willing to abandon the charge against Wirz for cruelty to prisoners, it could not overlook his superior, Davis, popularly supposed to be responsible. He should hesitate to act as counsel, if the case came before a military tribunal. Greeley said he did not know Mr. Davis, and Shea said: "Neither do I. But I know those who are intimate with him; and his reputation among them is universal for kindness of heart amounting, in a ruler, almost to weakness." Greeley feared that the head of the Confederacy could not be held blameless, and that Wirz's impending trial had a "malign aspect" for Davis.

"If the contrary cannot be made to appear," said Shea, "the case is hopeless."

At last it was agreed that Shea should consult with common friends, then in official power, and with representative citizens, in order to assist Davis, should the charge of

cruelty prove unfounded. It was also agreed to take into confidence only pronounced Republicans.

Such was the extraordinary conference, held in the first light of morning, between the chief journalist of the Republican party and his friend, an uncompromising Democrat, with the object of aiding Davis; a scheme which, had it been known, would have roused a storm of passionate protest in the North.

Shea had always been on intimate terms with Greeley, who had known him from childhood.\* This brought him into friendly association with abolition leaders; and as he was himself a strong Democrat, he was naturally sought out as the person most likely to conduct successfully the difficult task in view. Charles O'Connor was subsequently engaged to defend Davis. Shea was the attorney of record.

I must now go back a little. In July, 1864, Greeley visited Shea at Brier Cliff, on the Hudson, respecting the proposed conference with Clement C. Clay, Jacob Thompson, and James P. Holcombe, on the Canada side of Niagara Falls, with a view to securing peace, based upon recognition of freedom for the slaves. Shea tried to dissuade him from taking part in it, since it was not likely that the gentlemen named had definite authority to negotiate. The meeting, as every one is aware, came to nothing. Shea was now to be associated with Greeley in more effectual efforts to realize fully the peace concluded by the war.

Late in March, 1865, Shea went to Hilton Head, and thence to Charleston. One of his objects, though not at first the chief one, was to meet certain Republican leaders whom he could not visit at the North without, perhaps, exciting observation and inquiry. They were going down to Charleston on the *Arago*, to celebrate the restoration of the United States flag above Fort Sumter. He preceded them, and was the guest of General Q. A. Gillmore, then commanding in that department. He had just come from Hilton Head on the flagship with General Gillmore, when the *Arago* arrived and anchored outside the bar at day-break of Good Friday, April 14th. Just then came the news, through Sherman's headquarters, of Lee's surrender; and the flagship,

steaming out, announced it to the party on board the *Arago*, among whom were Henry Ward Beecher, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Hon. Henry Wilson, and General Joseph Holt. A scene of great enthusiasm ensued. After the ceremony of raising the flag on Sumter, and Beecher's oration, Shea went with Henry Wilson to the mansion, corner of Meeting street and fronting the Battery at Charleston. The spirit of exultation had received a check in the news of that morning. Many thought that, the war being ended, the Sumter affair was not as fitting as it would have been while hostilities continued.

The sentiment of magnanimity sprang into life at once. Wilson and Shea thought this opportunity propitious, and began to consider whether it might not be fostered and turned to practical account. They were together Saturday and Sunday. Wilson expressed joy at the prospect that, since Congress was not in session, peace could be arranged by military armistice, and the country adjusted to new conditions without bitter political debate. They agreed that the most powerful men in bringing about such a result would be John A. Andrew, Gerrit Smith, and Greeley. Thaddeus Stevens, they thought, would prove intractable were Seward's original view of the situation, now precipitated, to be acted upon.†

The plan which Wilson and Shea were now revolving looked towards bringing together representative men of the North and South, with the idea of carrying out that view. On Sunday, Shea had a long talk with Garrison, while walking through the streets of the city, lined with shattered edifices. Garrison, Mr. Shea says, was moved by the sight, and alluded to the fact that this same city had once burnt him in effigy and that a price had been offered for his head in the South. He said he had none but good wishes for Charleston, and "mourned" to see that of its "great buildings not one stone was left upon another." Shea then urged upon him that he extend this feeling of charity to the entire South and assist in bringing into coöperation with Northern men the Southern leaders, so as to effect speedily a good understanding and the

\* See Greeley's "Recollections of a Busy Life."

† January 22, 1861, Senator Fitch of Indiana moved that the President of the Senate should fill vacancies on the committees, caused by the withdrawal of Senators Jefferson Davis, Yulee, Fitzpatrick, Clay, and Mallory, whose States had seceded. In the debate that followed, Seward said: "I am utterly opposed, however, Mr. President, to this transaction. . . . I am for leaving those seats here for those Senators or for other Senators from the States which they represent, to be resumed at their own time and at their good pleasure."

At that time there was much discussion in Congress

as to whether the withdrawal of Southern members should be formally recognized, lest by such action the right of secession should be tacitly conceded. January 12, 1861, Seward had said in a speech on the state of the Union: "The Union can be dissolved *not by secession, with or without force*, but only by the voluntary consent of the people of the United States, in the manner prescribed by the Constitution of the United States." Taking these two utterances together, it is plain that Seward's view then was that under no circumstances could Southern States be regarded as out of the Union, and that they should always be free to resume their seats in Congress.—G. P. L.

resumption of peaceful works by the whole people. Garrison appeared anxious and inquiring. Shea expressed his belief that Wilson and Andrew would cooperate in such a plan.\* Other conversations followed while the party (which left Charleston on Monday) was on its way to Hilton Head. But there it received the dire news of Lincoln's assassination. Everything was now thrown into doubt, though Wilson still had great hopes of Johnson's acting wisely. The steamer *Sueva Nada* was at once ordered to New York with those who wished to go. When she reached that port on April 26th, it was learned that she would stop first at Brooklyn, to land Mr. Beecher. Wilson, eager to get to Washington, left the vessel by a small boat and was rowed directly to Jersey City.

Within a few days he returned from the capital and, having first called on Greeley, came to Shea's house. There he told of his conversations with the new President. He appeared wholly disheartened. Johnson, he had found, wanted to adopt a plan for making all Southerners of former social position suppliants to him; and when every Southerner owning property of more than \$40,000 value should be forced, as a condition of clemency, to give up the excess for the benefit of the poor in the South, the President thought their aristocracy would no longer "have a heel to crush people with." From that hour Wilson and Johnson diverged; and combinations were now formed to further a magnanimous policy, if need were, in opposition to the President. To that end Shea reopened negotiations with Governor Andrew, and went to Boston to see him.

This, then, was the situation when Greeley received Mrs. Davis's letter and talked with Shea in the gray dawn of that June morning. Two months afterwards Greeley had another letter from Mrs. Davis, evidently intended for publication. This caused him to write to Shea, August 28th, 1865, a letter which indicated a marked change in Greeley's disposition towards Davis, and that he was becoming convinced of Davis's moral responsibility for the crimes against prisoners. Dining with Greeley the next evening, † Shea undertook to get evidence that Davis was free from blame on this score.

He at once went to see Francis P. Blair, whom he found at his country-seat, Silver Springs, Maryland. Justice Shea has narrated to me the substance of the interview which took place there, and I give it from his dictation.

\* Shea visited Garrison at Roxbury the following summer, but found him changed in mind, and urgent for the extreme punishment of Davis. Garrison said :

## CHIEF-JUSTICE SHEA'S NARRATIVE.

ON my arriving at the cottage which Mr. Blair then occupied, his mansion having been destroyed by Confederate troops, Mr. Blair said that we would walk out in the grounds, so that our conversation might be entirely free. He said, "I believe that Mr. Davis has not been allowed to appoint counsel." I said, "No; that a letter had been sent by Mr. O'Connor to Davis at Fortress Monroe; that we understood that an answer had been returned by Mr. Davis, but had been intercepted and stopped in the State Department."

Blair.—"You surely mean the War Department."

Shea.—"No, sir. The State Department seems to take an irregular and unusual interest concerning Mr. Davis personally."

Mr. Blair looked puzzled for some time; then smiled as if something occurred to him confirming my statement.

Shea.—"One of the objects, though quite incidental, of my visit to you, Mr. Blair, is that the counsel already selected by Mr. Davis's friends should at a proper time be allowed access to him. This is a right which the Constitution gives to every citizen accused, and unless the case of a prisoner of war is an exception, it should not be denied in a case so important and conspicuous as that of Mr. Davis. Your intimacy with President Johnson and the confidence which he has in your friendship, and respect for your judgment, point you out to Mr. Greeley, Mr. Wilson, Gerrit Smith, and Governor Andrew as the one person able, and likely willing, to aid their plan for a comprehensive magnanimity towards the South. They are sure you could not have approved of President Johnson's impolitic and unjust amnesty of last May."

Blair (after a few moments' silence).—"Mr. Shea, I am already made aware that you are in the confidence of those gentlemen, and represent them. Have you not seen the Chief-justice also?"—with a significant look.

Shea.—"I certainly have, and have come to confer with you upon what I consider necessary inferences from the conversation which I had with him at his house last month. It is clear that he considers the late armed strife between the States as an open and public war, and that no charge of treason attaches to any one engaged in it on the part of the Southern States."

Mr. Blair.—"I heard you had a talk together; but did he go that length with you?"

Shea.—"No; not in strict terms. But let me relate the fact to you. I called by appoint-

"I am with the President, and desire to make treason infamous."—GEORGE SHEA.

† At the old Delmonico's, corner of Chambers street.

ment at his residence at half-past eight o'clock in the evening. He was dining out and had not yet returned. The porter said that the Chief-justice would be in soon, as he expected me to take tea with him; and in a few moments Mr. Chase returned, and said that he had been to a dinner party at Secretary Stanton's, and had some trouble in breaking away from it. While we sipped our tea, I found Mr. Chase growing very communicative, especially concerning the rehabilitation of the Democratic party, and the probability that if it would, unequivocally and decisively, accept the actual situation of public affairs,—especially the abolition of slavery and the citizenship of the black man,—the next Presidential election might see that party restored to power. 'I,' he said, 'have always been somewhat Democratic in my opinions; and, now that slavery is at an end, there is no reason why I should not be more so. You may yet see some old abolitionist the candidate of that party for the Presidency.\* After a few moments I continued the conversation by saying: 'Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, with whom I have recently talked, regards the accession of the blacks in the South to all the rights of citizenship as a political result of the war. He says it was an open and public war, and the Southern States are to be dealt with as conquered territory.' Mr. Chase here fell into a moment of thought, and then said: 'Congress itself has been of the same opinion. Have you considered the effect of Section 3 of Article 14 of the Amendment to the Constitution?' Leaving me, Mr. Chase went across the hall into the small library room on the left as you enter the street door, returned with a volume of the United States Laws, and having read to me the part of the Amendment he referred to, said: 'That is in harmony with Mr. Stevens's idea, and it seems to make doubtful the liability to further punishment for treason of persons engaged in the rebellion.' This meaning was certainly new to me; but, of course, whether the reading was intended as a suggestion or not, it has left a deep impression.† I said: 'Mr. Chief-justice, Mr. Stevens's opinion comes from the general principles of the law of nations, and not from any particular legislation. I called the attention of Mr. Stevens to Daniel Webster's declaration of the doctrine, and he esteems it as satisfactory and authoritative; so much so, that he told me he would use it in a speech which he is preparing in support of his bill for the confiscation of Southern lands.'

"I then read to the Chief-justice the passage

\* A prophecy. This came near being his own case in 1868, and was actually Greeley's in 1872.—G. P. L.

† It was this construction of that law which formed

to which I had called Mr. Stevens's attention, from Webster's Bunker Hill Monument speech of June 17th 1825: 'The battle of Bunker Hill was attended with the most important effects, beyond its immediate result as a military engagement. It created at once a state of open public war. *There could no longer be a question of proceeding against individuals as guilty of treason or rebellion.*'"

Having told Mr. Blair all this, I added: "You can judge for yourself whether there is reason to make the inference I have drawn as to the Chief-justice's opinion."

Blair.—"I expect that you have some definite plan for me to lay before the President."

Shea.—"Yes. Yet, before entering on that, let me earnestly call your attention to the continued denial of Mrs. Davis's application to visit or even correspond with her husband. I have seen Mr. Stanton, and he told me that the intention of the Government remained unchanged as to this. Why,—of course I could not ask him. I wish you and, if permissible, Mrs. Blair would see what can be done through the President and Mr. Stanton to grant Mrs. Davis even a limited correspondence with her husband. The definite plan which our friends would wish you to lay before the President, in a friendly spirit and not officially in the first instance, is this: To have Mr. Davis released from actual imprisonment by some means known to the law—such, for instance, as that which Chief-justice Marshall allowed in the case of Aaron Burr, between the time of his arrest and trial. This could not be done till after Davis was manumitted from the military and delivered into the civil jurisdiction. I know that the pendency of the Wirz case before the military commission may continue to be an impediment to that course; but it is a significant circumstance that the name of Jefferson Davis, notwithstanding all that has been threatened, has not been placed in the charges and specifications in that case, as one of those with whom it has been charged that Wirz conspired. Is it not, Mr. Blair, an admission on the part of the Government that it is possessed of no evidence implicating Mr. Davis in that charge? If it could be arranged, according to recognized procedures, that Mr. Davis be delivered into civil custody, then the matter may take its usual course before a civil tribunal; and time may then fairly be taken by the Government to consider whether public policy requires further prosecution. Mr. Davis at liberty would be as any other person in the South. In prison, he is a power, and there an obstruction to any plan for the concil-

the very ground of the division of the court, and produced the final abandonment of the prosecution of Davis by the Government.—G. P. L.

iation of the whole country. Mr. Blair, should you find that the President thinks himself committed by what he has said about having this question of secession considered and determined by our highest legal tribunal, so as judicially to cast it out of our political system, in that case counsel for the defense of either Davis, Clay, or other prisoners of state might interpose a special plea in addition to the usual plea of not guilty; by which the whole controversy as to an act of secession constituting the crime of treason might be brought before the Supreme Court, without the complication of a trial by jury. This plan I have submitted to Mr. O'Connor, and it has his approval. He has authorized me to say so. However, Mr. Blair, in order to allow the case surely to reach the Supreme Court, it may be necessary that Congress give by statute the right of a writ of error in such cases, since at present there is no law allowing such an appeal. It must go there on a division of opinion in the court below.\* Our friends are most anxious that all we attempt should have in view the political situation of the President, as well as the rights of Mr. Davis."

Mr. Blair said, "We will think further of this."

After dinner we resumed our walk and talk. Mr. Blair began by saying: "What you have proposed, I think well of. Even Sumner has said that a trial before a jury would be a farce. I shall see the President to-morrow afternoon, as on Sundays he has leisure; and he will act promptly in this matter. If you will hasten back to New York and put what you have said to me into writing, particularly regarding the Chief-justice, I shall lay it before the President privately, if I get any encouragement from him. I shall see what can be done for Mrs. Davis, and ask my wife to intercede with the President for her."

Mr. Blair, remaining silent for some time, finally said: "Much of this trouble need not have been. Mr. Davis himself had it in his power to have advanced the interests of our whole country. We all know that European nations are combined to establish on this continent interests inimical to our institutions and commerce. We should have held all of Mex-

ico after the Mexican war. You remember how strongly Robert J. Walker, then a member of the Cabinet, advised it. This country should never permit the policy of the Monroe doctrine to become inert." Here he turned and looked at me and, with a degree of warmth unusual to him, said: "I presume you are not aware of the object of the visits which I made to Richmond last January?—though one of our friends could have told you of it."

I answered: "One of our particular friends did suggest something in the spirit of what you have already suggested, and it now begins to form an intelligibility for me which it had not before."

"It is well," resumed Mr. Blair, "that you should know all now; so that you can avoid in further conversations with others of our intimate friends at the North any curious inquiries. I got permission to visit Richmond, and went there early in January. That visit was made not without some, although an indefinite, understanding with friends in power† at Washington. So far as my interview with Mr. Davis was concerned, I was there individually, without authority, but as an old friend of his and a man of many Southern tender relations. My proposition was: *that the Confederate army should recognize that Richmond was no longer tenable, and should evacuate that place; that the army should move south-westward, and should be followed by the national troops, but pitched battles should be avoided; that this pursuit should be continued until the Confederate armies should have crossed the Mississippi and gathered upon the frontier of Mexico; and that then they should be driven into that country and followed, as a matter of course, by the Federal troops. There, once in association on a foreign soil, nothing could prevent a fraternizing of both the Northern and Southern soldiers. This would have been a consummation that would have reconciled all concerned, and would have obviated any elaborate political device for reorganizing or restoring any State of the Union.* No other foreign nation could have found fault with our following a belligerent army into the territory of a neighboring country,‡ which had habitually given

\* This was said in order to demonstrate the futility of bringing the political question before the Circuit Court.—GEORGE SHEA.

† This, I am assured, was the exact expression used.—G. P. L.

‡ Compare, on this point, the remarkable order given by General Grant to General McDowell, in a letter dated at City Point, Va., January 8, 1865 (and published in the "Tribune" November 8, 1885), respecting the possible invasion of California by Dr. Gwin, the Duke of Sonora. "In an event like the one alluded to," says Grant in this letter, "I would not rest satisfied with simply driving the invaders on to Mexican soil, but would pursue them until overtaken, and would

retain possession of the territory from which the invader started, until indemnity for the past and security for the future, satisfactory to the Government, was insured." Grant also says: "I write without having discussed this matter with any one. . . . This letter is written . . . entirely without knowledge of what the President would advise in case of an invasion of our territory from that of Mexico, but with a conviction that it is right and just." The date is of the month when Blair visited Davis, and the letter seems to show that the idea of occupying Mexico was "in the air," and in more than one mind, even though not officially acknowledged.—G. P. L.

I authorize George Sheen  
to appear in behalf of me & in  
my name to enter into an ac-  
cognition in full form as he  
may think proper for the due  
personal appearance of Jefferson  
Davis in any Court of the United  
States at any time thereafter and  
as to anything which may be  
alleged against him by the  
United States.

Witness my hand &  
~~best~~ seal  
November 8 1867. } *Sanitization*

C. Van Derbilt

*Horace Greeley*  
*of New York*

[The names of C. Vanderbilt and Horace Greeley, as in fac-simile above, were signed to duplicates of this letter, and Mr. Vanderbilt's seal was witnessed by Augustus Schell.—EDITOR.]

aid and comfort to the Southern Confederacy, and had set up an imperial government, with a European prince, as a menace to us and a home of refuge for those in open war with us. *I urged upon Mr. Davis that our people, once there, could not be made to leave*; and Europe and Mexico would soon understand that we were there to stay.\* European powers had combined, and were then actually proceeding to occupy that country permanently, against the will of the Mexican people, and the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine should impel us to prevent their success."

Shea returned shortly to New York, and there, a few days later, received from Mr. Blair the following letter:

"SILVER SPRINGS, September 9, 1865.

"GEORGE SHEA, ESQ.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I saw the President yesterday, and gave him the views you communicated to me. I told him frankly whence they came. He gave me no answer to communicate in return—although he conversed freely on the subject.

"In my opinion it would be well, if it is in your purpose to pursue the matter in the way you suggested, to put your views in writing and submit them to the President. I suppose in such form they might be made the subject of consideration in Cabinet, and in all likelihood the law officer might apprise you of the result.

Your obedient servant,

"F. P. BLAIR."

Mr. Shea soon afterwards visited Mr. Blair again, and said that it appeared to him embarrassing that he should have Mr. Blair hand to the President such a written statement, coming from one acting in behalf of a State prisoner, if it were to be submitted to the Cabinet.

Blair.—"If you do not trust the President, how can you expect him to trust you?"

Shea.—"I am willing to trust Mr. Johnson, but not to expose the project to the President's Cabinet. There are two members of the Cabinet whose passions on this subject would frustrate any plan, however commendable.†"

Mrs. Davis was soon accorded liberty to correspond with her husband and presently to visit him at Fort Monroe. This was the only immediate good that came from these conferences. The trial of Wirz proceeded. He was condemned because of his agency in the cruelty to prisoners, and executed November 10th, 1865. Now it seemed clear to many that the trial of Wirz was largely a proceeding of discovery for evidence implicating another higher than himself. The single point, also, on which light was desired by the band of friends—mainly Republicans—who had united to secure a large-minded pol-

icy towards ex-Confederates was this same question as to Mr. Davis's possible responsibility for ill-usage of our soldiers while in the hands of the enemy. Evidence on this point, I have already stated, Shea had undertaken to procure for Greeley, Henry Wilson, and—as Shea was given to understand—for Thaddeus Stevens. He went in the first week of January, 1866, to Canada, where he was to meet General John C. Breckinridge, stopping on his way, however, at Boston, to consult there with John A. Andrew and others. General Joseph R. Davis, of Mississippi, accompanied him.

At Montreal the two put up at St. Lawrence Hall. Breckinridge, who was at Toronto, telegraphed as follows:

"TORONTO, January 8, 1866.

"TO GENERAL J. R. DAVIS, St. L. Hall.

"I leave for Montreal on afternoon train.

"JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE."

There, in a private room of that hotel, were placed in the hands of Mr. Shea some of the archives of the Confederate States. They were bound volumes, in canvas covers, secured with wax, and sealed. General Joseph R. Davis cut the covers open with a knife, and Mr. Shea carefully read and considered the contents—especially those messages and other acts of the Executive, with the Senate in its secret sessions, concerning the care and exchange of prisoners. From these documents, not made to meet the public eye, it was manifest that the people of the South believed that reports of supposed inhuman and unwarlike treatment of their own captured soldiers by agents of our own Government were trustworthy, and those people individually, through their representatives at Richmond, had pressed upon Mr. Davis instant measures of active retaliation upon Northern prisoners. It was equally and decisively manifest from these archives that Mr. Davis unflinchingly set himself in opposition to such demands, and declined to adopt the violent measures proposed. His refusal impaired his personal popularity and brought censure upon him from many persons in the South. The evidence obtained in this way was brought home by Mr. Shea, and submitted to Mr. Greeley, Gerrit Smith, and, in part, to Henry Wilson. The result was, that these gentlemen and others associated with them laid aside all former suspicions of Davis and showed a positive friendly disposition towards him.

The "Tribune" at once began a series of leading editorials demanding that the Government should proceed with the trial; and

† Mr. Stanton, Judge Shea says, was not one of the two.—G. P. L.

\* Blair's exact words, according to Justice Shea.—G. P. L.

Senator Howard, of Michigan, offered, January 16th, 1866, a joint resolution, seconded by Charles Sumner, and passed, recommending the trial of Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay before a military tribunal, on charges mentioned by the Secretary of War in his Report of March 4th, 1865. It was, however, privately known to the Bureau of Military Justice that, if a trial of that kind were held, Thaddeus Stevens would act as counsel for Mr. Clay.\*

Charles O'Connor and Mr. Shea, being already engaged for the defense of Davis, it was essential that they should be allowed to confer with him personally. Mr. Shea was sent to Washington to bring this about, and to apply directly to the President. Late on Saturday evening, May 19th, 1866, accompanied by an eminent Major-General,† Shea called upon President Johnson. He told the President that the object of his visit was to learn whether, if a writ of *habeas corpus* were to be issued by the Chief-justice of the United States, or by the United States Circuit Judge of Northern Virginia, Jefferson Davis would be delivered by the military authorities into the civil jurisdiction. Instantly the President burst into violent anger, and in loud tones declared that he would "not talk on that subject." Mr. Shea said: "I have come here for this purpose, Mr. President, supported by Senators and others who are disposed to act in this matter with the Administration. I think it would be wise at least to listen to what I have to say"; and he was about to name the men whom he meant, when President Johnson interrupted him with increased — nay, furious — anger, and burst into such a tirade, that Mr. Shea, turning his back on the President, walked with his friend instantly from the room.

The next day was Sunday. In the morning an aide-de-camp, who dragged a clashing saber at his heels, brought to Mr. Shea the following communication, written within half an hour after the time when he had left the White House:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

"May 19, 1866 (10:30 P. M.).

"MR. GEORGE SHEA, Willard's Hotel.

"SIR: The President directs me to say that he will try and see you and the gentleman with you on Monday morning, if you find it convenient to call at that time.

With great respect,

"R. MORROW,

"Bt. Col. and A. A. G."

\* I am informed, on very high authority, that among the papers of Thaddeus Stevens, in the hands of his literary executor, full evidence of this had been found. Mr. Burton N. Harrison also recalls that William B. Reed of Philadelphia was assured that Stevens was ready to act as counsel for Davis. Stevens's object was

The suddenness of this summons, following upon the recent scene, and brought by a military officer, might have suggested to Mr. Shea at first, before reading the communication, the possibility that he was to be summarily put under arrest, for such things were possible in those days. He returned a written answer by the President's messenger. The next morning he called at the Executive Mansion alone, and was met in a few moments by an official, who came to him in the upper hallway and said that the President would see him at once. Mr. Shea relates to me, as follows, the interview which then took place:

"When I entered the President's retiring room, the President and Senator James H. Lane of Kansas were together. Mr. Johnson had his hand upon the Senator's shoulder, talking to him in a very collected, earnest manner. On seeing me, Senator Lane said to the President: 'You have important business with Mr. Shea'; from which I at once inferred that Lane, who was one of the Senators whom I had it in mind to name on Saturday night, had brought about the change in the President's mood and caused me to be sent for. (Lane himself, the next day, told me that this was the fact.) The President continued talking with Lane in a subdued voice, briefly, and when the Senator left the room seated himself at his desk near the window. We were alone. He then requested me to take a chair close by the desk, and asked, 'Whom did you intend to allude to, last Saturday, as your supporters?'

"I answered: 'Senator Lane, Senator Dixon,‡ Ex-Governor Andrew, Senator Wilson; and the opinion of Thaddeus Stevens, I know, would favor everything that might tend to treat Mr. Davis like any other prisoner of war. Mr. Greeley and Gerrit Smith favor my application; and I am authorized to say that, when the Government consents to have Davis tried according to the civil law, Cornelius Vanderbilt will be one of the bondsmen for bail.'

"The President looked at me steadfastly, and seemed to be amazed. I told him that we had determined to wait, before approaching him, until the Administration could depend upon proper support from those most active in upholding the Union. I said: 'The communication which I am told that old Mr. Blair forwarded to you from me has not been followed up by us.' I also said, 'that the letter which Mr. O'Connor had sent, about the same time, offering to give his bond for \$100,000,

to prove at the trial that the Southern States had been in open war, out of the Union, and therefore subject to treatment as conquered territory. In this manner, from an opposite motive, he fell in with the reconciliators.— G. P. L.

† Q. A. Gillmore.

‡ Of Connecticut.

and to become thereupon the special custodian of Jefferson Davis, was not known to us until afterwards, when O'Connor complained that he had received no reply. The gentlemen whom I represented,' said I, 'wished that the law should take its usual course, without further impediment from the Government.'

"The President said he thought this application was in the right spirit, and ought to be considered. 'It would be well for you,' he said, 'to see the Attorney General.'

"I answered, 'I have already done so, and I think he does not object to Mr. O'Connor and myself communicating with Mr. Davis as counsel. But he hinted no opinion as to delivering Mr. Davis on a writ of *habeas corpus*.'

"The interview lasted fully half an hour. The President spoke on other topics, and always in a low, sad voice. Had I not seen his wild, passionate behavior at our meeting two days before, I should not have believed that he was capable of such rage.

"Finally, he took a small sheet of paper, folded it once, and slowly wrote with a short wood lead-pencil — an end of which he had held in his mouth while considering the words — a few lines, put the sheet in an envelope, and sealed it with a common red wafer. I suppose no act so important was ever done with less formality. As he pressed the wafer down, I remember that his thumb slipped and made a smear of the wafer from the center to the corner of the envelope. Writing the address, also in pencil, to 'Hon. Jas. Speed,' he handed me the note and said: 'Will you take that to the Attorney General?'

"I took my leave. The President, rising, went with me towards the door, and there, offering his hand, said: 'Don't forget to call when you are in Washington again.' But it so chanced that I never saw Andrew Johnson after that time. A few minutes with Mr. Speed, who seemed equally surprised by the President's note and by what I told him about my allies, sufficed. The next day I received from him an assurance that the Government had sent orders to Fort Monroe that Mr. O'Connor and I should be admitted to see Mr. Davis. No answer was given as to the writ of *habeas corpus*. On the next Sunday morning, Mr. O'Connor and I landed at Fort Monroe, and saw Mr. Davis, then imprisoned in a casemate. His beard, which had grown, I presume, while he was in prison, had changed the expression of his face, and at first I did not recognize him. I had seen

him but once before, and now met him for the first time. The danger of a military court to try Davis, like that which had condemned Wirz, was still imminent. I was aware that officers had been named for it, and that General David Hunter was to be President. But, later, the prospect of any sort of trial taking place became vague."

THE time seemed ripe, at last, for attempting to liberate Davis on a writ of *habeas corpus* and bail-bond. Commodore Vanderbilt, Gerrit Smith, and Horace Greeley now gave Mr. Shea their individual and unlimited powers of attorney to act in their behalf as bondsmen for Davis. This was in June, 1866. The attempt failed. On May 1st, 1867, another and like effort proved successful; and then Vanderbilt sent to Richmond his own son-in-law, the Hon. Horace F. Clark, to act for him; but Gerrit Smith and Greeley were there present in person.

The case of the United States *vs.* Jefferson Davis was not disposed of until near the end of 1868, and then on demurrer to the indictment. Chief-justice Chase and Mr. Justice Underwood presided. The Chief-justice announced on December 5th, 1868, that the court had failed to agree upon a decision, and then this certificate of division and of the question was filed: "Whether, by the operation and effect of the third clause of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, the defendant is exempted from indictment or prosecution for treason in levying war and participating or engaging in the late rebellion. And upon that question the opinions of the judges were opposed. And thereupon the said point is upon the request of the said defendant, stated under the direction of the said Judges, and certified under the seal of the said Circuit Court to the Supreme Court of the United States at its next session."

Thus ended a prosecution which, as Charles Sumner foretold in the Senate, was to be a failure. But there was one person who, if present in that court-room, would not have shared the general surprise when the Chief-justice, as the court adjourned *sine die*, "instructed the reporter to record him as having been of the opinion, on the disagreement, that the indictment should be quashed, and all further proceedings barred by the effect of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States."

George Parsons Lathrop.



### SOUVENIR DE JEUNESSE.

WHEN Sibyl kept her tryst with me, the harvest moon was rounded,  
In evening hush through pathways lush with fern we reached the glade ;  
The rippling river soft and low with fairy plashes sounded,  
The silver poplar rustled as we sat within its shade.

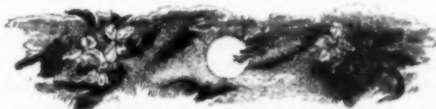
"And why," she whispered, "evermore should lovers meet to sunder ?  
Where stars arise in other skies let other lips than mine  
Their sorrows lisp, and other hearts at love's delaying wonder.—  
O stay !"— and soon her tearful eyes were each a pearly shrine.

I soothed her fears and stayed her tears, her hands in mine enfolding,  
And then we cared no more for aught save this one hour we had ;  
Upwelled that dreamful selfish tide of young Love's rapture, holding  
The fair round world itself in pledge to make us still more glad.

For us the night was musical, for us the meadows shining ;  
The summer air was odorous that we might breathe and love :  
Sweet Nature throbbed for us alone — her mother-soul divining  
No fonder pair that fleeting hour her zephyrs sighed above.

Amid the nodding rushes the heron drank his tipple,  
The night-hawk's cry and whirl anigh a deeper stillness made,  
A thousand little starlights danced upon the river's ripple,  
And the silver poplar rustled as we kissed within its shade.

*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*



## JAMES McCOSH, PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.



WO distinguished Scotchmen have served Princeton College in the office of President. But by a striking paradox they have both been more thoroughly American than if born to the manner. John Witherspoon, chosen in 1768 to the seemingly unimportant office, at first declined; but learning later from Richard Stockton of the potential influence of such a position, accepted. With the blood of John Knox in his veins, he discovered, on his arrival, with the prophetic vision of his ancestor the deep meaning of the contest between the colonies and their infatuated masters, the king and parliament. His record as an ardent American patriot, as the instructor of James Madison in the formative principles of the Constitution, as a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and as a leader in molding public opinion throughout the war of the Revolution, fills a splendid page of American history. His services to the college were scarcely less splendid than those to his adopted country. He reorganized its teaching body, increased its funds, and paid its debts. His great reputation as a statesman and a divine attracted to Princeton sons of many of the most distinguished families in the land. The list of graduates during the twenty-five years of his presidency is not less a matter of pride to the country than to the college. To the names of Ephraim Brevard, Philip Freneau, James Madison, Aaron Burr, Henry Brockholst Livingston, Gunning Bedford, and Jonathan Dayton might be added many others of scarcely inferior fame. Of the fifty-five members of the convention which framed the Constitution, Princeton furnished nine, and five of these had been personally taught by Witherspoon. Of his other pupils, sixteen sat in the Senate, forty in the House, four were cabinet-officers, four governors, nine presidents of colleges, and an equal number occupants of various professional chairs.

Perhaps it was the memory of such achievements, perhaps it was the same instinct with which good society recognizes its own, that led the trustees of the college, a hundred years later, to look over sea for another President. Be that as it may, it was exactly a century after Witherspoon's inauguration that James McCosh entered upon the duties of the same office.

We are having serious contentions about

the environment of men, and its effect on character. One thing is certain, that many of the foremost Americans have emerged from very un-American surroundings and training. There is a certain type of intellect and mold of character which belongs here. It makes little difference whether it develops by Swiss lakes and mountains, as did that of Agassiz; whether it acquires consistency on the flat marshes of Prussia or amid the thunders of Waterloo, as did that of Francis Lieber; or whether it grows by merchandising on the banks of the Garonne and at the wharves of Bordeaux, as did that of Stephen Girard,—the American world finds place and scope for it in its varied interests and knows it as essentially its own.

This was true in a high degree of the Scotchman from Brechin and Belfast. And he knew it as well as those who called him. In the early days it was no reproach to be a foreigner in a community where the preceding generation had been one of immigrants. Four generations later it was quite different, and no little courage was and is required for one not born on our shores to accept a public position of the first importance. What is said to be a characteristic anecdote is told by some of Doctor McCosh's first American pupils. At the close of his first class-room lecture there was an outburst of somewhat undignified but honest applause. Veteran teacher as he was, he misunderstood it—very probably from the exaggerated accounts of student waywardness which college-bred men are so fond of repeating. But with the fearlessness of his conviction that such demeanor was but an excrescence on American manners, he checked it successfully with the quiet and stern remark, "I am not to come to you, gentlemen; it is you who will come to me." The instinct of his mind was true. The mutual interchange of relationships has brought the college to him in many high senses, and even more certainly has fastened his name and fame in the most enduring bond to those of the institution for which he has labored in season and out of season with abiding devotion for nearly a score of years.

The success of Doctor McCosh's administration as presiding officer of the College of New Jersey is already well known to the public. One is almost tempted to say too well known, for it has happened to him as to other successful organizers that his results have been prematurely judged as complete, and his final

aims marred by well-meant but cruel exaggerations. At least that is what we seem to read between the lines of his recent pamphlet on education. Like his great predecessor he has strengthened the traditional spirit of his college, rallied to its support its hereditary friends and gathered many new ones, amplified and reënforced the course of study, and brought its system into prominence as a leading candidate for the favor of the great public. It has been the repetition of the old experience that with the Time came the Man. The stream of liberality which was ready to break forth at the sufficient incentive found its release in the confidence of the public in his management and that of the corporation, and in the high purposes which were revealed by his untiring agitation of educational themes.

What is of primary importance is that in this great work the jealous American spirit has not been roused to any opposition or anxiety by the use of foreign methods or the display of any but the most American feelings and tendencies. While the press utters its warnings as to foreign mannerisms and foreign teachings in other prominent colleges, and spares nothing of its watchfulness and advice with regard to Princeton, at least it never has even hinted at foreign invasion, where, under a Scotch executive, it might most be expected. This is perhaps the more interesting because the personality of Doctor McCosh is thoroughly Scotch, and his address very impressive — not to say aggressive. With a massive but spare frame which, when his mind is roused, abandons its scholarly stoop and towers above expectation, is combined an unusual nervous force which often manifests itself in vigorous gestures. His head and brow are even more expressive of power; even to the usual observer the broad forehead and keen eyes bring into prominence his well-known capacity for an impetuous, unyielding, intellectual onset. But in repose the philosopher and the divine stand revealed in the bowed and meditative attitude which is customary, and in the wrapt, abstracted expression of the features, and in the contemplative poise of the head so familiar to all who have paused to observe him in his daily walks.

The streets of Princeton form lovely vistas of deep shade and glancing sunlight. Old and mossy mansions of colonial days still linger among the massive self-asserting structures of modern architecture, and old Nassau itself muses upon the changes of nearly two centuries. An academic air pervades the whole town, and during the hours elsewhere given to the stir of labor and business, the wide avenues and broad lawns wear the same studied repose which in life so often overlies

activity and ambition and unrest. The hidden life only appears at midday and in the evening when the streets resound to the tramp of the students' constitutional and the distant shouts of the playing-fields. There is no need to fill in the outlines of the familiar picture. Its colors, like those of the old masters, mellow and soften with age. But it will be somber and dusky enough to some of us when we make our annual pilgrimage and miss the familiar form of the master from among his colleagues and his boys. We will forget his austerity in the faithfulness with which he reproved the *vitium regere non posse impetum*. Our awe will melt with affection, and our respect for his wisdom and knowledge will awaken memories both lasting and beneficent.

The public knows Doctor McCosh as the author of erudite and recondite philosophical treatises. It stands in no little awe of him as a defender of old-fashioned doctrines in the pulpit, in the press, and even in the hostile circles of the "liberal" clubs. It pictures him as an intrepid explorer for benevolence, who traverses the wilderness of worldliness and defies the sultry heats of indifference to reach the hidden fountains of good-will and make known their virtue to the world. Such a reputation is enviable enough, but it is not half of the whole, and an old pupil could not attempt a portrayal of the man without falling into something of the sentiment which his personal traits develop in all who come in contact with him. Even his polemic is imaginative, as will be admitted by all who are familiar with the style of his philosophical writings. When a candidate for the professorship of mental science in Queen's College, Belfast, some friends sent a copy of his first book, "The Method of the Divine Government," to Lord Clarendon. That eminently practical statesman has left on record that he spent the night in reading the book, and gave the appointment to its author on the following day. This was the occasion of those scornful lines of Master Molloy Molony which Thackeray preserved for us:

"As I think of the insult that's done to this nation  
Red tears of riving from me fountains I wash,  
And uphold in this poem to the world's detestation  
The sleeves that appointed Professor McCosh."

... Is it thus that you praych me?  
I think all your Queen's Universities bosh;  
And if you've no neetive professor to taych me  
I scawrn to be learned by the Saxon McCosh."

If we have long neglected our Scott, the conception of geniality as a necessary characteristic of the Scotch is not always clear. But James McCosh was born in Ayrshire, the land of Burns. His father was a wealthy farmer, and in the days before the Washing-

tonian movement had penetrated the valley of the Doon, no doubt those who had known the great poet often clinked glasses with the lad. It would have been strange if the Ness Glen, the Braes of Ballochmyle, and all the romantic scenery of the Doon and the Ayr which roused the plaintive muse of Burns should have left untouched the more restrained but youthful and susceptible mind of his countryman. As a matter of fact, the deepest impressions were left on the young man's temperament by the scenery of his early home. His theory of aesthetics is ever illustrated by references to nature, and the art in which he seeks his favorite relaxation is that of the landscape gardener. The experiences of his boyhood have left a clear stamp on his memory, and in the familiar talk which at times interrupts the dignity of a lecture or the solemnity of a sermon, frequently serve to point a moral. One of the most humorous is very characteristic. On a certain day about his ninth or tenth year, his mother was to make her regular visit to the nearest market town. Her younger son was to enjoy the dignity of escorting her as a reward for good behavior. The drive was delightful, and the sense of merit and importance grew stronger and stronger in the child's mind. Arrived in the main street, the horses and carriage were sent to the inn stables, and the shopping tour began. Before long the boy began to suffer somewhat, as do most of his sex under similar circumstances. He was stationed accordingly at the door of the shop with strict injunctions to keep his hands off the tempting wares exhibited at the door of the grocer. Before long a sweep with all his sooty armor spied in the doorway the small but important figure, somewhat conscious of his first-best clothes, and began a series of those insulting gestures with which street gamins express disdain and sportive contempt. For a time the young countryman forbore, but he had been "brought up on gude parritch," and could at last endure no more. He accordingly attacked and thoroughly thrashed the mocking sweep before his mother, attracted by the gathering crowd, could interfere. What was his dismay when, instead of the approbation which he felt he had earned, the crowd broke out into laughter at the sight of his sooty and smutty face and garments. The carriage was instantly recalled, the bedraggled victor hurried into it, and the eagerly expected day of pleasure turned into one of humiliation by the long and dreary homeward journey and the reproofs of his father.

He received a sound and thorough education at the two most famous Scotch universities, those of Glasgow and Edinburgh, residing five years at each. The teaching in both was

solid rather than brilliant. Adam Smith and Thomas Reid were long since in their graves, but the teachings and traditions of such men live after them, and their impulse was not yet spent in Glasgow. No doubt the young student was deeply influenced and the natural inclination of his mind strengthened by the great past of his first university. And when afterwards he went, in 1830, to study theology at Edinburgh under Chalmers and Welsh, he found there the young Sir William Hamilton, who, although not yet in the chair of logic and metaphysics, was writing his philosophical essays for the "Edinburgh Review," and delivering stirring lectures on civil history and literature. It was doubtless Hamilton's appreciation of an essay written by McCosh on the Stoic philosophy which led the university to reward it by giving an honorary degree of Master of Arts to its author. But this success did not tempt him from his chosen profession. From 1834 to 1843 he was a pastor in the Established Church, first at Arbroath Abbey, and afterwards at Brechin.

It was in the latter place that he was first called to exhibit the qualities which endeared him to those of his own denomination in America and afterwards identified him with their thought and work. He had long been a prominent member of the Evangelical or Reforming party in the Scottish Church under the leadership of the distinguished Chalmers. That movement came to a climax in 1843. McCosh at once threw up his valuable living, joined the ranks which organized as the Free Church, and founded many societies of those who wished to be independent of royal interference in the exercise of their religious liberty. He was active throughout the counties of Angus and Mearns, and in Brechin itself established a large church, of which he was the successful pastor until 1852. His career as an author began somewhat earlier, first in contributions to the reviews, and in 1850 by the publication of his first book, which the University of Aberdeen rewarded by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

His life work as a teacher and writer began when in his forty-first year he accepted the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in Queens College, Belfast. From that time forward his contributions to philosophical and religious literature have not ceased to grow in number and importance, and his seventy-fifth year finds his mind and pen in constant activity. The work which spread his fame most widely and put him among the leaders of the Intuitionist School was written at Belfast. In the "Intuitions of the Mind Inductively Investigated" the author is at his best both as a thinker and a writer. His reasoning is vigorous and his

logic unassailable, if his premises be once granted; while his style is direct, easy, and elegant, and, without being florid, adorned and enlivened by abundant metaphor and illustration. His public life in Ireland was quite as active and influential as his leadership had been in Scotland. He was an adroit and successful advocate for the national system of education, was called to assist in the organization of the English Civil Service, and, true to his instinct of civil and ecclesiastical freedom, agitated and prepared the disestablishment of the Irish Presbyterian Church. What better training for American life could he have received, or what greater aptitude for its duties and prerogatives could he have manifested?

One of the greatest events in the history of the Reformed churches for fifty years was the organization of the Presbyterian Alliance and Council. While the idea was not entirely new, the first productive discussion of the subject was that of Doctor McCosh before the representative body of American Presbyterians in 1870. Two years later was celebrated in Philadelphia the three hundredth anniversary of the Reformation in Scotland. On that occasion he presented a complete scheme of organization, and three years later was chairman of the conference in London which realized the project. Since that time his work has been devoted almost exclusively to the interests of his adopted country. He has made addresses before the great teachers' associations; written review articles that have attracted wide attention; written seven of the long series of his philosophical works, while simultaneously strengthening and directing the interests of the educational system of which he is the head.

Already in the United States we begin to say: There were giants in those days. Every new generation is driven to closer specialization by the increase of knowledge and by the crowds which jostle for a place in the professions and in business. So while we perhaps build higher, we have not so wide a pedestal for our shaft. The wonder concerning men eminent in one department and strong in many is how they do it; where they find time, humor, mood for such diversified work. Those who have ever been active in the stirring life of Princeton College could not explain it in the case of Doctor McCosh. He is seen about the college yard from early chapel till midnight or later. Except from three to five in the afternoon he is never denied to any caller, however unimportant his errand. The parent or casual visitor who would like a little attention always gets it. The students are always welcome whether they earnestly seek for advice and instruction, or

in some captious mood lay down a plan to revolutionize college government, to change systems of instruction, or to have their own way in whatsoever direction. He is constant in his attendance at faculty and committee meetings, presides at the public lectures, makes long journeys to stimulate and guide the alumni, and is a close observer of all intellectual and educational progress. But he will turn from conversation to his writing-desk without an interval. The change from one intense occupation to another is his rest. The pseudopsychologists of modern literature have flattered the yearning public into the belief that there is not and was not what is commonly called genius. Perhaps they are right. Let us take them at their word and substitute for genius, capacity for productive work. Both sides will be content.

Very little has been said of President McCosh's relations to his students as a teacher and a friend. That side of his character cannot yet be fairly depicted. Strong natures are apt to be aggressive, and no doubt there are many men of middle and older age who have felt the brunt of his attack. But in his dealings with the young there is little or none of that. Beyond the strength which is necessary to faithfulness, his unconscious method is persuasive. His study has seen the beginning of new purpose and strength in many a wayward lad. The man will not perhaps tell the story of pleading and fatherly reproof till old age makes him retrospective. But the work of McCosh's class-room will always have an important place in the history of philosophy in America. It is doubtful if any university—even in the old world—can show a more wide-spread interest in philosophy among its undergraduates. This is shown not so much by the philosophical chairs which are now held by his pupils, nor even by the great size of the classes which voluntarily attend his lectures, but rather by what are called his library-meetings. Here are read, about once a fortnight throughout the autumn and winter, papers in all departments of metaphysics, commonly written by the younger claimants for the ear of the public. The hearers, composed largely of the intellectual aristocracy of the Junior and Senior classes and the Divinity School community, number fifty and upward. The essay, however able, is often the most unimportant feature of the evening. But it presents the subject of discussion and controversy, which, stimulated and guided by the President and his professors, furnishes the opportunity for many a fledgeling to try his wings and often encourages him to further effort. Time alone will show how fruitful this peculiar feature of Doctor McCosh's teaching is to be,

but the thing itself is enough to put him in the first rank of great teachers. The system of philosophy which he expounds is partly that of the Scotch school, but also in great part his own. Its conscious influence in the history

of American thought has already been great, its unconscious influence even greater. In the philosophic record of our somewhat unphilosophic times his name is sure to have a prominent position.

*John van Cleave.*

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### National Strength and National Weakness.

MR. ATKINSON'S studies in the application of statistics to social science, the second of which is published in *THE CENTURY* for this month, are the culmination of a process which the author's readers must have noticed in his previous work. He is not peculiar among economic writers for the relentlessness with which he follows out comparisons of results so much as for his energy and persistence in seeking accuracy of definition in the preliminary statistics. The modern introduction of graphic methods into statistics has enabled him to reduce facts which are in themselves too large to handle into a shape in which they are easy to grasp; and to deduce therefrom conclusions which the business man can no more resist than he can deny the result of an accurate balance-sheet.

No stronger or sounder plea has been made for the application of common sense to national concerns, for the abandonment of the old notion that a nation lives for the gratification of national greed or "glory," and for the substitution of the prosperity and happiness of the people as the end of national existence. It is not easy to realize the strong hold which the residuum of ancient ideas retains in the countries in which, to adopt one of Mr. Atkinson's felicitous antitheses, dynastic principles still contest the field with democracy. Even where the people have obtained more or less control of the government, the mouth-pieces of public opinion remain bound by the spirit of the past. The knight-errant still tilts full-armed through the columns of the daily press, careers through the aisles of parliamentary bodies, and too often usurps the place of the proper occupant of the pulpit. Why is the pressure to look upon every trespass as an insult to some piece of bunting, deserving only of an instant declaration of war, so strong among the armed nations of Europe? It is not from love for the true interests of the people: peace is the one thing needful for them. It is because the nightmare of obsolete ideas still rides the expression of public opinion.

Individual life has been compared to a game of chess with an invisible antagonist, who knows every move on the board and takes remorseless advantage of a false move to crush the one who makes it. Nations must pay the same penalty. The growing commercial wealth of Europe has been made an instrument of gratifying national vanity, and of all the foibles of the modern representatives of the former privileged classes. And thus the race between European peoples has been brought to a deadlock; the contestants, with energies chilled and congested by debts, taxation, and the nameless weights arising from uncertainty of

peace, are unable either to proceed or to get out of the way of others. Their natural development has been arrested; and their time is occupied in watching one another, and in holding every muscle in tense readiness to spring at some neighbor's throat at the first sign of hostility. Is this the true end of national life? And a new participant in the race has appeared from beyond the Atlantic; his energies are not weighted as are those of his competitors; and his increasing speed is carrying him swiftly past them. To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but the lesson of these articles is that, unless Bismarckism and Czarism and Chauvinism cease to control the peoples of Europe, they must lose even what they now have to the unencumbered American racer.

We may see, too, the absolute profit of the enormous expenditure of our Civil War. The reason for it was the blind but correct national instinct that the introduction of independent States, international relations, and dynastic ideas into the territory now occupied by the United States must be prevented at any cost, for the sake of the people to all future generations. The justification of the national instinct needs no more than Mr. Atkinson's methods. He puts the cost of the war at about \$1,135,000,000 per annum for the seven years' period of actual warfare and the settlement of terms of peace. It is now a time of profound peace in Europe. Even the Servians are quiet for the time. And yet there are now in active service, in the armies and navies of Europe, over four million men, who do no work except to undergo drill and look warlike. Even Portugal, not quite as large as the State of Indiana, must have its standing army of thirty-four thousand men, about as many as the whole United States army, and thirty-nine vessels in its navy. All this, it must be remembered, is what they call peace in Europe; it is not a circumstance to the mustering of men that would follow the first shot of actual warfare when the 10,129,541 reserves are called out. The direct annual money expenditure upon all these armies and navies in time of peace is about \$750,000,000; and if we include the indirect losses and the effects on the amount of the civil list, as in the estimates for the American war period, the amount would approach \$1,000,000,000 per annum. The somewhat startling conclusion is that the seven years during which we waged a tremendous war and settled the terms of peace really cost us, after all, no more than eight years of the present profound peace costs in Europe under the modern system of international suspicion and armament. By approaching the European standard for seven years, we obtained a permanent insurance against the necessity of any future approach to it.

Mr. Atkinson has done the country a service by recalling its attention to the homely but essential fact of the bearing of taxation on the comfort and prosperity of the laboring class, which is so large a part, indeed, so nearly the whole, of American society. It behooves his audience to take his sermon to heart, and to apply the principles which it discloses to all our national conditions. What will be the influence upon our prosperity and comfort of any attack on society which compels society to strengthen itself, to increase taxation and expenditure, and thus to approach more nearly to the conditions under which labor groans elsewhere? Will that part of our labor which has fled from such conditions attempt to reintroduce them here? And in any event, will American labor submit to such an imposition?

#### Labor Parties.

THE organization of political parties in the interest of the working class and composed in the main of members of that class seems likely, for a time at least, to continue in America. Such organization is in no way surprising, in view of the discontent among the working classes and of the tendency, now so common, to invoke the aid of Government for every scheme of social reform or amelioration. The capitalists of this country have not been backward in asking for Government help for all sorts of enterprises, and it is natural that working-men, if they have objects of their own to promote, should pursue a similar course. But when we come to inquire what objects they are really seeking, we find ourselves somewhat at a loss for an answer. We find in the platforms adopted by the party caucuses strong denunciation of capitalists and corporations, and of Government officers for yielding to their influence; we find also the expression of a desire for higher wages for working men and women and for the removal of poverty, and various minor grievances are sometimes alluded to. But when we ask how the new party proposes to remove the evils it complains of, we get no adequate reply. The principal definite measures we have seen proposed are the confiscation of the rent of land and the purchase and operation of railways by the State. How much support the second of these measures may have among the working people we do not know, though we have seen no evidence of its popularity, but as for the land measure, we doubt if it has any great number of adherents outside of the large cities. In fact, we doubt if the workmen have any clear idea of what they would do in case they could get control of the Government in state or nation. Indeed, the want of a definite policy and the disagreement known to exist among working-men in regard to protective tariffs, the ownership of land, and other matters, make it tolerably certain that the attempt to organize a national working-men's party will for the present have no great success. Nevertheless, such a party may be organized on a small scale, and in any case the movement in question cannot fail to have an influence on the older parties and thereby on the politics of the country in general. It is important, therefore, to ascertain as near as possible what the bases of the new movement are, in order that it may be resisted so far as it is wrong, and guided in a better way.

The charge that has been preferred against the new

party in some quarters that it is composed of anarchists and organized in the interest of social disorder may be very briefly dismissed. There is no evidence that any considerable number of working-men are in favor of any but peaceful means for the promotion of their interests; indeed, the organization of a working-men's party may be taken as proof of the contrary. Men do not organize political parties in order to abolish government, but in order to get control of the Government; and if the history of trades-unions counts for anything, the tendency of a working-men's government would be rather toward despotism than toward anarchy.

Again, it is apprehended by some that the Labor party is socialistic in character, and aims at the abolition of private property; but this also we believe to be a mistake. There is a tendency to socialism in certain portions of our population; but it is not confined to laboring men, and we suspect that it is not really so powerful as it sometimes appears to be. The vast majority of our people, both native and foreign-born, are either owners of property or desirous of becoming so. The Irish, for instance, are prominent in the ranks of labor parties; but there is no man more eager to possess property of his own than an Irishman, and when he has got it he holds on to it. It is in the cities chiefly that socialism finds adherents; yet even in the cities they are a small minority of the population, while in the country districts they are rarely to be met with. The farmers, especially, are sure to oppose socialism, and no movement among working-men has any chance of success without the support of the farmers.

The truth seems to be that the political labor movement is merely one manifestation of the general discontent of the working people, and of their desire to improve their condition. Working-men are dissatisfied with their present life and earnestly desirous of improving it; but how to improve it and make it nobler and happier, they very imperfectly understand. At present they are intent on gaining material comfort and power, as, indeed, most other men are in our time. Many of their number, especially in the large cities, are in extreme poverty; and so to most working-men the question of improving their life seems to be mainly a question of increasing their income. The wisest of their number seek to effect this object by the sure method of industry, skill and economy; but even the wisest of them, and still more the unwise, think they can effect something in this direction by political and social influence. Hence the policy of strikes and combinations, which, however, have done little toward attaining the end in view; and hence, also, the tendency now visible toward political action.

The political labor movement is not a transient phenomenon, destined to speedily disappear, but a movement of more permanent character, which will continue in some form until its objects, so far as possible, have been attained. For this reason it behooves our statesmen, and the educated and thinking classes generally, to consider what they ought to do in order to guide the movement aright. An exclusively working-men's party is an undesirable thing, even if its aims are right; and no such party can be maintained for any length of time if an honest attempt is made by the educated people to help the working-men improve their lot.

That much may be accomplished, if all classes will work together for this end, there can be no reasonable doubt. Moreover, the duty cannot be shirked. The question of improving the life of the toiling masses is the main political and social problem of the age, and will remain so until it is solved—if solution be possible; and it can only be solved by measures that are just to all other portions of society. While American working-men are desirous of attaining their ends by just means, they are liable to be misled by their passions or their supposed interest, or by designing men who pander to both. It is the duty of the best men among us to do all they can to help the working-men in their legitimate aspirations, and at the same time to show them their errors and rebuke them when they go wrong. With popular leadership of the right sort, parties made up of laborers mainly would soon cease to exist, and working-men would attain their ends by means of parties composed of all classes and aiming at the good of all.

#### The Harvard Celebration.

IN looking back upon the Harvard celebration, every one who was present will remember that there were a few notes constantly recurring in the progress of the festivity like the theme of a symphony. Every time these notes were touched by the speakers, the assembly showed its approbation by unmistakable signs of sympathetic response—not always by applause, but sometimes by the emphasis of silence. Doubtless the same impressions were conveyed—only less sharply—to those at a distance who read the reports. It is not easy to translate these dominant thoughts into formal propositions, yet it may be worth while to point them out—for their reception no less than their utterance was indicative of the present attitude of American scholars. We say "American scholars," because the Cambridge assembly was national and not provincial, and it included the leaders of educational, scientific, political, and religious thought.

"They builded better than they knew" was the testimony of all the speakers who had occasion to allude to the Puritans of the seventeenth century who laid the foundations of Harvard. Firm in their own narrow beliefs, they did not endeavor by charters or confessions to perpetuate their creeds. They expected growth.

Another note was the persistence of moral and religious forces in education. This idea was suggested in the oration before the law school, reiterated in the sermons, and enforced in the chief address. Those who have been alarmed lest the tendency of scholarship should be away from spirituality and from righteousness must have heard with satisfaction from the lawyer and from the man of letters words like these: "Nearly all the education which men can get from others is moral, not intellectual," said Judge Holmes. "Nor will our university ever be discouraged in the attempt to establish the foundations of that noble and high character which makes useful men able in their own persons to exhibit exalted lives," were the words with which Judge Devens began a paragraph upon the moral earnestness of Harvard graduates in modern times. "The motto *Christo et ecclesie*, when rightly interpreted," said Mr. Lowell, "is the same as *Veritas*, for it means that we are to devote ourselves to the highest conception we have of truth and to the preaching of it."

Not less pronounced were the utterances which referred to the purification of political life. No allusion to John Harvard, or to the Alma Mater, or to the illustrious sons of the university, called out such applause as followed every mention of purer politics. The President of the United States and his secretaries could not misinterpret the ringing words of successive speakers, and the still louder ring which surged from the audience at every mention of the honest administration of government.

Finally, there was constantly manifest an adherence to lofty ideals of scholarship and learning not devoted to selfish advantage, but consecrated to the public good. Although the occasion was historical, there were but scanty allusions to antiquarian lore; although the university is a leader in science, the voices which were heard at its festivity were those of literature and philosophy; although increased resources are required for the expansion of this great foundation, money was not mentioned. The most liberal culture, the most earnest search for truth, the study of the noblest literature, the perpetuation of thoughts that live and words that burn—these were the aspirations of that representative assembly.

It is by a beautiful process of development that the college, begun in poverty by exile and Separatist, in the wilderness, at the dawn of civilized life in America, has grown to be the great university of our land, liberal, hopeful, useful. May its youth and vigor be perpetual; religion, politics, literature, and science will be promoted by its growth!

#### The American School at Athens.

THE determined attack upon classical education, which looked for a time like a successful rebellion, has been in reality of signal service to the cause against which it was directed. Among other offensive measures adopted by the friends of the old learning was the establishment at Athens of a school where rising American Hellenists could enjoy the same advantages as were afforded to their co-workers from Germany, France, and England. The practical man would have flouted the scheme as chimerical. But, four years since, a few professors from leading colleges, full of an old-fashioned quality known as faith, met and devised a plan. Each was to appeal to his own constituency for an annual subscription toward the necessary expenses. The school was founded. At the present moment it has the active assistance of no less than sixteen colleges. It owns a fine site on Mt. Lycabettus, presented by the Greek government; has in process of erection a commodious and solid building to cost twenty thousand dollars; possesses a library of between fifteen hundred and two thousand volumes; is free from debt, and has an established reputation. Cholera closed the Levant to travelers for one of these years; but no less than eighteen students have been in regular attendance, and scores of travelers have enjoyed its advantages, received counsel in their sight-seeing, and disseminated its influences among their friends. The regular students are now instructors and investigators in their own land, and have brought back the enthusiasm for their work which is so strengthened by the seeing of the eye, the touch of the hand, and a general experience of classic lands. One of them, by the generosity

of Miss Wolfe, was enabled to extend his researches to Asia Minor, from which he brought away a collection of over nine hundred inscriptions which, in the opinion of the great European epigraphists, is second to no other in historical value, and will, when edited and published, add great luster to American scholarship in the person of Doctor Sterritt.

To secure it in its permanent usefulness the School must now be intrusted to the care of a larger public. It is proposed to raise a general fund of a hundred thousand dollars for the development and endowment of the School and in particular to employ a director of the highest fitness and ability. Our readers need no introduction to the archaeologist Charles Waldstein, a native of New York, but now connected with the University of Cambridge, England, and with the Fitzwilliam Mu-

seum. The committee in charge of the School wishes to redeem the character of America, and to secure him and his work for the benefit of his own countrymen. A beginning has already been made. The kindness of the Philadelphia students and the untiring efforts of Professor Ware brought together for the rendering of the Acharnians in November last such an audience as the old Academy of Music never before sheltered under its roof. From that performance and subscriptions since received, a few thousands are already in the treasury of the permanent fund. The colleges appeal for final success to the wider circle of their friends in the same spirit of faith which, of itself, and in results already splendid, is a sufficient guarantee for the worth and permanence of the School at Athens.

## OPEN LETTERS.

## Indian Education in the South-west.

THE present demand of the friends of the Indians is for their immediate citizenship and settlement on lands owned in severalty, and the possession of all the legal rights of American citizens, including voting. It is also asked that the processes of education be used *after* this change of their condition, to make Indians equal with others in ability to maintain their possessions and improve their life. My recent experiences convince me that :

1. The value of the lands upon the South-west reservations has been misrepresented. My visits have carried me into the most distant and remarkable parts of the immense territory of New Mexico. They led me across the broad table-lands of Socorro and Lincoln counties, each as large as ordinary States, and over three lofty ranges of mountains in the South-east. One of these included the Cerro Blanco peak, which is said to be 14,269 feet above the sea. These plains and mountain-sides were waving with the richest kinds of grass a foot and a half high. Their surfaces were often crimsoned for miles with our cultivated flowers that require rich soil. Pine timber fifty feet high was growing upon the hillsides and in the natural parks, and clear streams were running from the mountains. In such a region Mescalero Apache reservation is placed. In the extreme north-west part of the territory and in Arizona, the mountain parks and great plains of the Navajo reservation were traversed as far as the famous Cañon de Chelly with twenty-six miles of marvelous sandstone walls, at the foot of which runs a broad stream, with scores of ancient cliff-dwellings clinging to their sides, and in the recesses of the cañon were plats of corn and beans and melons and flourishing peach orchards. These extensive mountain-tops had abundant timber and grass. The plains were sometimes very barren, but often cultivated with corn along the river-sides, and dotted with mud-covered huts made of poles and small branches of trees. On this reservation of 8,000,000 acres, one and a third times as large as the State of Maine, are feeding 1,200,000 sheep and goats and 75,000 horses, property of the patriarchal kind in which this tribe is rich.

2. The Apaches are probably the hardest, shrewdest, most warlike, agile, and capable of all the American Indians. In New Mexico and Arizona there are about 35,000, who speak nearly the same language. Of these 20,000 are Navajos, who have doubled in number within twenty years. From the plateau pierced by the tremendous gorge of De Chelly, we looked down on two thousand mounted Navajos gathered at the mouth of the cañon to witness a great medicine dance. On their finest horses and in their brightest array of costly blankets, gay leggins, and silver trappings, they swept across the plain like a whirlwind, a vision of Tartars in their charge. I addressed them for an hour on the education of their children and the change of their mode of life, to conform with the American people, who would soon come in like a flood to cover their lands and possess their country. Their intelligent faces and shrewd questions as to the benefits of an education which would make them like the rapacious, greedy, and murderous white men were very convincing of their ability. I could but believe that they were quite equal to the clever frontiersmen who sometimes shoot them for sport, though they live in utter ignorance and indifference to our civilization. I am sure that their tall, lithe, sinewy bodies would be a profitable addition to the physique of our nation.

3. The reservation system will never graduate the Indian out of barbarism unless through disgust with it by the tribes wholly supported by the Government, or through an enforced education of the tribes who are supporting themselves on the reservation. When the Indian can hunt or occasionally go on the war-path he can be made content with the feeding system, if he has enough to eat; but he is even then constantly moving his tepee or deserting his hogan, to satisfy his desire for roaming. To shut the Apaches up like sheep or horses in a corral and feed them in idleness from year to year is to aid and quicken the processes of natural selection by which they turn into civilized men, demons, or brutes. The men will break away from the reservation and seek self-support; the demons will find the way to all the atrocities of the war-

path till exterminated, and the brutes will sink into the apathy of all moral and manly qualities which breeds vice, disease, and death. We saw at the Mescallero agency every Saturday seventeen fat steers slaughtered, and seven thousand two hundred and twelve pounds of beef and four thousand one hundred pounds of flour distributed to one thousand two hundred and two Apaches changed from warriors into a crowd of beggarly dependents on the nation which they had ceased to fight. Their tepees were scattered over thirty square miles of hillsides and pine-covered grazing-fields, and moved every two or three weeks to save house-cleaning. These stalwart Indians had nothing to do but to gamble or ride from camp to camp and pester the agent every day for something to eat or to wear, or to watch the growth of their girls, who at the age of ten or twelve years will be sold for horses, to increase the number of wives of some old Apache, or be the first slave of an ambitious young man who need not woo, if he can buy a wife. Forty boys and half a dozen girls are, by threats of arrest by police, gathered into the agency boarding-school and there, separated from their parents, are well taught and trained under the supervision of the intelligent and efficient agent, Major Cowart. But out of his own experience he said emphatically to me, "No pupil taken away from these reservations to school ought ever to be permitted to return to sink again into their barbarism."

Some, however, are capable of disgust with such a life. Within a few weeks a hundred Jicarillas Apaches have cast the Government rations behind them, broken away from this reservation, and purchased cultivated lands north of Santa Fé, giving their horses in trade for them. They have put their girls at the Ramona School at Santa Fé to be educated for three years, and formed a colony which is erecting houses and making irrigating ditches to lands which shall furnish them with homes and food for self-support. This has been the effect, joined with other causes, of the leaven of education given to their boys and girls at Albuquerque and Santa Fé, and their own frequent observation of the progress of their children towards civilization. "I desire," said to me an old chief who had led in this movement, "to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow," expressively wiping his forehead, "and to live like a man."

But on a reservation like that of the Navajos and in a people so independent of Government aid, it is very difficult to stir any ambition for knowledge or for the civilized ways of American life. There the agency school gathers only about fifty out of seven thousand youths, and these are from the vicinity of the agency. To watch sheep and horses at eight years of age, to be sold or married at twelve, to shear flocks, to weave blankets, cultivate a little corn, build a hogan, and ride hundreds of miles to attend dances, is the life of the Navajo. How can they be made to feel any desire for anything higher? By offering the rewards authorized by the Indian office, their agent, Mr. Patterson, has persuaded twenty-two of this large tribe to begin the erection of houses and to locate lands. They do not, however, value farming implements or care for the improvements of their live stock, and generally refuse medical attendance. It is difficult to induce them by any rewards looking towards civilization. The invitations of the Government are disregarded and despised. Without compulsory measures such as are imposed

on white people in our country, these Indians will never rise from the slough of the reservation. A few may struggle out, but, if returned to their people, they will sink back where the majority live and die, a disgrace to the nation which from generation to generation holds them as its wards, whose shame it is forced to exhibit every year in the Indian Appropriation bill of Congress.

4. The education of Indian girls of these tribes is one of the first obligations of Christian philanthropy, because of the singular position which women hold among them. They regard their girls, who are sold so early for marriage, according to their value in horses. Yet among the Navajos, the brother or the uncle receives the price. As soon as marriageable, the fact is proclaimed. The Navajos, being polygamists, have no limit to the number of their wives, except in the number of horses they can spare for their purchase. But these women own the flocks of sheep they have been tending, and the wool is theirs at the shearing. They weave blankets with great skill, manufacture all their woolen garments, and sell the remainder of the wool. In 1886 they sold one million pounds. They therefore became influential not only by their skill but by their property. They have the right of voting as well as of discussion with the men in their councils, and also of divorcing themselves from their husbands. They keep control of their girls, build the hogans, and plant the fields. If these women shall be educated under Christian influences, the homes and children of the next generation cannot be savage. But the girls must be taken very early from the evil impressions of the reservation if they are to be truly civilized women. Since women are the progressive element of the Apache tribes, this power over barbarism should be seized upon in the first movements towards civilization.

In the Ramona School at Santa Fé the effort is made to separate the young Apache girls from the gross tendencies of barbarism, to which they are inevitably exposed when educated with Indian boys just taken from the camps. In later years co-education may be advantageous, but it cannot often be in the first stages of their progress towards civilized life, unless their teachers are perfectly familiar with their native language. When these girls have been transformed in their tastes by education and long familiarity with our manner of living, it will be safe and profitable to encourage their marriage to husbands likewise civilized, with whom they can begin life on land given to them by such legislation as is proposed in Senator Dawes's Land in Severalty bill. But let them begin citizenship with some qualifications for it, which the savage in his present condition does not possess.

5. It is time that the Indians of our own country were evangelized. Sixty-six tribes, numbering sixty-eight thousand and thirty-six, are still without a Christian missionary. Thirty-five thousand of these are the Navajo and other Apache tribes of New Mexico and Arizona. These American Indians have the claim of being our neighbors, our prisoners, our dependents, or our creditors, and nominally our fellow-citizens to whom we have been under the obligations of Christianity for a full century, but whom, at enormous expense, we have tried to slay rather than to save.

SANTA FÉ, N. M.

H. O. Ladd.

## The Cosmic Day.

IN THE CENTURY for November, Principal Grant of Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, writing on the proposed adoption of a universal or Cosmic Day, said it had been objected that "it would be impossible for us to associate noon with seven o'clock instead of twelve." Allow me to refer those interested to Skeat (Concise Etymological Dictionary, second edition, p. 305), where under the word *nine* will be found the following: "Noon, midday (Latin), originally the ninth hour or 3 P. M., but afterward the time of the church service called *nonces* was shifted to midday. We find Anglo-Saxon *nōntīd* (literally noontide) the ninth hour, Mark xv. 33."

When the Cosmic Day is adopted—as it will be—the association of noon with twelve o'clock will fade from the public mind as its connection with nine o'clock has already been forgotten. The world does not stickle about correct nomenclature: who cares to remember that November, our eleventh month, really means the ninth month? I never heard of any confusion resulting from the rather unimaginative and at present incorrect naming of the months from September to December, not even in France, where a common contraction for the ninth month is *7<sup>me</sup>* (Eng. seven=French Sept.).

74 FLEET STREET, LONDON.

William Graham.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.



A GOOD EXCUSE.

*Brer Cato:* "Whar's dat lazy rapscaleon Jeemes dat he ain' come to cut me dat load o' wood he promise me for dat pyah o' shoes I half-soled him?"

*Sister Hester:* "Well, brer, you mus' 'scuse Jeemes dis mornin', he's daid."

## Love's Valentine.

I CAUGHT Love at a valentine.  
 Beneath the wild grape's scented vine  
 He sat, his winged and rosy feet  
 Nestling 'mid beds of lilies sweet,  
 His fillet loose, his lips a-pout,  
 The roguish dimples quite frowned out.  
 For Cupid fain would be at writing,  
 And with a ring-dove's quill inditing  
 Some pretty nonsense light as air,  
 Some valentine to please his Fair.

But as I tiptoed near and nearer,  
 All on a nonce his brow grew clearer;  
 From lip to eye arch smiles ran races;  
 Back danced the dimples to their places,  
 And every soft, disheveled tress  
 Grew pert and round with wantonness  
 And tumbled over cheek and brow  
 To watch him write. "But stop! How now!  
 Stop, pilferer," I cried; "sad thief!  
 That song thou tracest on the leaf,  
 Myself did make." Laughed Love, "Quite right,  
 And I, I stole it yester-night.  
 For, entering on a red star's ray,  
 And hovering round you where you lay,  
 I robbed you of it while you slept.  
 A pretty song!" Then up he leapt,  
 Begged me to tie his fillet band,  
 To bathe the ink-spots from his hand,  
 To smooth afresh his ruffled wings,  
 To tighten up his quiver strings,  
 To say which smile became him best,  
 And if his curls were neatly dressed.  
 Each curl would be thrice over kissed,  
 He vowed, by Sweeting, at the tryst.

Then blowing dimpled kisses three,  
 Spread rosy wings, and left poor me  
 Alone beneath the scented vine;  
 Nor have I any Valentine  
 To send thee, Sweet, since Love stole mine.

*Esther B. Tiffany.*

To Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ON READING "A MORTAL ANTIPATHY."

O POET, there's no twilight in your life:  
 For you the morning ever brightly glows;  
 You are not half the age you please to claim;  
 You're only thirty, not a summer more.  
 Perennial spring-time lingers in your heart,  
 If one may judge you by your airy pen  
 Whose flowers of fancy bloom but never fade.  
 Most people claim they're younger than they are,  
 And ape the pleasant ways of lusty youth,  
 Even to the vainest of frivolities,  
 To give their mimicry a truthful guise;  
 But you affect great age and snowy hair  
 Which to you do not properly belong.  
 In you, it seems, there is a great big boy  
 All bent for sport upon his grandsire's staff,  
 And in his wig, as fleecy as a cloud,  
 Rollicking through a noonday masquerade.  
 But if you are as old as you pretend,  
 And those white hairs are yours, why then you are  
 Just like the rose-tree at my window-sill,  
 Which is all gnarled and bent with changing years;  
 But which bears roses still as beautiful,  
 As red and luscious and as sweetly perfect,  
 As those that clad it in its earliest spring.

*R. K. Munkittrick.*

## The Truth About Abra.

*Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;  
 And, though I call'd another, Abra came!*

At first this delicate attention on Abra's part  
 Gave keenest pleasure to his glowing heart.  
 His love for Abra only stronger grew  
 Through several months — perhaps a year or two.

But then there came a time when more and more  
 Abra's intense attention was a bore.  
 Much as he loved her, he was forced to own  
 She ofttimes came when he would be alone.  
 Her trick of coming "ere he called her name"  
 Was pretty, certainly; but to his shame  
 The fact must be admitted that when thus  
 She came unbidden he was apt to fuss.

When, for example, he would fain in sleep  
 His troubled mind and weary body steep;  
 When solitude was what he most desired,  
 And the mere thought of talking made him tired:  
 At such a time as this he came to dread  
 Abra's unasked attendance at his bed,  
 And Abra's murmur: "Yes, I know, my dear,  
 You didn't call me — but, you see, I'm here."

Yet if her uncalled comings were a curse,  
 Her comings in the place of other folks were worse.  
 When of a morning, he would call his man  
 To bring his tub and fill his water can,  
 Imagine as you may his righteous wrath  
 At finding Abra — where he sought his bath!  
 At hearing Abra, simpering, make reply:  
 "You called for John, my love, but here am I."

This sort of thing, in time, became so bad,  
 That Abra's comings almost drove him mad.  
 Long as he might for but an hour alone,  
 No single moment could he call his own.  
 At any instant, as he full well knew,  
 Might Abra dart, unasked, upon his view.  
 'Twas useless, too, to call another's name —  
 For "though he called another, Abra came."

Living this life of constant, racking dread,  
 His vital forces soon entirely fled.  
 He had been tough and hearty, hale and strong —  
 His nervous system went completely wrong;  
 He grew dyspeptic; lost his taste for food,  
 And more and more society eschewed.

And when, at last, he prayed for death's release,  
 E'en Death could not afford him death in peace.  
 For when he called on Death — "another's name" —  
 Abra (he knew she'd do it!) — Abra came!

*Thomas A. Janvier.*

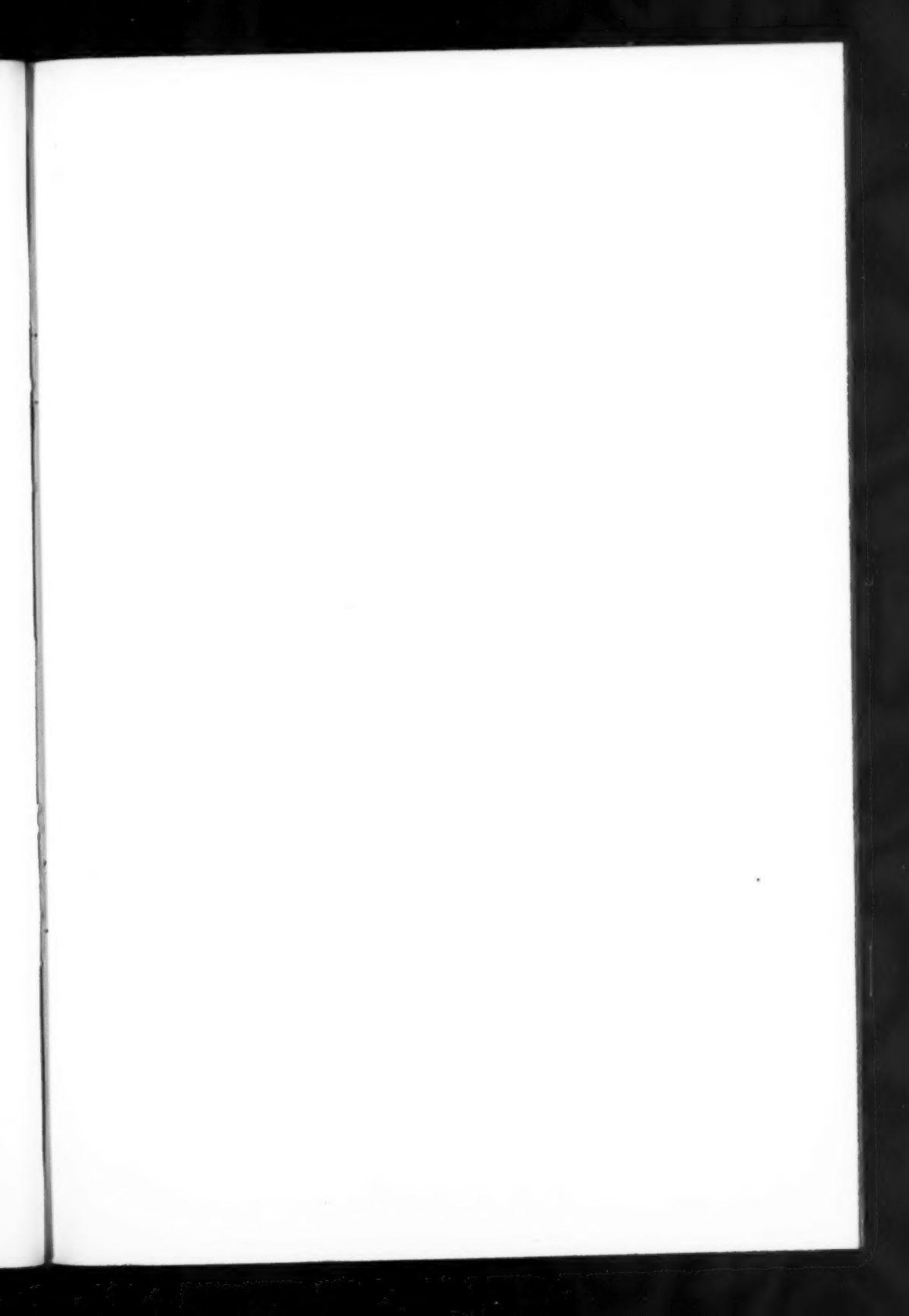
## One Exception.

"I LIKE the ladies very much," —  
 "And so I thought," she said,  
 But only feared the name of *one*  
 Was running in his head.

She laughed out then this paradox,  
 As if in merest fun —  
 "I'd rather you would like them all,  
 Than like a single one!"

("But me,") she added in her thought —  
 To say it wouldn't do;  
 So leaping past her modest mouth  
 Out of her eyes it flew.

*Charlotte Fiske Bates.*





Edwin McCauley